THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded by Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

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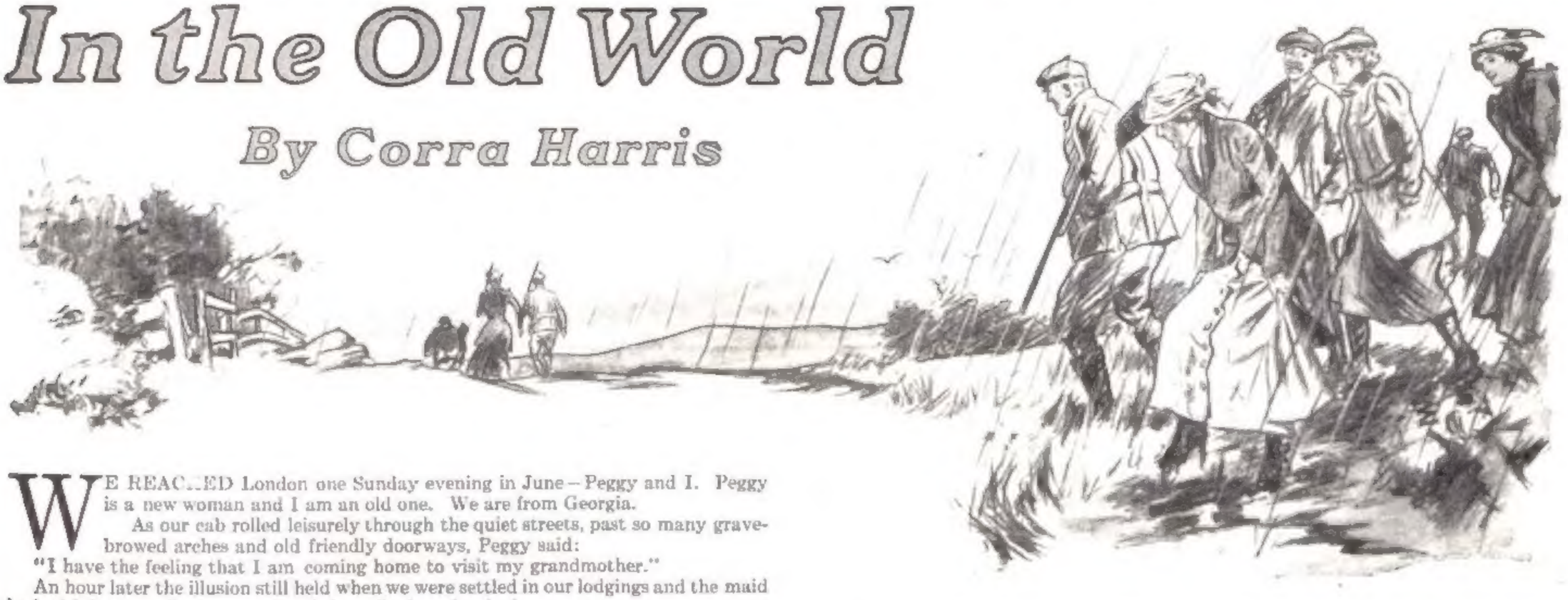
An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

By Corra Harris



WE REACHED London one Sunday evening in June—Peggy and I. Peggy is a new woman and I am an old one. We are from Georgia.

As our cab rolled leisurely through the quiet streets, past so many grave-browed arches and old friendly doorways, Peggy said:

"I have the feeling that I am coming home to visit my grandmother."

An hour later the illusion still held when we were settled in our lodgings and the maid had withdrawn. Peggy murmured drowsily from her bed:

"All the time she was smoothing the covers and folding my things I wanted to ask: 'Yes; but where is our grandmother? Shall we see her in the morning?'"

And the next morning we did, indeed, see her—the old grandmother town—all about us, peaceful, voluminous, gray-headed, with her tucking comb of ancient towers and spires, green and sweet; with little children everywhere playing at her feet—a good old soul of a town that gives the impression of having spent the greater part of her life in prayer. I should never commit the sacrilege of calling London a city. It is the ancestor in the maternal life of every country village in the South that has a big house and a church-steeple in it.

Before we go any farther, however, I must introduce you to Peggy and myself and explain more particularly how we came to embark upon these travels.

As I have said, Peggy is a new woman. She is a slender young being, still in her early twenties, who stands upon her feet gracefully, like a little tea-rose, bending toward you as if some gentle wind were forever blowing her in your direction. Still, she has a countenance that leaves you out—it is so uptilted, so pale and prayerful, and suggests that she has just seen an angel beckoning to her over your head. Her own head is small, with the dark hair drawn close and sleekly braided and bound about it. Her brows are delicately shaded interrogation points written horizontally above a pair of large gray eyes. Her nose is designed chiefly to lift the scene of her face, which would otherwise have been cast too much in the mold of "Now I lay me down to sleep." I mean that it has a point to it, secure and beautiful, between two very thin nostrils. And, though I should not go so far as to say that her mouth is all things to all men, it was evidently made for their ardent consideration; it is by nature so demurely, pinkly kissful, surmounted as it is upon a round, tenderly giving chin.

The Book That Peggy Did Not Finish

ADD to this the fact that she wears severely plain white linen frocks and a broadbrimmed white Panama hat, and you receive an accurate impression of Peggy, the Pharisee. For nothing could have been more misleading than her whole appearance. You could not possibly infer from it that she was no longer the dear woman, but a new one. I attribute much of the trouble we had in England and on the Continent with would-be lovers to this deception. Just as one may see in a green meadow beside a pleasant stream a pretty house placarded "To be let," so Peggy was herself a sign, a little token, labeled "To be loved"; but if the spirit of her had been visible you would have beheld a small, fierce, eaglet-headed thing with sparrow wings and canary-bird claws, bent upon pecking, flapping and scratching all mankind in the name of women's rights! This was Peggy, inside and out, at the time she undertook this remarkable expedition in search of the upper and nether woman in the Old World, which I shall describe off and on.

Her purpose was to prepare a guidebook about them, a sort of Baedeker of femininity, showing how women lived, under what restrictions, what the altitude of their minds was, the longitude of their civic rights. More particularly she purposed to record their relation or lack of relation to the women's movement and to note the differences between them and American women. Her book was to have appeared this winter but for a circumstance which I shall relate in the last chapter. Recently she presented me with the unfinished manuscript—"As a souvenir of our travels," she said, laughing in a way which implied that the thing was no longer of any interest to her.

Women, I believe, like cats, are subject to periods of aberration. You may pet a pussy-kitten—bring it up on cream and a pink cushion, with a blue ribbon round its neck; but suddenly some morning she disappears. So far as you know, she has no reason for disappearing; but she does. She is gone a long time; then quite as unexpectedly she reappears, thin, worn, with a tired look between her ears. She goes back to her saucer of cream, laps it, curls up on her cushion and purrs herself to sleep. That is the end of her movement, of her protest against the pussy-cat order of things. She settles into a faithful house-cat for the rest of her days. You do not know where she went or what she did while she was away. And I doubt if she remembers long. She had an aberration of cat nature. She may have been out in the woods somewhere trying to be a lion. This is an exact history of Peggy's travels and interests in the women's movement in the Old World, and it is like that of most women who get the right opportunity to escape from it after they try going in it. I am not saying this should be so, you understand, but that it is so. So far, Nature has not fitted many women for carrying forward movements or reforms. We are endowed the other way, with static dispositions—a sort of house-cat propensity for cream and cushions and kittens.

Why the Creamfed Cat Left Home

OF COURSE, however, the cat really has a reason for leaving home, and women have nearly always a personal reason for joining a movement. They may act from principle afterward, but you may count on it they start on account of their feelings—some disaster to them. With Peggy it was the occasion of her having been disappointed in love for the last time in the spring before we started. Formerly a young woman in this predicament would have sighed herself into the gentle coma of old maidenhood, an example of constancy to romantic idealism. She would have embroidered and prayed away the remainder of her existence and been laid in her tomb at last a faded wreath of femininity tied with a true-lover's knot in his memory. Now she burns his letters and joins the suffragists. She becomes one of the wriggles in their movement. And this is because her disappointment is of a new kind. She objects not to love, but to the quality of her lover. That was Peggy's experience. She had had many proposals, but the trouble was she had acquired a college education exactly similar to that given to young men in America, and her trained intelligence withstood not the ardor of love, but the inferiority of her lover. "One does not want a husband," she said to me, "who may, indeed, be able to provide for a wife and family, but whose real taste is for food, not art; and whose real passion is for finance, not for home or society!"

It seems to me that we had better blunder along like the lilies of the field in our sweetheart youth and take less thought than women do now of the matrimonial morrow; but there you have it—one explanation of the persistently single woman in America and the reason why she becomes a suffragist instead of a wife. She thinks by voting she can improve things—especially men. Dr. Lionel Taylor, of Oxford, England, declares that, when girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen are made to pursue studies that develop the reasoning faculties, a certain feminine quality of the brain is actually destroyed; and that, if they do exceedingly well in such studies, they are denatured mentally as women. Peggy, poor child, had "majored" in mathematics and had received honorable mention for excellence in science. So, when in the course of Nature she should have accepted some one of her lovers and married, she experienced that aberration into common-sense that is so fatal to domesticity in women if it lasts.

Except That They are More Audaciously Dressed

And, though an infinite number of causes have led to the suffrage movement in America, this eclectic way of refusing sober, industrious men because they are not sufficiently cultured or interesting is peculiar to American women, and has had much to do with their joining the ranks of the suffragists. It would be the exceptional one in England who refused any man sufficiently near her in the social order, even if she were a suffragist raised to the sixteenth power. The English suffragist aims to marry if she can; the American is resolved that she will not unless she gets exactly the pluperfect man she is looking for.

All this fastidiousness about the kind of husband she did not want and an ardent interest in the suffrage, coupled with an independent income, led Peggy to undertake this tour of inspecting women in England and on the Continent with reference to writing the Baedeker of femininity already mentioned. I am her aunt, and I was obliged to accompany her because she threatened to go alone if I did not. From June until November you might have trailed us through England and Europe by the suffrage dust Peggy kicked up, finding all the different kinds of women she could and tagging them in her notebook. She scorned to practice the instinctive prudence of her sex and went alone to places in many of the large cities that must have frightened her guardian angel until his wing-feathers chattered.

I am an old woman myself, with a figure developed largely by sitting down, and it was impossible for me to keep up with Peggy, who was always attending some meeting of the suffragists, or wrestling sympathetically with them over the problem of bettering the condition of girls whose fingers are paralyzed by working in lead, or of the thousands of women in England who make bricks with their hands, and of other thousands who labor in the coal mines—to say nothing of the tens of thousands in the factories and shops. I spent the greater part of my time in quieter tea-table corners observing women in general and setting down these impressions, having it in mind to help Peggy with her Baedeker, because it seemed to me, in her ardor about the new woman, she might fail to get enough about the old-fashioned ones—and there must be more of these in England than in any other country.

Etiquette for Americans in London

I SHALL begin by setting down here some rules of etiquette that should govern American women when they meet English women socially.

First—Do not put on your prettiest frock when invited to a tea-party. They will, but they do not like the instinctive stylishness of American women. And be sure to get a feather boa and a parasol. Wear the boa, even if it is the hottest day in July, and keep your parasol up even if you are on the lawn—even if the skies are so clouded that the whole land seems to be dreaming in a dim minster-aisle light. By their boas and parasols shall you know them—the English women—everywhere. Peggy used to amuse herself counting the number of ladies sitting or walking in their twilight gardens in the late afternoon with their sunshades up.

Second—Suppress all your pleasant manners. Be as cool and glum as you can. This will be counted in your favor as dignity and reserve. English women are constantly calling attention to the bad manners of Americans. What they mean is their scandalous graciousness and friendliness.

Third—Even if you are a very famous person and are known in your own country as a distinguished artist or sculptor or musician, do not mention anything you have ever done. They resent this as being especially indicative of our bad taste, our naïve egotism. Meanwhile you must listen patiently while every one of them tells what she has done. Nothing can surpass the superior air with which she discusses her own performances, or even runs her hand into her pocket—they all have pockets—and takes out a little clipping, say, from the Lady's Field, and permits you to read what the press says about her. And you must continue to look interested while she quite gratuitously explains to you that her friends are so exclusive they never receive strangers—meaning, of course, Americans.

Fourth—No matter how much you have enjoyed yourself, when you take your leave be careful not to say so. They will not understand. They will think you have been so complimented by their invitation that you are quite beside yourself with gratitude.

In short, if you have made a dumb fool of yourself during the entire afternoon you may win the doubtful praise from them of being dubbed a "nice person." If you are bright and charming, however, and talk entertainingly, they will enjoy you as they would an amusing matinée; but they will neither like nor trust you. There is certainly no other woman in the world toward whom they have such a strange instinctive antipathy as toward the American woman. The most attractive women I met in England were two Americans who had lived there so long they had withdrawn into a kind of glistening witty silence when in the presence of British ladies-at-arms.

The Englishman does not feel the same aversion toward American women; but, on the other hand, he is unwilling to be attracted by them. He fights against this with heavy self-protection. He, also, disapproves of American women; and the frankness with which he tells you about it surpasses anything we know in the way of candor.

"Americans do not seem to have any background," a very fine old gentleman said to me, wrinkling his brows and wagging his head deploringly.

"Oh, yes, we have," I replied.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"You," I replied. "We have spread out, gone forward and done a good deal to improve ourselves; but every American claims the English and English history as his background. That is what you are for to us."

He was too outraged for speech. He could not have glared more indignantly if I had stolen his British Museum.

Above everything, I should advise Americans to avoid all contact with the nobility of England, including their side lines of gentlefolk. I was deeply impressed with the effect of social servility these people have upon their own countrywomen in particular; and from what I could see they are extremely provincial, ill-bred persons. This is natural. The only contact they have with the life of the people is in administering the laws or charity to the poor. This gives them ugly, hectoring dispositions. An American lady visiting in St. George's Square went out one day and sat down in the old garden in the middle of the square, a sort of park for the people in that neighborhood, which is inclosed by iron palings. Presently an Englishwoman approached her and said very bruskly:

"Do you know you are sitting in Lord So-and-So's chair?"

"No; I did not know it," said the American, rising. "There is no name on it to indicate that it is private property!"

"Well, it is; and he is too courteous to speak to you, but he has been staring at you for an hour. Why didn't you get up?"

"Because I did not see him; and if I had I should have thought him merely an impudent fellow and I should have gone on sitting. In America a man is not impolite who speaks to a woman courteously, but if he stares at her he is recognized as a rude person!"

This serves as an illustration of the sharpness of the American feminine tongue and of the droll impudence of the English gentlewoman's—and it indicates why they will go on disliking one another for at least another thousand years.

There is the Smart Set in England, which does not differ in appearance from the same class of people at home—except, if possible, they are more audaciously dressed. The first duchess we saw was sitting in her box at the theater, looking like a very fine old white Plymouth Rock hen at a state fair—and she was sucking her tongue! I do not mean that all duchesses suck their tongues, but that any one of them will do it, if it is her habit, before ten thousand people, with a dignity that makes it a phenomenon of gentility rather than an absurdity—just as her daughter will wear a gown with the bodice cut down to the waist-line behind if she decides to show that much of her beautiful spine. A woman is always to be pardoned if she unconsciously lifts her skirts too far when she is out walking; but I suppose if a girl should appear in Central Park during the doxology hour of the Sabbath day with her tight skirt slit from the bottom—back and front—more than halfway to her knees she would be arrested. And certainly one does not expect to see such a sight in a staid old Anglo-Saxon town like London; but there they were, the spoiled shirt-tailed darlings of their lord and lady papas and mammas, striding along quite nonchalantly—and from church, mind you! The English are never without their visible relics, however; and sitting in Rotten Row, like a strange specter beside a living stream, we saw a very old grand dame in her satin gown. She wore a white peruke exactly similar to that upon the head of the statue of King George III in Trafalgar Square, tied with a black ribbon behind; and upon her ancient wagging head was a black satin bonnet made in the fashion of the seventeenth century. She held a silver snuff-box in one hand and the handle of her parasol in the other. One felt inclined to walk up to her and say:

"Madam, you have made a mistake; you have risen too soon. This is not the Resurrection; it is the old Mayfair you used to know, moved to Rotten Row!"

That Which an English Woman Never Changes

THAT which puzzles the stranger most is the amazing hiatus between the lively, frolicsome English girl of the better classes and her stolid mother. An English woman may change everything else, but not her expression after she is thirty-five. From that time on her countenance is no longer moved by any wind of the spirit. It is fixed, and corresponds in voluminousness with the gathers in her skirt behind. If she looks at you you feel as if the Abbey of Westminster were giving you a cold, stony stare. If she smiles it is as if some wag had taken a red pencil and caricatured the front of that dignified edifice. You feel that her smile is an impiety she has committed against her real nature. And it is a sort of discovery to find out how her plastic youth is changed into this rigid mortar-and-stone effect. The animation of the English girl is in her legs and spine, not in her head. As she grows older, the prison house of custom closes its doors upon her. She is cooled, like a little planet made to revolve forever in a certain orbit. She thinks, but her thoughts do not surprise her enough to change her expression, because they are the same thoughts her foremothers have had for a thousand years. One of the greatest miracles of our time is the escape of an ever-increasing number of these young women into the suffrage movement—but I shall offer an explanation of that later.

We heard so much from Englishmen about the idleness of American women that, though I could not defend them from the charge, I began to look about to see how the English women deceived their lords into thinking them

more industrious. As a matter of fact, they are quite as idle as our women except when they are administering some charitable fund; but they go about it more deceitfully. Your English woman is always doing nothing when you see her with a few yards of lace and fine lawn, or when she has a lot of prettily hued skeins of silk and an embroidery frame, both very attractive to the masculine eye. I mean that practically she is not doing what he thinks she is—making something really useful. She really has her eyes demurely cast down, attracting him, giving him the playful opportunity to hold her skein while she unwinds it—and maybe gets her fingers tangled with his in the web of beautiful threads. American girls do not need to resort to such a subterfuge in order to attract a lover, and our older women of the idle class are too frankly interested in society to pretend they have this ancient darning-needle interest in life. There are a thousand ways to practice idleness honestly besides the way we do it, and the English women are past mistresses in all of them.

So far, the Anglo-Saxon women are less morally meddlesome about their men than we are. I doubt if many of them try to "save" their husbands, as every American wife does at the start anyhow; and she usually keeps it up, even if she doesn't save him from anything except the "use of tobacco." This takes a good deal off the English woman's mind, one can imagine, and accounts in part for the health and placidity of her being. If she marries a drunkard she lets him go on drinking, until she becomes a still more peaceful widow. I have not seen a single one of the better class with that drawn-down, careworn, anxious-hearted expression so common among American wives. On the other hand, she bears healthier children and more of them. Nine appears to be a satisfactory number of offspring in an English home, though many have to content themselves with less; but they all want children. A very distinguished gentleman, himself the father of nine, showed me the photograph of a beautiful woman, a relative.

"She never had any children," he said sadly. "It was the tragedy of her life!"

An Englishman thinks he has said the best thing possible of a young girl when he comments upon her health and physical vitality, and of an older woman when he says: "She is a splendid mother."

On Sunday morning at the same hour that the pageant is passing along Rotten Row, in Hyde Park, at Houndsditch, in Whitechapel, there is a sale of old clothes in progress. This accounts for the fact that so many women and children in London and other large cities of England look as if they had come not out of a ragbag, but out of some old horsehair trunk in the attic. For these second-hand clothes are a staple part of the charity organizations. They are bought by the working classes even more than they are given to the poor. Thus the maid in the lodgings where you stay may not receive enough wages to buy her clothing. They are furnished to her by "the ladies" of whatever organization happens to be looking after her. She may be the daughter of respectable parents; but, where the family consists of half a dozen or more children and the father receives from twelve to twenty shillings a week, it will be seen that the girl is virtually a pauper, even if she works ten hours a day. The effect of the appearance of these lower classes of women is incredible, for it seems that the gentility keep their old things a long time before they give them away. You may see women in Spring Gardens, round St. James' Palace, in the Kensington Gardens, on the streets, everywhere, wearing frocks made in the fashion of twenty years ago—not one here and there, but literally hundreds dressed in every conceivable antiquated fashion. One sees that, by comparison, the reigning ambition of even the poor of our sex in America is to be stylish, while the desire of the English women of the same class is to get something to wear which is serviceable and cheap; though in Scotland the working girls and women achieve a certain effectiveness in dress.

The landladies in London attract immediate attention. They have a passion for capes and little narrow box-shaped bonnets, which they tie under their chins. I counted thirty-two one hot morning in July, going by to the "stores," all wearing capes and bonnets, many of them grotesquely garnished with passementerie and ribbons and feathers. Any one of them would suffer martyrdom to save a threepence. They are astonishingly well informed about everything that goes on in the political or industrial world, and there is not one of them who does not know more than the Lord does about every gentle family in the neighborhood. Their industry and content are amazing. You ring for your bath—and immediately the landlady and the maid climb four flights of stairs, each bearing two great jugs—pitchers—of boiling hot water for the tub.

(Concluded on Page 44)

ONE HUNDRED IN THE DARK

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

Each Guest Had Had a Dozen Opportunities in the Course of the Time She Had Been in the Kitchen

THEY were discussing languidly, as such groups do, seeking from each topic a peg on which to hang a few epigrams that might be retold in the lip currency of the club—Steingall, the painter, florid of gesture and effete, foreign in type, with black-rimmed glasses and trailing ribbon of black silk that cut across his cropped beard and cavalry mustaches; De Gollyer, a critic, who preferred to be known as a man about town, short, feverish, incisive, who slew platitudes with one adjective and tagged a reputation with three; Rankin, the architect, always in a defensive explanatory attitude, who held his elbows on the table, his hands before his long sliding nose, and gestured with his fingers; Quinny, the illustrator, long and gaunt, with a predatory eloquence that charged irresistibly down on any subject, cut it off, surrounded it, and raked it with enfilading wit and satire; and Peters, whose methods of existence were a mystery, a young man of fifty, who had done nothing and who knew every one by his first name, the club postman, who carried the tittle-tattle, the *bon mots* and the news of the day, who drew up a petition a week and pursued the house committee with a daily grievance.

About the latticed porch, which ran around the sanded yard with its feeble fountain and futile evergreens, other groups were eying one another, or engaging in desultory conversation, oppressed with the heaviness of the night.

At the round table, Quinny alone, absorbing energy as he devoured the conversation, having routed Steingall on the Germans and Archeology and Rankin on the origins of the Lord's Prayer, had seized a chance remark of De Gollyer's to say:

"There are only half a dozen stories in the world. Like everything that's true it isn't true." He waved his long, gouty fingers in the direction of Steingall, who, having been silenced, was regarding him with a look of sleepy indifference. "What is more to the point, is the small number of human relations that are so simple and yet so fundamental that they can be eternally played upon, re-dressed, and reinterpreted in every language, in every age, and yet remain inexhaustible in the possibility of variations."

"By George, that is so," said Steingall, waking up. "Every art does go back to three or four notes. In composition it is the same thing. Nothing new—nothing new since a thousand years. By George, that is true! We invent nothing, nothing!"

"Take the eternal triangle," said Quinny hurriedly, not to surrender his advantage, while Rankin and De Gollyer in a bored way continued to gaze dreamily at a vagrant star or two. "Two men and a woman, or two women and a man. Obviously it should be classified as the first of the great original parent themes. Its variations extend into the thousands. By the way, Rankin, excellent opportunity, eh, for some of our modern painstaking unemployed jackasses to analyze and classify."

"Quite right," said Rankin without perceiving the satirical note. "Now there's De Maupassant's Fort comme la Mort—quite the most interesting variation—shows the turn a genius can give. There the triangle is the man of middle age, the mother he has loved in his youth and the daughter he comes to love. It forms, you might say, the head of a whole subdivision of modern continental literature."

"Quite wrong, Rankin, quite wrong," said Quinny, who would have stated the other side quite as imperiously. "What you cite is a variation of quite another theme, the Faust theme—old age longing for youth, the man who has loved longing for the love of his youth, which is youth itself. The triangle is the theme of jealousy, the most destructive and, therefore, the most dramatic of human passions. The Faust theme is the most fundamental and inevitable of all human experiences, the tragedy of life itself. Quite a different thing."

Rankin, who never agreed with Quinny unless Quinny maliciously took advantage of his prior announcement to agree with him, continued to combat this idea.

"You believe then," said De Gollyer after a certain moment had been consumed in hair splitting, "that the origin of all dramatic themes is simply the expression of some human emotion. In other words, there can exist no more parent themes than there are human emotions."

"I thank you, sir, very well put," said Quinny with a generous wave of his hand. "Why is the Three Musketeers a basic theme? Simply the interpretation of comradeship, the emotion one man feels for another, vital because it is the one peculiarly masculine emotion. Look at Du Maurier and Trilby, Kipling in Soldiers Three—simply the Three Musketeers."

"The Vie de Bohème?" suggested Steingall.

"In the real Vie de Bohème, yes," said Quinny viciously. "Not in the concocted sentimentalities that we now have served up to us by athletic tenors and consumptive elephants!"

Rankin, who had been silently deliberating on what had been left behind, now said cunningly:

"All the same, I don't agree with you men at all. I believe there are situations, original situations, that are independent of your human emotions, that exist just because they are situations, accidental and nothing else."

"As for instance?" said Quinny, preparing to attack.

"Well, I'll just cite an ordinary one that happens to come to my mind," said Rankin, who had carefully selected his test. "In a group of seven or eight, such as we are here, a theft takes place; one man is the thief—which one? I'd like to know what emotion that interprets, and yet it certainly is an original theme, at the bottom of a whole literature."

This challenge was like a bomb.

"Not the same thing."

"Detective stories, bah!"

"Oh, I say, Rankin, that's literary melodrama."

Rankin satisfied, smiled and winked victoriously over to Tommers, who was listening from an adjacent table.

"Of course your suggestion is out of order, my dear man, to this extent," said Quinny, who never surrendered, "in that I am talking of fundamentals and you are citing details. Nevertheless, I could answer that the situation you give, as well as the whole school it belongs to, can be traced back to the commonest of human emotions, curiosity; and that the story of Bluebeard and the Moonstone are to all purposes identically the same."

At this Steingall, who had waited hopefully, gasped and made as though to leave the table.

"I shall take up your contention," said Quinny without pause for breath, "first, because you have opened up one of my pet topics, and, second, because it gives me a chance to talk." He gave a sidelong glance at Steingall and winked at De Gollyer. "What is the peculiar fascination that the detective problem exercises over the human mind? You will say curiosity. Yes and no. Admit at once that the whole art of a detective story consists in the statement of the problem. Any one can do it. I can do it. Steingall even can do it. The solution doesn't count. It is usually banal—it should be prohibited. What interests us is, can we guess it, just as an able-minded man will sit down for hours and fiddle over the puzzle column in a Sunday balderdash. Same idea. There you have it, the problem—the detective story. Now why the fascination? I'll tell you. It appeals to our curiosity, yes—but deeper to a sort of intellectual vanity. Here are six matches, arrange them to make four squares; five men present, a theft takes place—who's the thief? Who will guess it first? Whose brain will show its superior cleverness—see? That's all—that's all it is."

"Out of all of which," said De Gollyer, "the interesting thing is that Rankin has supplied the reason why the supply of detective fiction is inexhaustible. It does all come down to the simplest terms. Seven possibilities, one answer. It is a formula, ludicrously simple, mechanical, and yet we will always pursue it to the end. The marvel is that writers should seek for any other formula when here is one so safe, that can never fail. By George, I could start up a factory on it."

"The reason is," said Rankin, "that the situation does constantly occur. It's a situation that any of us might get into any time. As a matter of fact, now, I personally know two such occasions when I was of the party; and devilish uncomfortable it was too."

"What happened?" said Steingall.

"Why, there is no story to it particularly. Once a mistake had been made and the other time the real thief was detected by accident a year later. In both cases only one or two of us knew what had happened."

De Gollyer and Rankin each had similar incidents to recall. Steingall, after reflection, related another that had happened to a friend.

"Of course, of course, my dear gentlemen," said Quinny impatiently, for he had been silent too long, "you are glorifying commonplaces. Every crime, I tell you, expresses itself in the terms of the picture puzzle that you feed to your six-year-old. It's only the variation that is interesting. Now quite the most remarkable turn of the complexities that can be developed is, of course, the well-known instance of the visitor at a club and the rare coin. Of course every one knows that? What?"

Rankin smiled in a bored, superior way, but the others protested their ignorance.

"Why, it's very well known," said Quinny lightly. "A distinguished visitor is brought into a club—dozen men, say, present, at dinner, long table. Conversation finally veers around to curiosities and relics. One of the members present then takes from his pocket what he announces as one of the rarest coins in existence—passes it around the table. Coin travels back and forth, every one examining it, and the conversation goes to another topic, say the influence of the bicycle on domestic infelicity, or some other such asininely intellectual club topic—you know? All at once the owner calls for his coin.

"The coin is nowhere to be found. Every one looks at every one else. First they suspect a joke. Then it becomes serious—the coin is immensely valuable. Who has taken it?

"The owner is a gentleman—does the gentlemanly idiotic thing of course, laughs, says he knows some one is playing a practical joke on him and that the coin will be returned tomorrow. The others refuse to leave the situation so. One man proposes that they all submit to a search. Every one gives his assent until it comes to the stranger. He refuses, curtly, roughly, without giving any reason. Uncomfortable silence—the man is a guest. No one knows him particularly well—but still he is a guest. One member tries to make him understand that no offence is offered, that the suggestion was simply to clear the atmosphere, and all that sort of bally rot, you know.

"'I refuse to allow my person to be searched,' says the stranger, very firm, very proud, very English, you know, 'and I refuse to give my reason for my action.'

"Another silence. The men eye him and then glance at one another. What's to be done? Nothing. There is etiquette—that magnificent inflated balloon. The visitor evidently has the coin—but he is their guest and etiquette protects him. Nice situation, eh?

"The table is cleared. A waiter removes a dish of fruit and there under the ledge of the plate where it has been pushed—is the coin. Banal explanation, eh? Of course. Solutions always should be. At once every one in profuse apologies! Whereupon the visitor rises and says:

"'Now I can give you the reason for my refusal to be searched. There are only two known specimens of the coin in existence, and the second happens to be here in my waistcoat pocket.'"

"Of course," said Quinny with a shrug of his shoulders, "the story is well invented, but the turn to it is very nice—very nice indeed."

"I did know the story," said Steingall, to be disagreeable; "the ending, though, is too obvious to be invented. The visitor should have had on him not another coin, but something absolutely different, something destructive, say, of a woman's reputation, and a great tragedy should have been threatened by the casual misplacing of the coin."

"I have heard the same story told in a dozen different ways," said Rankin.

"It has happened a hundred times. It must be continually happening," said Steingall.

"I know one extraordinary instance," said Peters, who up to the present, secure in his climax, had waited with a professional smile until the other guns had been silenced. "In fact, the most extraordinary instance of this sort I have ever heard."

"Peters, you little rascal," said Quinny with a sidelong glance, "I perceive you have quietly been letting us dress the stage for you."

"It is not a story that will please every one," said Peters, to whet their appetite.

"Why not?"

"Because you will want to know what no one can ever know."

"It has no conclusion then?"

"Yes and no. As far as it concerns a woman, quite the most remarkable woman I have ever met, the story is complete. As for the rest, it is what it is, because it is one example where literature can do nothing better than record."

"Do I know the woman?" asked De Gollyer, who flattered himself on passing through every class of society.

"Possibly, but no more than any one else."

"An actress?"

"What she has been in the past I don't know—a promoter would better describe her. Undoubtedly she has been behind the scenes in many an untold intrigue of the business world. A very feminine woman, and yet, as you shall see, with an unusual instantaneous masculine power of decision."

"Peters," said Quinny, waving a warning finger, "you are destroying your story. Your preface will bring an anticlimax."

"You shall judge," said Peters, who waited until his audience was in strained attention before opening his story. "The names are, of course, disguises."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Mrs. Rita Kildair inhabited a charming bachelor-girl studio, very elegant, of the duplex pattern, in one of the buildings just off Central Park West. She knew pretty nearly every one in that indescribable society in New York that is drawn from all levels, and that imposes but one condition for membership—to be amusing. She knew every one and no one knew her. No one knew beyond the vaguest rumors her history or her means. No one had ever heard of a Mr. Kildair. There was always about her a certain defensive reserve the moment the limits of acquaintanceship had been reached. She had a certain amount of money, she knew a certain number of men in Wall Street affairs and her studio was furnished with taste and even distinction. She was of any age. She might have suffered everything or nothing at all. In this mingled society her invitations were eagerly sought, her dinners were spontaneous, and the discussions, though gay and usually daring, were invariably under the control of wit and good taste.

On the Sunday night of this adventure she had, according to her invariable custom, sent away her Japanese butler and invited to an informal chafing-dish supper seven of her more congenial friends, all of whom, as much as could be said of any one, were habitués of the studio.

At seven o'clock, having finished dressing, she put in order her bedroom, which formed a sort of free passage between the studio and a small dining room to the kitchen beyond. Then, going into the studio, she lit a wax taper and was in the act of touching off the brass candlesticks that lighted the room when three knocks sounded on the door and a Mr. Flanders, a broker, compact, nervously alive, well groomed, entered with the informality of assured acquaintance.

"You are early," said Mrs. Kildair in surprise.

"On the contrary, you are late," said the broker, glancing at his watch.

"Then be a good boy and help me with the candles," she said, giving him a smile and a quick pressure of her fingers.

He obeyed, asking nonchalantly:

"I say, dear lady, who's to be here tonight?"

"The Enos Jacksons."

"I thought they were separated."

"Not yet."

"Very interesting! Only you, dear lady, would have thought of serving us a couple on the verge."

"It's interesting, isn't it?"

"Assuredly. Where did you know Jackson?"

"Through the Warings. Jackson's a rather doubtful person, isn't he?"

"Let's call him a very sharp lawyer," said Flanders defensively. "They tell me, though, he is on the wrong side of the market—in deep."

"And you?"

"Oh, I? I'm a bachelor," he said with a shrug of his shoulders, "and if I come a cropper it makes no difference."

"Is that possible?" she said, looking at him quickly.

"Probable even. And who else is coming?"

"Maude Lille—you know her?"

"I think not."

"You met her here—a journalist."

"Quite so, a strange career."

"Mr. Harris, a clubman, is coming, and the Stanley Cheevers."

"The Stanley Cheevers!" said Flanders with some surprise. "Are we going to gamble?"

"You believe in that scandal about bridge?"

"Certainly not," said Flanders, smiling. "You see I was present. The Cheevers play a good game, a well united game, and have an unusual system of makes. By-the-way, it's Jackson who is very attentive to Mrs. Cheever, isn't it?"

"Quite right."

"What a charming party," said Flanders flippantly. "And where does Maude Lille come in?"

"Don't joke. She is in a desperate way," said Mrs. Kildair, with a little sadness in her eyes.

"And Harris?"

"Oh, he is to make the salad and cream the chicken."

"Ah, I see the whole party. I, of course, am to add the element of respectability."

"Of what?"

She looked at him steadily until he turned away, dropping his glance.

"Don't be an ass with me, my dear Flanders."

"By George, if this were Europe I'd wager you were in the secret service, Mrs. Kildair."

"Thank you."

She smiled appreciatively and moved about the studio, giving the finishing touches. The Stanley Cheevers entered, a short fat man with a vacant fat face and a slow-moving eye, and his wife, voluble, nervous, overdressed and pretty. Mr. Harris came with Maude Lille, a woman, straight, dark, Indian, with great masses of somber hair held in a little too loosely for neatness, with thick, quick lips and eyes that rolled away from the person who was talking to her. The Enos Jacksons were late and still agitated as they entered. His forehead had not quite banished the scowl, nor her eyes the scorn. He was of the type that never lost his temper, but caused others to lose theirs, immovable in his opinions, with a prowling walk, a studied antagonism in his manner, and an impudent look that fastened itself unerringly on the weakness in the person to whom he spoke. Mrs. Jackson, who seemed fastened to her husband by an invisible leash, had a hunted, resisting quality back of a certain desperate dash, which she assumed rather than felt in her attitude toward life. One looked at her curiously and wondered what such a nature would do in a crisis, with a lurking sense of a woman who carried with her her own impending tragedy. As soon as the company had been completed and the incongruity of the selection had been perceived, a smile of malicious anticipation ran the rounds, which the hostess cut short by saying:

"Well, now that every one is here, this is the order of the night: You can quarrel all you want, you can whisper all the gossip you can think of about one another, but every one is to be amusing! Also every one is to help with the dinner—nothing formal and nothing serious. We may all be bankrupt tomorrow, divorced or dead, but tonight we will be gay—that is the invariable rule of the house!"

Immediately a nervous laughter broke out and the company chattering began to scatter through the rooms.

Mrs. Kildair, stopping in her bedroom, donned a Watteaulike cooking apron, and slipping her rings from her fingers fixed the three on her pincushion with a hatpin.

"Your rings are beautiful, dear, beautiful," said the low voice of Maude Lille, who with Harris and Mrs. Cheever were in the room.

"There's only one that is very valuable," said Mrs. Kildair, touching with her thin fingers the ring that lay uppermost, two large diamonds, flanking a magnificent sapphire.

"It is beautiful—very beautiful," said the journalist, her eyes fastened to it with an uncontrollable fascination.

She put out her fingers and let them rest caressingly on the sapphire, withdrawing them quickly as though the contact had burned them.

"It must be very valuable," she said, her breath catching a little. Mrs. Cheever, moving forward, suddenly looked at the ring.

"It cost five thousand six years ago," said Mrs. Kildair, glancing down at it. "It has been my talisman ever since. For the moment, however, I am cook; Maude Lille, you are scullery maid; Harris is the chef, and we are under his orders. Mrs. Cheever, did you ever peel onions?"

"Good Heavens, no!" said Mrs. Cheever, recoiling.

"Well, there are no onions to peel," said Mrs. Kildair, laughing. "All you'll have to do is to help set the table. On to the kitchen!"

Under their hostess' gay guidance the seven guests began to circulate busily through the rooms, laying the table, grouping the chairs, opening bottles, and preparing the material for the chafing dishes. Mrs. Kildair in the kitchen ransacked the ice box, and with her own hands chopped the *fines herbes*, shredded the chicken and measured the cream.

"Flanders, carry this in carefully," she said, her hands in a towel. "Cheever, stop watching your wife and put the salad bowl on the table. Everything ready, Harris? All right. Every one sit down. I'll be right in."

She went into her bedroom, and divesting herself of her apron hung it in the closet. Then going to her dressing table she drew the hatpin from the pincushion and carelessly slipped the rings on her fingers. All at once she frowned and looked quickly at her hand. Only two rings were there, the third ring, the one with the sapphire and the two diamonds, was missing.

"Stupid," she said to herself, and returned to her dressing table. All at once she stopped. She remembered quite clearly putting the pin through the three rings. She made no attempt to search further, but remained without moving, her fingers drumming slowly on the table, her head to one side, her lip drawn in a little between her teeth, listening with a frown to the babble from the outer room. Who had taken the ring? Each guest had had a dozen opportunities in the course of the time she had been in the kitchen.

"Too much time before the mirror, dear lady," called out Flanders gayly, who from where he was seated could see her.

"It is not he," she said quickly. Then she reconsidered. "Why not? He is clever—who knows? Let me think."

To gain time she walked back slowly into the kitchen, her head bowed, her thumb between her teeth.

"Who has taken it?"

She ran over the character of her guests and their situations as she knew them. Strangely enough, at each her mind stopped upon some reason that might explain a sudden temptation.

"I shall find out nothing this way," she said to herself after a moment's deliberation; "that is not the important thing to me just now. The important thing is to get the ring back."

And slowly, deliberately, she began to walk back and forth, her clenched hand beating the deliberate rhythmic measure of her journey.

Five minutes later, as Harris, installed *en maître* over the chafing dish, was giving directions, spoon in the air, Mrs. Kildair came into the room like a lengthening shadow. Her entrance had been made with scarcely a perceptible sound, and yet each guest was aware of it at the same moment, with a little nervous start.

"Heavens, dear lady," exclaimed Flanders, "you come in on us like a Greek tragedy! What is it you have for us, a surprise?"

As he spoke she turned her swift glance on him, drawing her forehead together until the eyebrows ran in a straight line.

"I have something to say to you," she said in a sharp, businesslike manner, watching the company with penetrating eagerness.

There was no mistaking the seriousness of her voice. Mr. Harris extinguished the oil lamp, covering the chafing dish clumsily with a discordant, disagreeable sound. Mrs. Cheever and Mrs. Enos Jackson swung about abruptly, Maude Lille rose a little from her seat, while the men imitated these movements of expectancy with a clumsy shuffling of the feet.

"Mr. Enos Jackson?"

"Yes, Mrs. Kildair."

"Kindly do as I ask you."

"Certainly."

She had spoken his name with a peremptory positiveness that was almost an accusation. He rose calmly, raising his eyebrows a little in surprise.

Candles Flaring Up Like Searchlights on the White Accusing Faces

"Go to the door," she continued, shifting her glance from him to the others. "Are you there? Lock it. Bring me the key."

He executed the order without bungling, and returning stood before her, tendering the key.

"You've locked it?" she said, making the words an excuse to bury her glance in his.

"As you wished me to."

"Thanks."

She took from him the key and, shifting slightly, likewise locked the door into her bedroom through which she had come.

Then transferring the keys to her left hand, seemingly unaware of Jackson, who still awaited her further commands, her eyes studied a moment the possibilities of the apartment.

"Mr. Cheever?" she said in a low voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Kildair."

"Blow out all the candles except the candelabrum on the table."

"Put out the lights, Mrs. Kildair?"

"At once."

Mr. Cheever, in rising, met the glance of his wife, and the look of questioning and wonder that passed did not escape the hostess.

"But, my dear Mrs. Kildair," said Mrs. Jackson with a little nervous catch of her breath, "what is it? I'm getting terribly worked up! My nerves ——"

"Miss Lille?" said the voice of command.

"Yes."

The journalist, calmer than the rest, had watched the proceedings without surprise, as though forewarned by professional instinct that something of importance was about to take place. Now she rose quietly with an almost stealthy motion.

"Put the candelabrum on this table—here," said Mrs. Kildair, indicating a large round table on which a few books were grouped. "No, wait. Mr. Jackson, first clear off the table. I want nothing on it."

"But, Mrs. Kildair"—began Mrs. Jackson's shrill voice again.

"That's it. Now put down the candelabrum."

In a moment, as Mr. Cheever proceeded methodically on his errand, the brilliant crossfire of lights dropped in the studio, only a few smoldering wicks winking on the walls, while the high room seemed to grow more distant as it came under the sole dominion of the three candles bracketed in silver at the head of the bare mahogany table.

"Now listen!" said Mrs. Kildair, and her voice had in it a cold note. "My sapphire ring has just been stolen."

She said it suddenly, hurling the news among them and waiting ferret-like for some indications in the chorus that broke out.

"Stolen!"

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Kildair!"

"Stolen—by Jove!"

"You don't mean it!"

"What! Stolen here—tonight?"

"The ring has been taken within the last twenty minutes," continued Mrs. Kildair in the same determined, chiseled tone. "I am not going to mince words. The ring has been taken and the thief is among you."

For a moment nothing was heard but an indescribable gasp and a sudden turning and searching, then suddenly Cheever's deep bass broke out:

"Stolen! But, Mrs. Kildair, is it possible?"

"Exactly. There is not the slightest doubt," said Mrs. Kildair. "Three of you were in my bedroom when I placed my rings on the pinchusion. Each of you has passed through there a dozen times since. My sapphire ring is gone, and one of you has taken it."

Mrs. Jackson gave a little scream, and reached heavily for a glass of water. Mrs. Cheever said something inarticulate in the outburst of masculine exclamation. Only Maude Lille's calm voice could be heard saying:

"Quite true. I was in the room when you took them off. The sapphire ring was on top."

"Now listen!" said Mrs. Kildair, her eyes on Maude Lille's eyes. "I am not going to mince words. I am not going to stand on ceremony. I'm going to have that ring back. Listen to me carefully. I'm going to have that ring back, and until I do, not a soul shall leave this room." She tapped on the table with her nervous knuckles. "Who has taken it I do not care to know. All I want is my ring. Now I'm going to make it possible for whoever took it to restore it without possibility of detection. The doors are locked and will stay locked. I am going to put out the lights, and I am going to count one hundred slowly. You will be in absolute darkness; no one will know or see what is done. But if at the end of that time the ring is not here on this table I shall telephone the police and have every one in this room searched. Am I quite clear?"

(Continued on Page 49)

Rockefeller and His Standard

SOME OF THE UNWRITTEN LAWS HE ENFORCED

By Charles J. Woodbury

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER TITTLE

"Run, Children, or Rockefeller'll Get You!"

THE graces of courtesy, gentleness and good nature won me to Mr. Rockefeller at our first meeting. His operations had bereaved me. He had taken over first our customers, then our refinery; but now, for the vestiges of our goodwill he seemed to give his own freely. I could not realize that this gentleman, colorless of face and dress, was the ogre of the oilfields, the terror of whom Venango County mothers warned their offspring: "Run, children, or Rockefeller'll get you!" Harmless, almost humorous, was his air, and mild, urbane, soft-spoken his manner, as he paused in my laboratory, Number Twenty-eight of the suites in the Standard Oil Building—Cleveland—welcoming, with hands crossed behind his large figure, the heat from the baseburner that morning in 1879; and there was an elfin look in his eyes as he inquired:

"Has any one given you the law of these offices? No? It is this: no one does anything if he can get anybody else to do it. You smile; but think it over. Your department is the testing of oils. You are responsible; but, as soon as you can, get some one whom you can rely on, train him to the work, sit down, cock up your heels and think out some way for the Standard Oil Company to make some money." Without another word he left the room as quietly as he had come.

John D.'s Exerciser

AGAIN, I recall an incident, so far as I know, unusual if not unmatched. One afternoon, just before closing time, a young man who occupied an apartment by himself, where he was employed as accountant, rushed into my quarters pale and agitated, exclaiming:

"I've lost my job! I've got to go! I've insulted John D."—the office name of Mr. Rockefeller. "It was this way," he continued, after collecting himself: "You recollect my telling you of a wood-and-rubber contrivance that had been put up in my room and of the man who came every day to pull and haul at it for exercise? Well, the thing was a nuisance. So this morning when he came in I told him I wouldn't stand for it any longer; that he was to take his contraption out of my place and put it somewhere else. He said, 'All right!'—he'd have it removed; and, sure enough, when I returned after lunch it had been taken away.

"But now—what do you think? I have just come from the barrel department, where I went to make my day's report to McGregor; and he was saying to this same man: 'All right, Mr. Rockefeller, I will have the figures ready for you.' Now what shall I do?" asked the distracted accountant.

I advised him to return to his work as usual and to try to see Mr. Rockefeller the next day and apologize: but efforts for an interview were unavailing. No apology was rendered. Nothing more was said about the occurrence—and the needlessly alarmed man was occupying his position as usual when I left the company.

It was not strange that he could not find Mr. Rockefeller. He was by desire an insulated man. His was the least-known face in the offices. He was reported to inhabit them three hours a day; but his appearances and disappearances were curtained, suggested private approaches, withdrawn stairways and corridors.

"Mr. Rockefeller is unobtrusive," I remarked to one of the secretaries.

"Unobtrusive! He is sly. I never have seen him enter the building or leave it. No one knows when he comes or goes. And yet the other day, when I was at work at my standing desk over there, all at once he stood by my side. With a polite 'Permit me,' he began turning page after page of one of the books. 'Very well kept—very, indeed,' he said. Then he stopped at a page and pointed out a mistake of entry: 'A little error here; you will correct it?' And he was gone. And I will take my oath that it was the only error in the book!"

Rehearsed? I do not know; perhaps instinctive! Since his childhood days of "Ledger A," the lobes of Mr. Rockefeller's brain have been an automatic account. Figures are as near his soul now as when its chief joy was a successful trade. They have even invaded the one primitive taste left him—that for Nature, until it is hardly authentic. In the first chapter of his Reminiscences he tells of his landscape tree transplanting; and the glee and gayety in the narrative appear not in the beauty of the thing, but in its profit, although it is only a transfer of pockets. Pocantico is charged and Lakewood credited. The real frolic, the supreme delight, is that of the bargainer, raising trees at "five or ten cents" and selling them to himself "at a dollar and a half or two dollars."

I return to the pleasant mystery that veiled his movements and to his most agreeable manners. He was persuasive as well. I recall the experience of Turner, our refining superintendent, in the earlier days of Rockefeller & Andrews.

"I was buying residuum of them," related Turner. "One day I went to Mr. Rockefeller to return an invoice for ten barrels. I handed it to him, informing him that he had sent me, by mistake perhaps, not residuum but tar, useless to me or to any one. Three times I caught myself going out of that office with the invoice in my hands, accepting the stuff. Finally I realized what a fool he was making of me. I didn't dare listen to him any longer. I just ran back from the door, threw down the invoice on his desk and yelled at him, 'It's tar; that's all it is. I won't have it!' and got out. I knew I'd be beat if I listened to him again. He sent for the tar all right, for the barrels were good for something. Oh, he's slick!"

That was Mr. Rockefeller's temperamental advantage—attracting people to do what he wanted them to do. In an interview in Compiègne, France, he said of himself: "It is chiefly to my confidence in men and my ability to inspire their confidence in me that I owe my success in life." I was to feel the fascination myself.

Early in the first spring of my engagement, tabulations of the determination of the oil qualities in the products sent to my department from the Cleveland refineries for analysis were required by the sales-office in the form of signed certificates. These were sent out to the larger customers with bills of lading and of sale, in a way substantiating the latter; for I was quite well known, especially by railroad and railroad-supply buyers, in the interior and southern states, and my indorsement that a certain run or blend of marketed oil possessed the qualities it was sold for had character.

All went well until cold weather; then complaints began to come in that carloads of lubricating oil that my certificates pronounced to be fluid at zero congealed at a much higher temperature. Upon retesting I found that the sensitiveness to cold charged was a fact. I was mystified; for the oils had, when received from the refineries, stood the test of the zero ice-chamber. For weeks I sought the cause of the deterioration. Finally I discovered and reported it to Mr. Rockefeller.

The Oil That Went Wrong

"THEY are too niggardly in making the cold-test oils. Genuine permanent cold-test oils cannot be made in the way the refineries are working."

"How do you know?"

"The samples go back. They are all right at first, but they do not stay; and the reason is that the manufactured products from which they come are artificialized. Light ends, lowgrade kerosene—even naphtha—are pumped into them instead of the natural zero oil that should be their base."

"Do you visit the works and witness the manufacture?"

"I do not see the oils mixed; but I have noticed in all the yards during the last few weeks, since the weather made cold-test oils necessary, the small amount of Franklin oil* on hand—and, small as it is, it does not materially lessen. What they do in the works is to combine their Oil City or Bradford stocks with distillates. These, of course, defy any cold and the blend is bound to be satisfactory at first; but soon the volatile fluids vaporize and the oil shows its native weakness."

"This is interesting. I will have it looked into."

The discreditable products continued until warm weather rendered the objectionable process no longer

*From Franklin, Pennsylvania, was obtained the only oil of the East capable of resisting cold. On account of this advantage it had twice the value of any other crude.

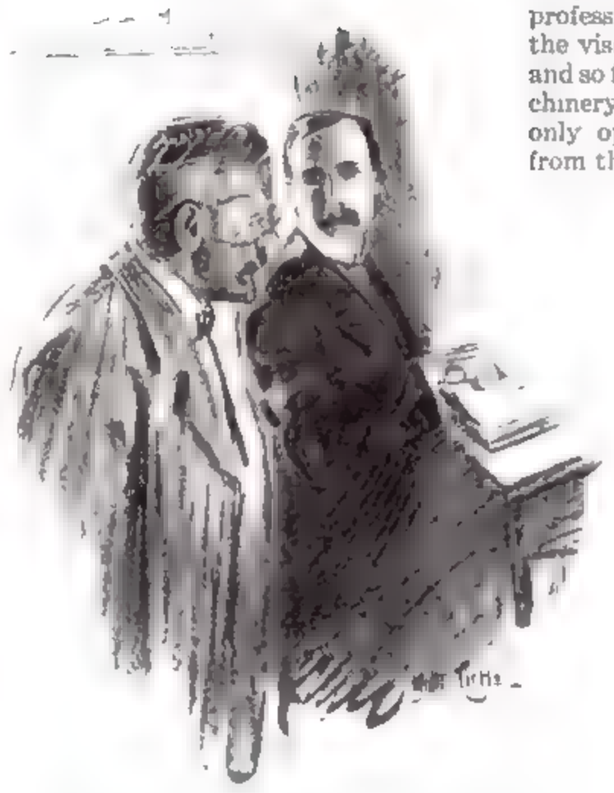
"The End Has Come. Coal Oil is Not Enough for the Standard"

necessary. In September, 1880, however, the refineries began turning out weak oils again; and again I was forced to remonstrate, telling Mr. Rockefeller that parsimony was keeping out the essential Franklin. He was very pleasant. I never knew him to be otherwise about anything, as if his manner partook of the article he dealt in; but this was what he said:

"I don't think I would bother about this any more. You had better go ahead just as you've been doing."

Now the company, notwithstanding the immense volume of oil it handled, was in no sense a jobber or wholesaler. Its policy was the suppression of middlemen. After the massacre the vast field was made distinctly provincial, separated into geographic but articulated sections organized under agents, resident and salaried. I had spent years in the territory and was acquainted with all the large consumers. Their trade was an object to the various independent oil companies still competing. How well were the Standard's agents succeeding? Would not a friendly visit to them by an experienced man from the central offices be judicious? I ventured the suggestion. It was adopted. I was forthwith sent out among the stations.

My report on return was not, on the whole, encouraging. The subsidiary branches were generally well manned and all of them bountifully supplied. Moreover they had carte blanche to cut prices—a resort impossible for their competitors, with their margins already minimized by the partial freight tariffs, double-acting drawbacks on supplies to themselves and rebates to the Standard allowed by the railroads. Then our branches enjoyed the advantage of carrying stocks for their customers, with its incidental inducement of immediate supply not subject to the numerous delays of transportation inflicted upon the outsiders.



"A Little Error Here; You Will Correct It?"

Eating Up the Little Fellows

OUR competitors' customers were obliged to inconvenience themselves by ordering in advance of their wants, with liability to disappointment; while the Standard's service was prompt, trustworthy and very convenient. The delivery wagons could be at the engine-room on an hour's notice. Under such circumstances it was not difficult for the agents to effect the countermand of orders given to the opposition. And the opposition itself was being undermined. Substantial rumors that the few independents surviving might not much longer be able to supply oil at all continually alarmed their customers. One by one the roses fell—and even the buds were being trimmed off for the nurture of the perfect flower, as John Rockefeller, Jr., afterward so aptly said.

Hardly a week passed but a plant surrendered. Firm after firm slipped into the body of the mollusk or became one of its tentacles. And of those that were left, who could tell which were really independent and which were already subordinate to the Standard and now merely masquerading? All were in the toils of the powerful and exquisitely organized system. The time did not seem far away now when supplies would have to come from the Standard or not at all; and was it judicious to provoke its animosity for the sake of continuing the purchase of certain favorite brands when others were pronounced "just as good"—or for the sake of patriotically bolstering a competition that already was so plainly losing its fight?

And yet the Standard's agents were not getting the lubricant business. They were selling the burning oil; but as regards profits, luminants are to lubricants as milk is to cream. Yet few of them knew anything about lubricating oils and compounds. Mr. Rockefeller, from the first, had been only a "burning-oil" man. His refineries had been run solely for kerosene and the lower inflammable distillates. The "stocks" and residue had been disposed of to the compounders of lubricants for blending with animal and vegetable oils by processes familiar only to themselves.

When the agents had been selected they were mainly merchants or clerks promoted, acquainted only with the five-gallon oilcan and the house-wagon. They could represent to large lubricating-oil consumers the brands sent for marketing; but they did not understand how they were made or for which, among the diversity of uses, they were adapted. Against educated men, trained to their profession, who could talk intelligently concerning the viscosity, specific gravity, evaporating point, and so forth, of oils, and the different classes of machinery they were designed for, our agents could only oppose what they committed to memory from the circulars sent them from Cleveland.

To make the situation plain, I submitted with my report of inspection on my return a prepared circular letter asking for especial attention to lubricants, which I suggested should be sent to each agent. A list of the agent's present customers and of all lubricant buyers in his district was requested, with his reasons for not supplying them. These letters, I believed, if conscientiously followed out, would at least perform the service of advertising in plain black and white, both to the principals at headquarters and to each agent in the field, just how far the trade was being covered, and would be a basis for future measures.

In a week my form-letter came back from the sales-department, but changed. The inquiries had been retained, but were reënforced by others. My contribution had been but an inadequate basis. These new forms were adroit. They called upon the agent for monthly statements, not only of all products sold by himself but of all sold by any one else. Lists of all resident dealers and outside supplying establishments were required. Opposite the column asking for addresses of oil-consumers were others headed: "Their present sources of supply?" "Amounts and brands?" Specifically the agent was called upon to furnish an accounting of all oil products appearing in his territory and to trace their origin, destination and history, so far as possible, from shipper to consumer! I was complimented on the inspection and informed that I could immediately prosecute the work.

"But not with these?"

"Certainly; your blanks are good, but they do not go far enough. We do not intend merely to grasp the situation—we must control it."

"But this is espionage. I cannot stand over these men and make them go after these details."

My statement was at once censured. The discussion was long and earnest. It disclosed that this was to be one of the ways by which the Standard Oil Company proposed to get the trade in the commodities it dealt in—and that I was to be this part of the machinery. I resigned.

This conversation was not with Mr. Rockefeller, nor do I know that he was aware of the requisitions referred to. They, with other ophidian methods, may have been employed under the ægis of the company, of which its president did not approve. Indeed, he regrets in his Reminiscences—which occasion these—that "employees, overzealous, were acting in violation of the expressed and known wishes of the company."

The regret must have limitations. It should be confined, perhaps, to the poaching of ambitious agents; for, so far as I know, never was overzeal in efforts to "control the situation," as my associate phrased it, disapproved. On the contrary, the entire atmosphere of the offices was warm to them—and why not, since they were the fuel? The regnant principle throughout, under which all the work was done, was first, last and all the time to play the game; that the Standard Oil Company must do—must be—the oil business. "Overzeal" was an error on the safe side, a venial offense.

Any corporation is but the projection of its master spirit. Its work is done by men of its own kind, who are his kind. They may sometimes go farther than he would have the nerve to go—but that is why they are there; and far better is that than for them not to go far enough. Results were what the master asked for. Details he need not know. He could be left to his own self-effacement. He had selected his staff.

Mr. Rockefeller received at birth from his father his vigorous frame and his agile, hardy trading instinct; but he was best born on his mother's side. From her nobility came the careful training to which he so readily responded that he was a model boy, a model youth, a model young man. The better disposition was not to have all the right-of-way; and, with the money mania accompanying emergence into active business, the dynamic, subtle inheritance from the father asserted itself too strongly; but it could not encroach upon the church habit, which had become his best possession. It is much easier to be good, now that he is affluent—*virtus post nummos*—but Mr. Rockefeller was always in his quaint auto-hypnotic way a pious man. And irreproachable habits, quite as much as business tact and address, were insisted on in the selection of his council, the under officers—and even the representatives throughout the country. I asked Mr. Rockefeller once why he did not oftener take over, with the establishments absorbed, the managers who had been in charge of them.

"The men," he said impressively, "who will do as they are told to do, without asking questions or exercising what they call their 'judgment,' are exceedingly rare; and they are not found among the leaders."

Traditions of the Office

THE business world generally makes itself oblivious of a man's private relations to society if his dealings in affairs are in accordance with accepted formulas; but not so with the Standard Oil Company. No man against whose manner of life there was rumor could be connected with it. One day the newspapers came out with reports of domestic infidelities on the part of one of the prominent officials. They were promptly investigated. He was summoned to headquarters and never returned to his field, which was handed over to inferiors.

Outside of morality, it was felt by every employee in our big building that anything unconventional in dress, demeanor or style of living was disapproved of. Plain, simple, unostentatious himself, the president wanted no exhibitions of the money that was being made. This was his constant lesson and pattern to all subordinates. He showed what was expected of them by what he himself was. They were to reproduce him—to be exemplary, devout, reticent—and at the same time recognize public duties and be to the fore in charities. The music of the offices was keyed to the soft pedal. To conform, be commonplace and conventional, so that society should have nothing to criticise—this was the unwritten law for the entire bureau.

His brother—in Cleveland—was a different type—free-mannered, companionable; the kind of man who smokes cigars spelled with an S. Moreover, he speculated on the Board of Trade—an unforgivable offense. Consequently he was *persona non grata* around the Standard offices; but when the raid swept all the rest of our home refineries his was spared; and so far as I know, Frank Rockefeller and the "Pioneer" are doing business still at the old stand.

F. M. Backus hoped it might be so with him. Mr. Rockefeller and himself had been old acquaintances, even friends. Since the early sixties, when each went into petroleum, the Backus plant had been turning out a few grades of lubricants, for which its founder had built a reputation. Its output of illuminating oil was incidental and, by contract, was delivered to the Standard. Mr. Rockefeller's education having been simply illuminants, the attention of the Standard Company had been confined to them, and Mr. Backus believed it would be content with the accumulation of profit afforded by their control. One morning, however, he came into the office so downcast that he did not open the mail. Instead, he said to me, whom he was at the time educating in his branch of the oil business: "The end has come. Coal oil is not enough for the Standard. It has gone into the lubricating."

After Mr. Backus died, his wife unwisely carried on his business as best she could. The remnant of it was bought by the Standard. Because a lady was involved, I suppose, and perhaps because he was regretful that the necessity of expansion required the sacrifice of a former companion, Mr. Rockefeller has published in his Reminiscences a long defense of the transaction. There can be apparently no other reason for breaking the judicious silence maintained regarding the many other deals of more voracious character. And his contention is correct. The

"No One Does Anything If He Can Get Anybody Else to Do It"

final payment for the refinery with its "goodwill" far exceeded its value after the Standard and Mrs. Backus were through with it. In this particular the Standard Oil Company has been defamed. In any other matters is it the slandered oil company?

What of the muckraking? The term is worthy of rescue. It never meant a hunt for disgraceful details or concealed outlawries. It was and is the sifting and spreading of beneficial material. Taking the Standard Oil compost, what, first, of the name itself?

At the time of its adoption the United States Government and the states had various standards of gravity, fire-test, color, and so forth, for the illuminating oils manufactured from petroleum. The new company chose a name by which it guaranteed satisfaction of all these various demands in the oils it marketed. No one denies that from the beginning it has made good this assurance.

Second, implicitly "Standard" stood for domestic administration. Here it certainly has been faultless. Its internal management has been as safe and steady as that of the Government itself. Its stability, trustworthiness regarding assumed business obligations, consideration for labor, and so forth, are not surpassed—are hardly approached by the foremost business associations of the commonwealth. Even in its earlier years when, wrestling with a new, mysterious, fluctuating and treacherous product, it was struggling for a foothold, heavy loans were granted it on slender securities mainly because of the character it had already established. Its wage, salary and pension system has been more than just—has been generous. It has never had a strike or a dissatisfied workman; and today no business organization cares for its veterans in their old age as does the Standard Oil Company.

In business ethics, however, far from maintaining this criterion, its conduct has not made good the claim of its title.

The judgment is just; and yet, I think, on some of the indictments injustice has been done. It should be stated that the practices by which the Standard earned its merited castigation were mainly representative of those congenial to its contemporaries; and, however they have been condemned by casuists, men of business at large have not disapproved of them, and this because they are American. To have been ultra-moral would have meant catastrophe. The company could never have succeeded if it had abstained from the use of weapons employed by its opponents. Mr. Rockefeller may have known of the bruised urchin who told his teacher that the street was just full of boys looking for the one who wouldn't strike back. That the Standard hit harder than its adversaries and hit sometimes below the belt is true; and for this it deserves and has received public condemnation so effective as to end such operations.

At that time, however, the railroads gave confidential and secret encouragement to any composition of talent and capital elaborating a new business. Manufacturers of harvesting machines, grain elevators, meat packers and other concerns got differentials as soon as they offered business in volume; and the companies the Standard competed with, large and small, to the extent of their ability kept down production—sought partial and discriminating rates and rebates—appropriated processes of manufacture—exercised an elastic scale of prices—gave commissions to purchasers—were down to all the tricks of the trade. The number of them who would not have done much of what the Standard has been arraigned for is minute.

The charge of illegitimacy in the Standard's processes of manufacture is not sustained by the facts. It did seek and take where it could and as cheaply as it could the results of others' experiments; but its best brands are its own. From its own laboratories has come the ennobling of such refractory crudes as those of Ohio and California. In the latter state it was a pioneer; and its long, patient and expensive campaign to redeem for any utility above that of fuel the California asphalt product is a story by itself. When the endless reservoirs of oil were uncovered, disclosing a wealth of petroleum unprecedented—save, perhaps, in Russia—local capital dreaded the coming of the Standard; but it has been abreast of the situation. It has laid pipelines from the distant depositories to its great works on the seaboard at the northern boundary of Oakland; and thence, by lines of tank steamers, the product goes to the Far-Eastern markets. Its friends are all those it buys from and sells to. It has developed judiciously and fairly, side by side with the home associations, the stored deposits of the great West Coast territory with their valuable by-products.

Chicane still taints the ways of the Standard, but its main foundation and business structure are of better material. Tricks may build a small business—never a large one. A material factor in the creation of this great monopoly has been unfair and now illegal and impermanent contracts with transportation companies. But let it be remembered that these were only made possible by the offer of a volume of freight unapproached by any rival; and this output had been reached by a rigid economy covering every item and extending over every department. It was concentration: in manufacture—the company doing its own cooperage, tinwork, and the like; in the field—the torrents of the wells being regulated; in the refining—competition being eliminated. This concentration has been the cause of the Standard's supremacy and was original with its founder.

The common belief that unifying and concentration of oil-properties was a preconcerted plan is a mistake. Early in Mr. Rockefeller's career an important refinery fell in his way. With his associates he gained possession of it. He saw the advantage and purchased another tentatively. In 1872 a score more were cautiously acquired. The purchases of the Morehouse works in 1874; three-fourths of the Vacuum works in 1879; Tweddle's large concern in Pittsburgh; half of the Galena and "Uncle Joe" Sibley works at Franklin, and so forth, were but steps less hesitatingly taken toward advantages clearly to be recognized, not the gradual realization of a lupine scheme originally conceived and mapped out. The Backus, the American, the Republic and the rest of us went the way of the earth as the larger establishments had, because we did not do enough business and did not do it right. Mr. Rockefeller has now at last given us this explanation in his Reminiscences: "It was never our purpose to interfere with a dealer who adequately cultivated his field of operations."

(Concluded on Page 33)

THE WILD TRAIN

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I CANNOT tell it as ye wud, Denny," confessed Hogan to the old switchman, while the night yard crew sat at attention; "'tis not in me to make truth as strange as fiction. And the Hogans were niver oraters in public, a curse on thim," he continued in embarrassment.

"It is not in public," observed the foreman encouragingly; "and as no honest man can repate the sthory afther ye the Hogans cannot be blamed for your telling it."

The youngest switchman turned this answer over in his mind, furtively studying the foreman's face meanwhile.

"Sure, I can make nothing av it at all," he said frankly.

"It is a puzzle av a face," nodded Denny.

"I did not mean the face," declared Hogan, but the foreman looked at him so darkly that he hurried into the story to avoid further explanation.

Tam O'Scatter was wance a new man on the Pacific Air Line, which was so called by reason av its being built over high trestles and bridges most av the way across the mountains.

"Sure, 'tis like houlding the throttle on a comet," says Tam the first time he tuk an ingine over it, and figuring the number av times a thrain cud turn ind over ind befoore reaching the right av way he grew nervous, and wud aisily be startled whiniver a timber shuk out av the rotten ould trestles or a crazy box-car cast a wheel and began hopping across on the journal.

'Twas not long befoore his hesitation was noticed at headquarthers and Tam was called up on the carpet.

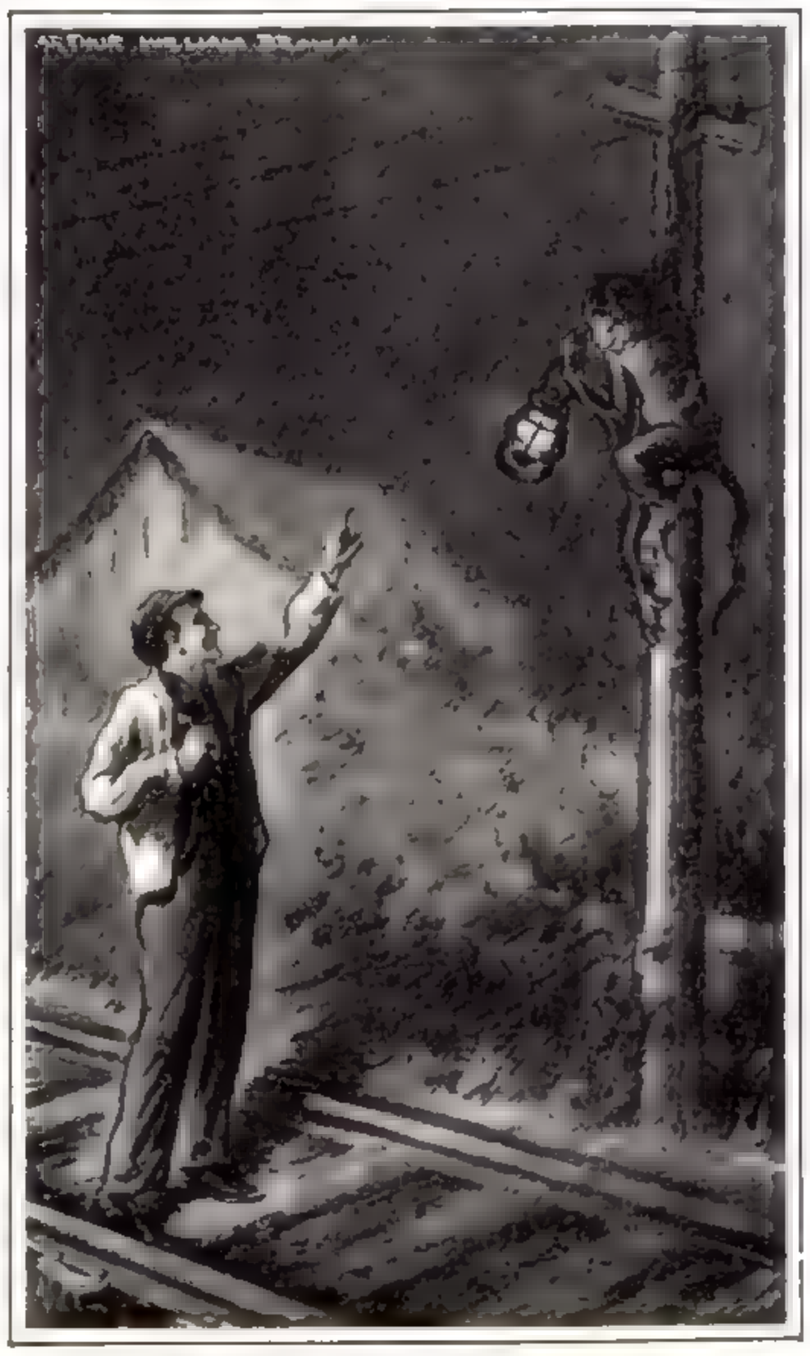
"Perhaps the time-card does not plase ye," said Doolin, the Gineral Superintindint.

"It is a good time-card for thrains that run on the ground," answered Tam respectfully.

Doolin studied him carefully with wan cold green eye. "I thought so," he said, for Doolin had great knowledge av men.

"Ye are mistaken," replied Tam politely.

Said Doolin: "I am niver mistaken with this eye. O'Scatter," he wint on, "ye came here with good papers and proved that ye know an ingine; it is hard to get good ingineers out here, so I hired ye. But, mind, it was as ingineer, and it is not part av your duty to ripen the fruit shipments as they go over the line. Ivery thrip ye run later; ye are not a dare-divil, O'Scatter!"



"I Will Not Play Tag, But 'Tis a Barrel av Hair Resterer Ye Will Need"

"The more haste the less railroad men," thinks Tam, but the cold green eye is riddling him and he answers bouldly that he will run to time or tear down ivery trestle on the division.

With that he steps off the carpet and goes down to the telygraph office, where Kitty Flanders is the operator for headquarthers business.

Now the O'Scatters have always been men av quiet manner, with shrewd, pleasant faces. But Tam was more pleasant than all others put together and he had a crafty air, as though he must kape all his good humor a secret for reasons av his own.

"Sure, 'tis the most marvelous jokes he has hoarded up," people told aich other; "they will be the death av us if he iver turns loose."

But he niver did, and so the people smiled at him most frindly in the hopes av being taken into confidence whin he cud hould in no longer.

Iver since he had come to the Air Line Kitty Flanders had felt the same intherest in him, and her blue eyes sparkled whin thinking: "Some day the humor av him will overflow, and I shall have something to laugh at for all times to come."

So on this morning she glanced up with her finger on the key and with a nod av welcome. Thin, the message being sent, she inquired for a favorite av hers: "Where is small Barney, the nephew, that ye have not brought him in to visit me?"

"He is out playing conducthor under the cars."

"Sure, it is great care ye take av him," said Kitty indignantly; "no wonder your poor sister left him to so watchful a man."

With that she hastened to the door and spying Barney across the thracks called him up to her.

"Faith, he is safer under the cars av this road than inside av thim," remarked Tam.

"On the road ye grow reckless and think nothing av danger," said the girl sharply; "but I warn ye, Misther O'Scatter, to be more watchful av the boy or I shall stale him away from ye."

"I cud not go unless Uncle Tam came along," Barney tould her.

"Thrue for ye," said his uncle.

"Well, that is more than I bargained for," answered Kitty, with a little blush.

At this insthant a man entering the office tuk the group under his eye wan by wan. This was Dour, superintindint av the Cañon Branch, which ran from the main line through the heart av the mountains to the big town av Smelter.

"Good day to ye all," he said in a pleasant voice that belied his black luk, for the girl's eyes were too bright and her cheeks too flushed to plase him. "I hear ye have been on the carpet this morning," he went on to Tam; "but you shud not let it worry ye. Sometimes it happens that a new man is overcautious on the Air Line and aven the ould wans require nerve to kape on time in the mountains."

The girl's flush deepened a bit and she luked at Tam in an anxious way, for she cud not bear that her frind shud be accused as a coward.

But O'Scatter repeated quietly his wur-rds to the Gineral Superintindint: "I'll run to time if I take out ivery trestle on the road as I go along," he said, and thin luking clearly into Kitty's eyes he shuk hands and wint out with Barney.

And it is no doubt that Tam meant ivery wur-rd he said, for niver had he been afraid befoore on any run.

Yet that very afthernoon he damned a road that is raised on crutches and set back the lever when the fast freight swayed out upon the trestles.

"What wud become av Barney?" he thought, and in that insthant his cowardice stud ixplained.

Niver in all his life had he borne care or responsibility till his sister, dying in the West, had left him her little son to care for. And Tam, growing fond av the counthry, had thrown up the job on his Eastern road and applied to the Air Line.

Afther a few days with Barney he had thought av a sudden: "Sure, I have no chick av my own and this is the last av my kin. Now I wud grow lonesome without the boy, so I will make him my son and he shall be the great wan av the O'Scatters."

In fact, Tam was niver apart from the boy whin in the home town; the new feeling tuk possession av him, and Barney, always waiting in the yard, wud give a cheer whin he pulled in at the ind av the run.

"What wud become av Barney?" he thinks on the trestle and slips back the lever.

"Have ye seen the new carpet in the superintindint's office?" asks the fireman in innocence, for he liked O'Scatter, and knew that a few more late runs meant discharge.

Tam luks down and in a second thinks the thrain is toppling into the gulch below. His brain whirls, but in that insthant he thinks:

"What will Kitty Flanders say if I am marked up late? I must run it blind," he says, and for the rest av that run and the wan afther it he sits stiff and cold with eyes fast shut, while the thrain takes the trestles at time-card speed.

But the third trip he kapes his eyes shut too long, and on the only straight, well-ballasted stretch av thrack that the Air Line has he runs down a stray mule, who goes into the air and takes off the stack on his way back.

Thin the fireman goes mad, and whin Tam is called on the carpet again Doolin says to him:

"What do ye see across the yard yonder?"

"I see a house," answers Tam.

"But cud ye see it on a railroad thrack?"

"I cud," replies Tam, for Doolin was in earnest.

"Perhaps ye had taken offense at the mule," says Doolin.

"Sure, we think nothing av such brutes in the East," replies Tam.

"Luk ye," says Doolin, fixing him with the wan green eye; "the fireman says ye were asleep with both eyes. Now I will not set the ixample av placing a call-boy on an ingine. Ye must kape awake and ye must get through the California fast freight on time. I will thry ye wance more."

Tam wint downstairs in a daze: "I can do it; I must do it," he kept saying to himself. Thin he paused in the door av the telygraph office and Kitty Flanders luked up.

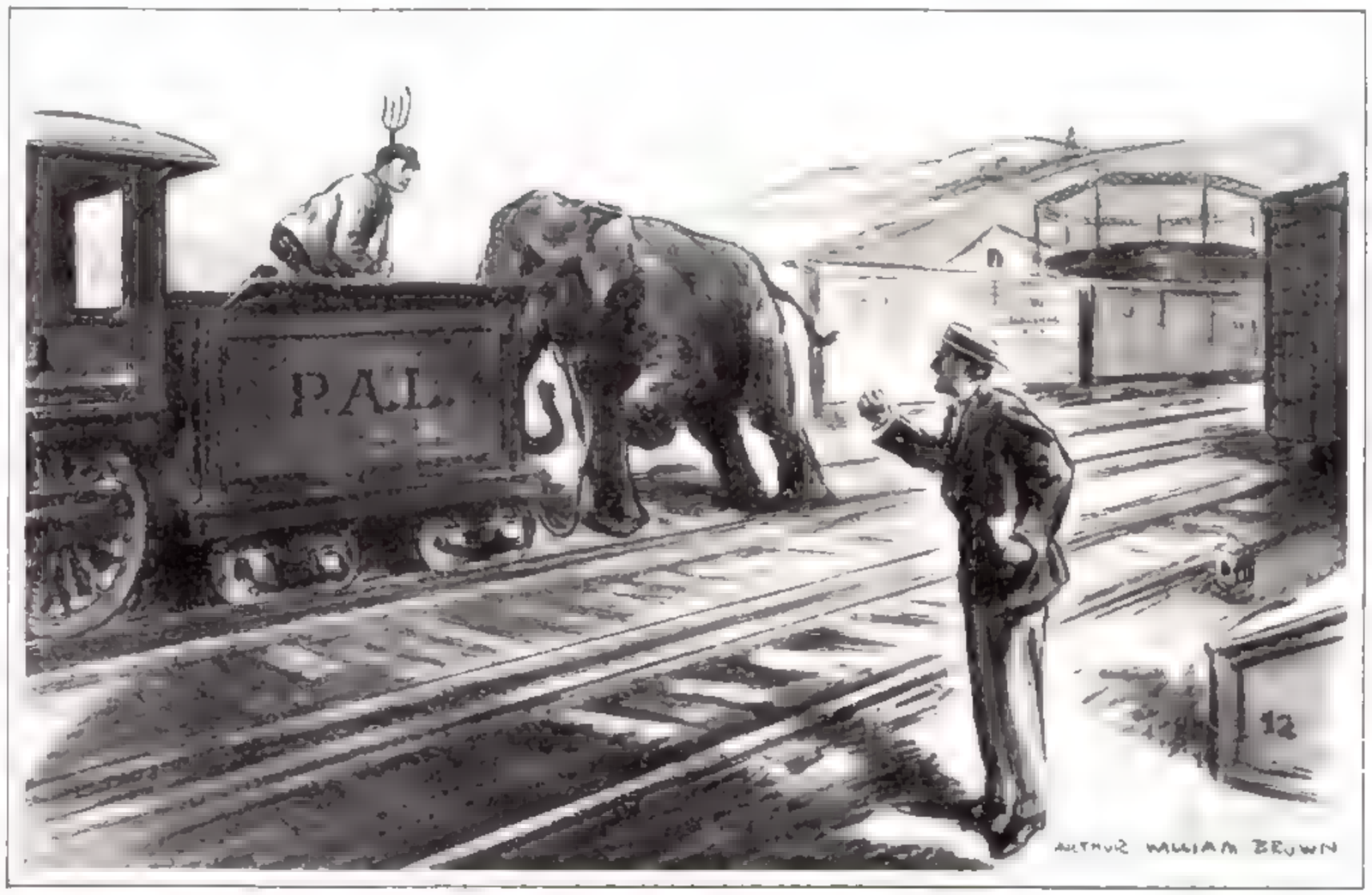
But on the insthant the smile passed from her face, and befoore she cud think to guard her tongue the wur-rds were spoken: "Ye have been on the carpet again?"

"For the last time," he tells her, and thin on the impulse flings out his hand.

"Kitty," he cries, "listen to me ——"

Her clear blue eyes accuse him sorrowfully.

"Not that your being called up shud make any difference to me," she says, and turns away. So afther faltering a moment on the door-sill Tam breaks entirely and walks away to Barney.



"Git Off the Ingine, Ye Craven Loonatic, Ye are Fired"

"I have only ye and will niver have any wan ilse," he tells the boy; "so I will protect ye, whatever people say."

Barney held his hand and luked on him proudly.

"Sure, ye wud hit the high places a hundred miles an hour to stay here with me?" asks he.

"I wud," answers Tam, with a great contempt av himself at heart.

"They said ye were afraid, but I knew betther," says the boy, doubling his fists.

"If Kitty understood perhaps it wud make a difference," Tam is thinking, and then he meets Dour on the platform.

"Why does he run in so often and haunt the telygraph office?" Tam asks himself. But he knows very well why it is and winces to feel that his explanation wud do him no good with Kitty. "For they say that Dour is afraid av nothing," he thinks bittherly; "and I cannot lay my cowardice to the boy."

On the very nixt run he is pulled off and summoned to the office.

"Ye are a poltroon," declares Doolin, his eye floating in green fire as he gives way to temper.

"It is a hard name," thinks Tam; "if I cud be sure av its maning I might take Doolin by the throat."

"But I will do this," storms the Gineral Superintindint; "we need ingineers, and I will put ye on the Cañon Division; it is level as a floor and ye will have no ixcuse for a frightened hand at the throttle or for running with blinders. Report to Dour by morning."

Tam O'Scatter stands still, shivering cold and hot by turns, for niver till that hour has any man spoken to him in such a voice. But he does not resign.

"I cannot go away with such a mark against me," he thinks, and a moment later appears in the doorway av Kitty Flanders.

This time there is no smile or sparkling luk to greet him, for the girl has been kaping up with his career on the road, which is aisy to do.

"Ye are a great sloth, Mr. O'Scatter," she says quietly enough, though to Tam the wur-rds are as knives flung at him.

"Goodby," he says, and receiving no answer passes on. For an insthant the girl hides her face in her arms, thin straightening up proudly to her wur-rk, "Goodby," she says softly, but 'twas well Tam niver heard, there being a tone which manes foriver.

"Faith, 'tis the day for hard names," reflects Tam bittherly—"a poltroon and a great sloth; sorrow the day an O'Scatter shud answer to thim."

Now the Cañon Division where Tam was going had the town av Smelter at wan ind and Main Line Junction at the other, betwane the two lying Division Station where Dour made headquarters. Here he cud luk out av his windey on schedule ivery day and frighten aich branch crew with the evil eye av superintindince.

After Tam had made transfer and lived in Smelter, he wud wander iverywhere with Barney whin off the road, though niver letting the boy come to the yards to mate him.

"Some frind wud tip him off that I am a poltroon and a great sloth," thinks Tam; "and thin I wud have to live apart from him or luk him in the face, which I cud niver do."

As it is, Dour takes the public into confidence. "I must set brakes on the man or 'tis wild he will run," he tells the roadmen; and wance to O'Scatter himself he says: "I warn ye, Tam, that ye must make no speedway av this division as ye did av the main line, where ye overtuk a mule on the thrack."

And Tam reflects: "'Tis amazing that an O'Scatter does not remove the man's head and limbs by way av answer to his pleasantry." But instead av doing so he only answers the wicked banter av Dour with a luk sly as a fox, and the roadmen tell wan another:

"'Tis certain the wink av O'Scatter signals danger like a torpedo and ould Dour is heading into a bad joke." They will not belave that Tam is afraid av the high trestles and ixplain that humorous men are not flighty. "Sure, he will be hitting the high places afther yerself prisintly," they tell Dour, always having a pleasant wur-rd for an official in good standing.

So afther Tam has brought the local freight in on time for two wakes the crews know he is a great joker, and say that he has already turned the timetables on the superintindint.

"I will give him a still betther chance to make a record," says Dour darkly to himself, and Tam notices the light av his eye is like the lamp av a switch set against him, with orders full speed ahead.

"Wan bad run and I am a lost man," Tam is always thinking, while he walks with Barney and they admire the circus bills along the walls av Smelter.

"O'Rang-y tang," spells Barney from the bills wan day. "P'rhaps," he says, "I wud be a good boy for having met wan."

"'Tis a scandal the British have put on us to name him so," answers O'Scatter. "I will point him out to ye in the parade."

"If a little boy can see only half as far as a man I might miss him," says Barney afther a bit; "p'rhaps I wud be a much betther boy if I cud see almost against him."

Whin Tam notices how his lips trimble over the wur-rds he swings the boy in the air. "I will not thrifle further with ye," he cries; "for I have intinded to lay off and take ye into the big tent iver since O'Rang and the ilyphant wrote me the invitation."

"They have wrote ye," whispers Barney, with rowling eyes. "I might have known it! 'Twas a big letther. Yis?" He cud say no more thin for the wonder av it, but afterward night and day he considers deeply av the animals on the bills, and whin his uncle comes home must always take him to see O'Rang and the ilyphant. There he houlds tight to Tam's hand, but niver a wur-rd can he say at all.

And yet whin Tam himself is ordered to Main Line Junction to bring in the circus thrain Barney is greatly troubled. "What is it casts ye down?" asks Tam. "Now I am sure to be here circus day, and ye may even come into the yard at daybreak to see me pull in with tigers and lions aboord."

"It is all right," says the boy, and cheers up for a while.

"They will give me a main-line ingine," says Tam, "as there is not an extra on the Cañon Division." Whin he starts away the boy clings to him for a moment. "Sure, ye

will not be late or afraid this time, will ye?" he whimpers, and Tam fales a blush av shame as he shakes his head and goes on to the station.

The Cañon Branch was sixty miles long, and the passenger thrain running up in the morning from Smelter lay at Main Line Junction for the east mail at midnight befoore running back again. Whin Tam reached the junction he found the circus thrain marked up for six P. M., but it broke down three times on the way in and av course the car inspectors wud not let it lave the junction till repairs were made.

Seeing Tam standing befoore the wicket the thrainmaster calls him inside, where they drink from a flask wrapped up in a book av rules

"I will get ye out as quickly as possible," says the thrainmaster, "so that ye can make Smelter by circus day."

"'Tis more av the banter," thinks Tam.

"Do ye know the Farm Wagon?" asks the thrainmaster.

"Ye mane the retired switch ingine?" answers Tam with still alarm.

"The same. Sure, she is the ghost av the scrap-pile and ye must haunt the right-av-way with her tonight." The thrainmaster turns again to the book av rules and studies the face av the ingineer, who takes on his luk av craft.

"I can decoy a ghost along by moonlight; 'tis an ould profession av the family's," whispers Tam. "We will make a wild run av it" But his heart stands still and the secret thought av him is: "Here is goodby foriver to the road and to Kitty Flanders. As for Barney—'twill be so long befoore I arrive at Smelter that the baby ilyphant will be grown up and he will not mind."

"Ye shud not run wild, but tame," answers the thrainmaster. "There is an order out against ye—freight 24 to pass at Division Station, I think. But that is no matther; ye will niver get so far with the Farm Wagon befoore she blows up again."

"Again?" asks Tam.

"Soon again," answers the thrainmaster, thrying to find a place in the book. "The dom superintindint is crazy to sind out the Farm Wagon," he growls. "A circus thrain late is grief; an ilyphant in the ditch forces the common stock down two points. I am a stockholder," he says; "be careful av the ilyphant, O'Scatter; nurse him along. Now I will relieve ye av the two sleeping cars, with the performers, and av the tent cars, where the canvas-backs and men who drive the mumble-pegs slape. I will send thim down on the passenger thrain."

"How many cars will be left?" asks Tam.

"Sure, it is nine or nineteen," answers the other; "they are all in the shop yard where ye will pick thim up. 'Tis not regular to sind circus cars by passinger, but the show people will be aslape and not know the difference."

Tam thanked him for making the thrain so much lighter. "Perhaps I can get through with nine or nineteen cars."

"The ilyphant's name is Selim; ye may have occasion to spake to him in the ditch; I can see nothing in the book av rules against it," says the thrainmaster. "The agint av the show tould me his name—whispered it—and he has a baboon who travels in the car with him. They are good frinds. Ye will nurse the baboon also, O'Scatter, and the whole thrain till it goes up, ph-s-st! Sure, I know ye do not mind the high places at all, and 'twill be a great joke on Dour. Ha! ha!"

"'Tis the jungle fever he has, by the book av rules, ha! ha!" thinks Tam, but with the hint that he is a tamer and nurse av wild thrains he goes off with the prayer that he will not mate 24 head-on.

"This is a big-league division, with three thrains on bases and a double steal for a siding," he thinks on the way to the roundhouse; "I will be well out av it alive. Aven thin 'twill be with a black mark against me—and, Kitty Flanders, what will ye be thinking av me?"

'Tis nine o'clock whin Tam opens the rusty throttle at the head av his thrain. The Farm Wagon sneezes like a pussy-cat and thin stamps on all eight flat wheels with a loud snort; still they crawl ahead, the ould megaphone av a stack roaring like a cyclone.

"If it was only stame instead av noise," says Tam, "the pressure wud take us to Smelter in the hour. Fireman, do ye take wan or two lumps av coal for the calliope?" he says.

But afther a few yards' burst av speed he trundles along carefully, figuring how long it would be befoore the thrainmaster, with the book av rules, can get 24 into him head-on.

'Twas a bright moonlight night. The valleys seemed swept with the tail av a comet, broad and bright, and Tam begins to fale the peace av the mountains and to grin with hope av the circus with Barney nixt day.

"The Farm Wagon is not alive; she is in a trance," he thinks, and whistles with relief as, still safe on the rails, he slows for the brakeman to throw the switch beyant Division Station and runs rapidly into siding for 24.

So does the Farm Wagon seem relieved; she gives a frisky little jump ahead and stamps her flat wheels with another snort. "Whoa," says Tam, luking back with surprise to see his thrain tumbling into the ditch. Perhaps the rotten circus equipmint cud not stand the strain av running over a switch; at any rate, an axle av the first car had let down and, striking the ties, had left its drawhead dangling to the tender like a tooth drawn out. The car had slid into the shallow ditch, and the second car, coming a summerset over it, stopped with the corner over the main line beyant. The ilyphant in this second car went round and round two trips, and whin it stopped he was shot out av the lower ind, as in target practice.

There followed a moment av stillness, as though iverything aboord had been stunned with surprise; thin a roar as av a giant being murdered burst from the ground; the air seemed grinding with thunder, which raised the flesh and jarred the bones av the brakeman on his way to the woods.

The ilyphant stud with trunk raised in the moonlight. He had already started a roar av his own, but the wan from the car beside him caused hesitation. He tuk a long sniff, listened to the echo, and thin giving up entirely the idea av knocking the wreck on his own account sneaked afther the brakeman.

Barney's ilyphant was iscaping.

"'Tis as well ye have obeyed me in advance," whispers O'Scatter, running toward the wreck; "come out av the ditch!" Thin he begins to pace the ilyphant. "Whist," ixplains Tam, "ye are a through shipmint and have not arrived yet. Barney is waiting to resave ye and cheer in the parade tomorry."

The ilyphant crosses wan eye at him, but kapes on in a slow, thoughtful way, wondering what will show up nixt.

"Selim," commands Tam as the ilyphant flags him with wan ear, "sure, I will wait for ye to come up with me," he says—"almost," and he hops over a fence which the baste, coming fast, takes along with him into a field.

"'Tis not as if we were strangers," says Tam, assaulting him with rocks, "but I know ye by name, and my own it is O'Scatter, who must nurse ye along," he says, and scores an ilyphant's eye with a clod as big as the head av him.

The brute stops, and afther long sniffing locates a haystack where Tam follows him with argyments and introductions. Afther a time, being ixhausted, he tells the other: "Now ye may stand here and steal hay; but wan step farther and ye will be guilty av stealing company freight; thin ye will be mixed up with the claim departmint and niver get anywhere."

Afther this warning he departs with threats, while the baste watches him over a shoulder with his mouth full av hay.

"That is a noisy lion down there," says Tam angrily; "he will annoy Barney's ilyphant. 'Tis an O'Scatter who will give the brute a Donnybrook time.

"In a moment," he calls, and goes to the caboose for a lantern to light up the lion car.

But the conducthor will not unlock the door. "Yer duty is on the other ind as far as possible from a caboose," he calls, and thin as Tam batthers at the door: "What! has something happened?" he adds, putting his head out av a winder. "Sure, it is a wreck," ixclaims the conducthor in surprise. "Thank ye, ingineer, ye may now go away from here while I make out an accidint repoort."

At this moment the door crashes in, and the conducthor, yelling, "Ye will head the repoort," springs forward, but he halts dead in his thracks.

"Come out with yer lantern," says Tam. The thing leaning on a large club and peering through wet, draggled hair with a tiger eye is not the ingineer who has been reduced for cowardly running. "Are ye coming?"

The conducthor seizes all the lanterns he has, wan red and the other white; but the insthant he sets fut to the ground the red lantern is torn from his hand and bobs away up the track.

"Ye may quiet the lion," says Tam, and pursues the red light around a curve; but the conducthor is not disturbed by noisy lions and goes back to his repoort, afther raising the door and setting the stove against it.

Now the faster Tam follows that light the faster it flies, but he notices that whin he pauses the lantern hangs perfectly still. "'Twas my grandfather who was ghost-trapper by profession," reflects Tam, "though no man cud iver see thim afther he caught thim. But I remimber it was cunning he used instead av bait." With this he gives a bitther caterwaul and thin a faint crow, to ixcite intherest and curiosity, and curls up on the track.

Prisintly, out av the corner av his eye, he sees the light hop closer till a hairy shape and wicked face loom redly in the mist av the moon.

"By the saints, 'tis O'Rang himsilf," thinks Tam, and springs up crying that Barney wud not miss him for wur-rlds.

But the ape with the lantern gives wan clean jump from the thrack to a telygraph pole, where he perches jabbering. "I will not play tag," shouts Tam out av temper, "but if ye do not let me give attention to the lion at wance 'tis a barrel av hair restorer ye will need for decency befoore the menagerie."

O'Rang answers by hurling the lantern, which Tam catches, and while standing in the center av the track he hears the rails crackle, the low wailing av a whistle and the ingine av 24 swoops slowly out av the moon-mist. A moment later the conducthor and ingineer run up to him, shouting questions.

Tam answers, surprised to see thim: "Why, the circus thrain is broken down on the siding and the main line is blocked too."

"We hold orders to take that siding afther ye pulled out," says the conducthor; "now how can the passinger get by?"

"It can't get by anyhow till the line is cleared," answers Tam shortly, being a busy man.

"There is no thrain behint us," says the conducthor to the ingineer. "Back up to the first telygraph office and I will meself call up for orders." He turns away.

"Wan moment," calls the ingineer. "O'Scatter," he says in a voice av wonder, "ye are the greatest flagman in the wur-rld. First I saw yer red lantern on the track, it was hopping like popcorn; thin ye leaped twinty fate into the air! A curve wud make no difference, for ye cud flag over a hilltop." But the conducthor is dragging him away.

"Ye are a sucker," he tells the ingineer, "to be surprised at O'Scatter. 'Tis the humor av him broke out at last and there is a great joke behint it."

Tom Was More Pleasant Than All Others Put Together

"I Will Point Him Out to Ye in the Parade"

Tam turns in the other direction, for he has seen the ape slide down the pole and prisintly the latter comes close, jabbering and pointing to the moon.

"I understhand," says Tam, "'tis the moon is to blame," and arm in arm they hurry back to the wreck.

The club scares the fireman from the roof av the cab, and wance more Tam turns out the conducthor, with the loss av a stove.

By reason av not being deaf they can locate the lion car in a moment. It lies flat on its side betwane the two tracks and, sliding back the door, O'Scatter stands on guard a moment with the club. But as nothing comes out along av the racket he drops inside, carrying the club and lantern. Three big cages have been upset in this car and a number av small wans lie scattered about, though none seems to be broken open.

"Shut up," shouts Tam. "I will stand no more nonsinse from any av ye," and the human voice hushes that bedlam like the crack o' doom, while the men outside are seized with surprise and fright to hear him so rough-spoken.

For a moment the car is still, thin a roar av disgust reveals their opinion av O'Scatter, the same being mixed with fierce bumps and sounds av a scuffle. The conducthor answers the roar with wan av his own, as Tam springs out and, sliding the door, laves only a crack open behint him.

"What do ye mane by roaring back," he asks in a threatening way, "just whin I was quieting the others?"

"He bit me on the leg," wails the conducthor, and turning his head Tam sees O'Rang, who jabbers and points to the moon.

"It will not wur-rk ivery time," says Tam, and sinds O'Rang into the ditch with a clout on the ear. "Why didn't ye bite back, ye coward?" he hisses at the conducthor. "Have ye no pride av family?"

The fireman shivers fit to shake the car. "Are they loose in there?" he quavers, observing that Tam has lost the sleeve av his shirt. There is just room for an ould lion to jam his head through the crack av the door and make answer to the fireman, who sits paryhzed at the spectacle.

"Wan," replies Tam. "Back, ye British dragon!" he says, knocking the lion on the head and closing the door fast.

"'Tis a happy family down there," remarks Tam in disgust, "yet I wud have hushed the passinger's roar against the service if the dom conducthor hadn't begun.

"Ye go and flag that passinger thrain, will ye not," he inquires av the conducthor, bringing the club down against the door, "befoore it smashes into the corner av the ilyphant car sticking over the main track?"

"I will take a pleasure in it," replies the man, and thin his knees quake and his face turns the color av ashes. "What av 24? We were to mate her here," he cries in a panic.

"I flagged her," answers Tam. "I have iverything to think av. But do ye luk afther the passinger, which is due in twinty minutes if the mail is on time."

The others stare with respect as at wan in high authority; and they are superstitious, too, over this nightmare av a wreck.

"If ye have any duty for me?" asks the fireman.

"Sit on the crack av the car door," says Tam.

"I mane away from here; for I am swift av fut, having been a constable and niver caught by any criminal," he urges, for he is eager to help a brave man in difficulty.

The conducthor with his red lantern is already like a glow-wur-rm crossing the horizon, whilst Tam, with a frowning luk, sits in judgmint on the wreck. A great contimpt av the Air Line and its officers seizes him.

"A curse on thim all," he says. "They will put me in bad with Barney. I must be both thrainmaster and ringmaster, and while saving my face I will save the company's too. But I cannot help that," he says; "'tis nature and training to act like a railroad man aven on this system."

For the moment the whole matther is a puzzle to him, and thin his eye lighting on the car door he smiles fondly, thinking av the wallop he gave the lion. Suddenly he rises in excitemint. "'Tis an inspiration," he says. "Barney shall see thim all." He faces the fireman. "Turn out the section boss at Division Station and tell him to bring his gang here on the run. I have no time for the wrecking crew thirty miles away. The circus must arrive on time, ye understhand; for it is perishable freight that Doolin himsilf gave me advice on."

"But the loose lion?" asks the fireman as he departs.

"I will fall in with the humor av him," ixplains Tam, and the other does not aven luk back.

Returning to the ingine, where O'Rang follows him, Tam throws in some coal to kape her alive and thin sits down to smoke, with his frind sucking a stick beside him. There is a peace to the hour and place that shud move any man, but as Tam O'Scatter watches the big, swinging shade av the ilyphant across the field and rimimbers the ould lion, he crouches as though his muscles are stringing and a deep glitter haunts the corners av his eyes.

The first sound he hears is the rowl av the section-men's handcar, and whin the gang arrives, without the fireman, Tam has thim attempt to slide the obstructing car into the ditch and so clear the main track. But it is too big a job for thim, aven with the jack and levers, and Tam walks quietly back to the ingine. The ould lion has quieted down, but the section gang stand in awe av the ape, which chins thim from behint Tam's shoulder and waves his arms whiniver Tam does.

"Men, let us beware av this O'Scatter," warns the boss, "for the fireman said he is a man av humor and this is the first joke av his life. It may get away from him."

Tam takes a hook from the tool-box av the ingine and crosses the field. "Bad cess to my ould schoolmaster," he mutthers. "He taught me not A, B, C about ilyphants, the biggest subject in the wur-rld. I cannot tell him to kneel nor to push. But wan av us will have to back up," he says grimly.

"Selim," commands Tam, getting betwane the baste and the last av the crop av hay, "will ye come along or back up—or shall I brain ye?" But the other reaches over his head and is lost in reflection. He is as big as a mountain and as indifferent; nothing but an earthquake cud move him, and Tam's heart swells with bitterness at their difference in size.

But suddenly the brute stands sniffing and thin gives a plased sigh that suffocates Tam in a timothy cyclone; but as he coughs and curses his way out av the cloud he comes on O'Rang and Selim taking a polite intherest in aich other's appearance. Tam rimimbers on the insthant all that the drunken thrainmaster has tould him. "Why, they travel together, av coorse," he thinks delighted; "and I was thinking that the thrainmaster got it out av the book av rules."

Selim wobbled as if to lie down, for 'tis a fact that the two acted together in the circus performance, and Tam is wild with fear av it. "'Twill take dynamite to start him thin," he thinks as, catching Selim's trunk with the iron hook and grasping the slack av O'Rang's neck with the other hand, he urges thim to make haste.

"Boom, boom!" says Tam like a drum. "March! Though it is the first time I iver paraded a haystack," he says. The ilyphant came fast; Tam had to trot and thin to run, with O'Rang making impatient leaps beside him.

And it is in this order they arrive at the wreck, where the passinger thrain has just pulled up afther being flagged by the conducthor av the circus thrain. The latter had thin hurried into Division Station to have his leg docthored.

There are only four or five passengers aboord, all av whom have left the coaches to luk at the wreck, as Tam and his parade cross the ditch and come down the main track. At the obstructing car the ilyphant halts av his own accord with a great shiver, for he remimbers the two round thrips in that car while traveling like a squirrel in a cage. Tam calls up the passenger conducthor. "Do not wake the show people on your thrain," he commands fiercely. "They think they are on the special and will niver suspect a wreck at all."

Selim, uneasy, with wan eye on the headlight av the passinger ingine, is aisily turned half round by Tam; wance he trumpets angrily at faling the derailed car against his back, and as he throws up his trunk with Tam in the shadow av it a single sharp cry comes from the group av passengers.

Selim's trunk is still raised; he is on the edge av a panic, with Tam sure to be trampled directly befoore him. Aven O'Rang shakes with fright.

"It is a chance," thinks Tam in a flash. "I can niver conthrol him again."

In the dim moon and lantern light the passingers marvel to see him whisper in O'Rang's ear, and with a howl that puts the ould lion and bitten conducthor to shame the ape springs high in air, straight for Selim's eyes. The ilyphant's nerve breaks, and, backing into the car behint him, he topples it into the ditch beside the other. The main track is cleared.

Selim waits wan moment, ixpecting the ingine to jump on him, and thin heads again for the haystack, the only place where he has found peace av mind this night.

As for O'Rang, he mutthers with pain and indignation, while trying to ixamine the spot on his hindquarters where Tam has jerked out a handful av hair.

"Blame it on the moon," Tam tells him sternly. "Now for the big show," he says. He carries himsilf like a man who has wrestled giants to the ground, and the men troop afther as he climbs on the car av lions with his club.

"Faith, he is a safe joker afther all," says the section boss to his men; "niver have I enjoyed an ilyphant so much."

But befoore Tam can carry out his plan to get the circus through to Barney, an interruption comes in the shape av Dour, who has been notified av the wreck by the fireman. He has missed the passinger thrain, but following quickly on his velocipede car now breaks into the group about Tam.

"Come out av that," he commands O'Scatter; "ye are fired bodily, with yer ingine on the line. I shud have known that ye must aither run hours late or wreck the thrain."

"Will ye hear me out wan moment?" asks Tam, though the unfairness av Dour's accusation rankles deep in his breast.

"I will not; ye are fired, I tell ye," answers the other, overjoyed to catch Tam in such trouble.

"I have promised to get through on time," cries Tam, fearing the woe av Barney in his disappointment, and remembering with a pang that Kitty Flanders will niver know the truth av it all.

Dour climbs on the car, laughing: "As ye promised Doolin to ride the trestles," he says, "I warn ye the last time, O'Scatter, to leave yer wreck and ingine as they are."

"Doolin," thinks Tam, the name ringing in his ears. He glances over the wreck, and a spirit which aven Barney and Kitty Flanders cannot rouse rushes into him—the spirit av a great railroad, where he was bred to stand by her interests as a soldier by his counthry. Quit his place in a time av throuble! Abandon his gun in war-time! At last Dour has raised the character av the man against him.

(Continued on Page 69)

"'Twas Only a Question as Whether Him or Meself Was Scared the Wurrst"

FLEECING NEW COMPANIES

The Confessions of a Fake Stock Salesman

SELLING corporation stocks is hard work—hard work. I want to impress that upon you to begin with, not as an excuse for myself or in extenuation of my methods, but because the nervous strain of it, when the work is honestly performed, explains why some of us in the profession look for easier money and a good many of us find it—I among them.

The stock salesman, genuine or my kind, is a product of the last quarter of a century and the development of modern industry, most of which is carried on through the corporations and with other people's money. The corporations' paper is what I claim to sell, and this paper or stock, the country over, represents the faith, hope and avarice of the public at large and its confidence in human nature—meaning the goodness of the managers.

It is said that a sucker is born every minute—which is fortunate, for in the modern game of financing a good many companies suckers furnish the real money, and it is the salesman's business to locate them. Of course this article has nothing to do with responsible stock and bond salesmen.

I seemed to have a natural-born instinct for spotting suckers—"prospects" is the more pleasing term used in the offices. Nevertheless I soon found that it took every bit of my nerve, to say nothing of the time I spent in fruitless interviews, or in waiting for interviews at which I sold barely stock enough to keep me in daily bread until a good commission was paid. I have many a time been so exhausted after two interviews in a day that I could not force myself to go out next day; and when you have wasted a week's time on a rich old party, who leads you on, lets you entertain him at the company's expense and then won't take even a one-dollar share for fear you'll mention it to some other sucker, who might be thereby induced to put in ten thousand dollars and then blame *him* if the company fails, why, you spend Sunday wondering if life is worth living. Honestly, I doubt if there is a man in the profession who would not prefer to do anything rather than sell stock, and who wouldn't get out of the business today if he could.

A Flying Start as a Salesman

I GOT into it myself through accident. My start was on the square and netted me twenty-one hundred dollars in commissions in two weeks. When a well-raised youth, barely out of high school, can honestly turn that amount to easy money in that time, it nails him to a profession he can neither give up nor succeed in at that rate—except through a miracle—so he often hangs on and develops into a confidence man. That is my case precisely.

I was living at home when my start happened. My father is one of the best-known clergymen in town, so I had all the backing of his name.

There was a carriage factory, the largest single business in town, owned by two men. One partner died, and the other, a young man of modern ideas, decided to incorporate the company, get more capital and increase the business until he could make it of national consequence.

Our families were intimate—he was then paying attention to my sister whom he later married—and I heard a great deal of the project and the details of incorporation, boards of directors, stocks, bonds, and the like.

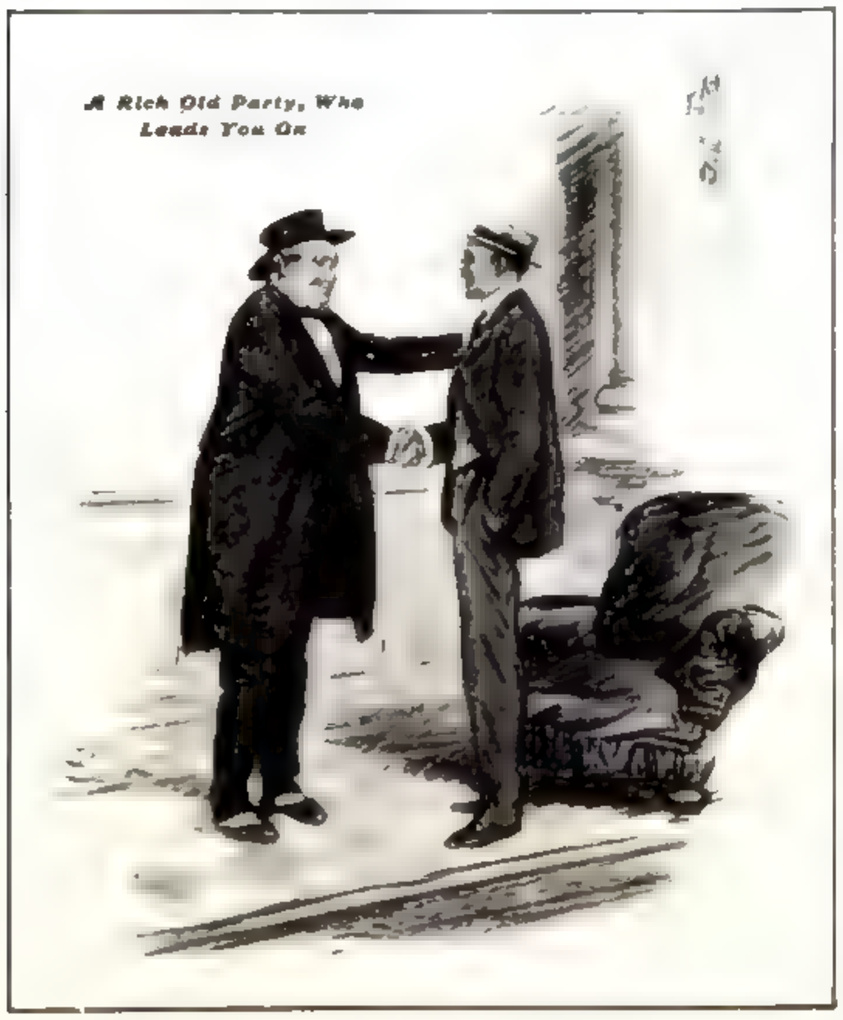
One evening, just after the charter had been granted, one of Father's parishioners called on us, and Father being from home at the moment I was deputed to entertain the old gentleman. What more natural than that I should mention the new carriage company and expatiate with a boy's enthusiasm on what it would do for the town and the huge dividends it was bound to pay to investors? I talked so well that without my suggesting it or even thinking of it, our old friend then and there decided to invest ten thousand dollars in the company, which he did a few days later, giving me the credit of the sale of the stock.

Judge of my delighted astonishment on receiving a check from the company for a thousand dollars, with the request that I continue my work on the same basis as one of their regular stock salesmen. In two weeks I sold eleven thousand more—all to friends of my father.

Proficient in the Art of Living on Easy Street at the Company's Expense

I see now, of course, what I was too conceited and too ignorant then to admit—that my success was due to a combination of happy circumstances and luck rather than to my own ability. It gave me the swelled head. I believed I had a profession ready-made, in which I could easily make twenty or twenty-five thousand a year. Ohio became instantly too small for me and my financial talents, and nothing would do for me but New York.

I shall not weary the reader with the account of my dwindling resources and my struggles as I slowly awoke to the fact that a stranger in a strange land has a proposition to manipulate that is very different from the one that confronted me in my home town. Nor is this the story of how I sank, bit by bit, in my attitudes as my needs grew more and more pressing, until at last I was willing to do anything that would bring me in an apparently honest dollar. This is the story of the methods I learned and practiced for living on Easy Street at the expense of the companies.



A Rich Old Party, Who Leads You On

During my first two years I had remained in New York, working small tradespeople mostly, and had paid my own running expenses, receiving commissions on sales.

Now it is not customary for a stock salesman to receive expense money or a drawing account from his company while he is working in his home town; but when he goes on the road he is allowed from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week, and for as many weeks as the company sees fit to keep him going. This is considered as advance commissions and is deducted from his returns; but if there are no returns it is the company, not the salesman, that stands the loss. Drawing accounts represent the company's faith, hope and avarice, and the amount you can get out of the company is a pretty close measure of the confidence you inspire.

When I got my first out-of-town assignment with a fifty-dollar drawing account my assets consisted of three good suits, a dozen fancy ties, shoes, hat and overcoat in perfect trim, a handsome walrus suitcase, an honest face, an engaging smile, a glib tongue and—one dollar. I simply had to have a drawing account or starve.

The company I engaged with was selling stock in a paper about to start. I was assigned to work Easton, Pennsylvania, and the vicinity.

A worse region could hardly have been found on earth. I was out five weeks—which cost the company two hundred and fifty dollars—and never sold a single share.

It was my first really good chance in New York and my greatest failure. I saw over sixty prospects, most of them of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction, and every last man of them turned me down.

To take "No" from sixty people on end isn't calculated to help any man forward or build up his grit. It broke my nerve—that is the flat truth of the matter. I felt that a dreadful hoodoo had got me, and from that day to this I have never, in my heart of hearts, expected to sell a share of stock to anybody.

It was on this trip that I became acquainted with Nat Caldwell, a stock salesman proficient in the art of living on Easy Street at the company's expense.

I remember just how we were sitting in the hotel lobby after breakfast. Outside it poured. I hate rain—hated it worse on that day than ever before—but I screwed up my courage to remark: "Well, I must get to work and see my prospects."

Caldwell looked at me in a pitying way. "Haven't you got over that?" he asked.

"Got over what—going out in bad weather to see prospects?"

"Going out in any weather to see prospects."

I asked him what he meant and he aired his views. He has told me since that he felt he was doing me a kindness in showing me how to live on Easy Street.

"The biggest suckers in the world," he declared, "are the companies themselves, so why not catch them on your hook? As long as they've got the wad and want to spend it on us, why not let them do it?"

The Philanthropy of Not Working

"THIS is the way I look at it: If I were to sell these Rubes out here twenty thousand of company stock which I couldn't, as you've probably found out—but if I could, where would the money go? Two thousand to me: the rest would be milked out by the officers. These Rubes wouldn't get a cent of it—not for a million years with the company I'm working now. Dividends! Gee whiz! I think not! I tell you, my conscience won't let me take money from these people, but somebody else will get it away from them if I don't come out on this beat, so I come—to protect 'em. I'm their benefactor, only they don't know it. Anyhow, I've got to live, so have you."

This last statement always seemed to settle and straighten everything for him—it was the final word on life's problems.

I mention the incident partly because it was the beginning of a long friendship; partly because he expressed the general attitude of my tribe toward the companies, many of which are only doing on a large scale under a charter what we are doing on a small scale—viz., living off the suckers. At the time, I remember, I was more shocked than convinced by Caldwell's theories, and I went out in the storm and finished my failure.

I returned to New York that night with about thirty dollars left from my expense allowance, a frightful cold, and several new thoughts buzzing in my head.

The company bounced me next day—after calling me every name known.

By the time I had recovered from my cold and my feelings I had decided to live on Easy Street.

Nearly all Easy-Streeters have, like myself, some former conspicuous success to their credit which forms the basis of

Affectionately Known as Pop

their appeal to a new company, and mine with the carriage company was so good as to make every sales-manager regard me as a very safe risk. Armed with my reference from home I have no difficulty in getting out-of-town assignments with a drawing account of fifty a week.

I generally pose as a new arrival in New York, which puts the sales-manager off the track in looking me up here. Then I hand out a line of talk about my relatives who are always deeply interested in the class of stock the company is selling. They are living in the city I happen to wish to visit. I am confident I can place five thousand with my uncle—I am his dear namesake—and a second five with my cousins and aunts—all very wealthy. It will take me only two weeks to sound them, and if I can't do anything I'll not go on. However, I don't really care to undertake it unless I can be allowed ten thousand dollars' worth and thirty days in which to sell it.

Conservative claims for one's powers inspire far more confidence, I find, than flamboyant talk about selling a hundred thousand in a couple of months, and all that. As I actually did sell twenty-one thousand in two weeks—a fact most managers ascertain independently from my brother-in-law—they set me down as modest and sincere when I assume to place only half as much in twice the time.

Teamwork With Nat Caldwell

PUTTING it this way is my lead to make the manager say, "Don't you expect to do as well for us as for the carriage people?" which in turn is my lead to throw some ideas into him that will serve me later. I tell him how tight money is at present; that several companies—here I mention three fictitious ones in New Jersey—are having such a time to sell their stock that they are paying fifteen and even twenty per cent commission; that this year I even *I*—could not sell more than ten thousand for the carriage people. Then I artfully suggest reasons why the particular stock under discussion is going to be very difficult to unload on the general public; that no honest salesman could afford to handle it except on a drawing account and with time enough to work every prospect. All this makes the manager the more anxious to engage me and the more willing to give me every chance to get results.

For two years I traveled pretty extensively over the Eastern and Southern states, seeing the country, having a good time and making friends with people, principally hotel clerks, who were willing to do me a good turn. In this way I laid out my beat and got a large collection of hotel stationery on which I later wrote my reports in my own New York bedroom. Of course the reports were mailed by my friends in the cities they purported to come from, so the postmarks were all right. And during all this time I never sold a share of stock. I never meant to. I lived on Easy Street.

Sometimes the company looked up my references before engaging me and required a contract—one manager actually engaged me on written contract for three months, knowing nothing about me but what I told him. Most of them, however, simply handed me fifty dollars on my talk and started me out that same night.

What, you may ask, is there to prevent my skipping out and never showing up again?

Nothing at all but my own pride in my art and policy, for you never can tell when a thing like that will trip you up later, and I set out to work this game for a steady thing. Many do skip out, however. But the stock salesman who makes off with a week's drawing account belongs to the lowest class—he would pick a pocket or snatch a scarf-pin. He is a hobo, a free-lunch man, anything but a professional, and his reputation soon gets about.

With a little thought and effort it is so easy to have everything smooth and apparently aboveboard. All that is necessary is to convince the company that I am actually in the locality to which I have been sent, and this I do, as above noted, by letters that I have mailed for me.

Once in a while a sales-manager is foxy enough to call up the hotel on the long-distance 'phone and ask if I am registered there. I usually suspect what he is going to do and wire for a room. The clerk reports that I am expected and notifies me by wire of the call. I take the next train—if the company is worth it.

I then call up the manager myself and report on the work I am doing, and that is all he knows about it. So far as my working goes he has practically no way of finding out whether I do it or not, unless he were to put a detective on me. This is something I have never known to be done, as no company sends out a man they think they have to watch. The company goes on the assumption that I am after the commission and, therefore, will work as hard as I can. Which is just where they miss it. Nearly all companies drop a man who does not get results in two or three weeks, so that to keep on for any length of time without selling a share requires all the art at one's command.

I soon found that the lone hand is a slow hand, and when I chanced to meet Nat Caldwell in my second year of confidence work we renewed our acquaintance and branched out together. In the main we run two games. The first is so simple that I wonder any company can be taken in by it.

Nat gets a week's assignment at twenty-five dollars to work certain parties in Philadelphia. He likes to go there and see his married sister, and it only costs him his fare and what he blows on her kids. At the end of the week he reports nothing doing and throws up his job, trying to make the company feel that its stock is going to be very hard to place.

When you throw this scare into companies just starting they clutch at anything that seems like money; so on top of it—about three days later—the company that employed Nat gets a letter from me mailed in Philadelphia asking for booklets and prospectuses. I then write letters—also mailed in Philadelphia—to various parties interested in the company, asking confidential information concerning the officers. The replies are generally very flattering.

With these in hand I drop in on the company, give them a big spiel about being in Philadelphia when one of their salesmen was there—a Mr. Caldwell, I think—and how, after he had gone, the President's nephew came in and we all talked about the new company and the nephew said he believed he'd take a flyer of a thousand dollars; and how I was so certain I could sell him and several others of the family who would come in if he did that I had looked the company up privately—here I produce the letters—and had been so impressed that I paid my own fare to come over and see if the company would allow me to handle their stock, or at least close the parties mentioned. All I ask is twenty-five dollars to cover the expenses of my trip, with a few dollars to spare.

I get the twenty-five dollars invariably. You have no idea how effective it is to write in advance for information, or what confidence it inspires when coupled with so modest a demand as twenty-five dollars. I wait two weeks and then get some one to mail a letter for me from Philadelphia, saying that I expect to close my sale next week, and possibly another for two thousand, but as I have already spent more than my commission I should be glad if the company would please forward me a check for twenty-five dollars. I get that also.

Two weeks after that I report in person that there is absolutely nothing doing—I am out my time, my work and my money. My disappointment is almost tragic—I can't understand my failure. Before the manager can get in a word on the company's side I whip out my little notebook and show him my expense account. According to my figures I have spent ten or fifteen dollars more than I got. I never fake up more than that for fear of arousing suspicion. I may say this for my art and the kindness of the managers: four have given me the balance as per account and two have asked me to continue working at twenty-five dollars a week in spite of my failure.

This trick costs us Nat's fare to Philadelphia—sometimes—six or eight carfares and a dozen postage stamps; and it nets us never less than seventy-five dollars.

The Pigs and the Prodigal

BUT our second game, which we call "The Prodigal Son and His Herd of Swine," is our favorite, and always nets us large returns. My part is to do the prodigal son of a rich Western father. Nat is the salesman. When we have sized up a company as suitable for this game Nat goes to the office with the talk, tells them about how I and my friends are fairly throwing money on the streets; how I am really a good fellow and mean to settle down; how the old man dotes on me and would spend any money to buy me an interest in any business that I would take kindly to; how I am anxious to show the old man I can do something if I can only find the right place. At this point the manager generally says something to the effect that "the company can fix that if there is enough inducement," which is Nat's lead to put it strong that by handling things right the company can get the old man to whack up any amount.

I come on the scene for my part about two days later, and I tell you some of the companies go the limit. We've been wined and dined and automobiled by everybody, from the manager to the president. One president took me home for a week-end.

During all the entertaining and talk and showing round I grow more and more enthusiastic, more and more certain, until my entertainers actually see five figures and my father's name on the dotted line.

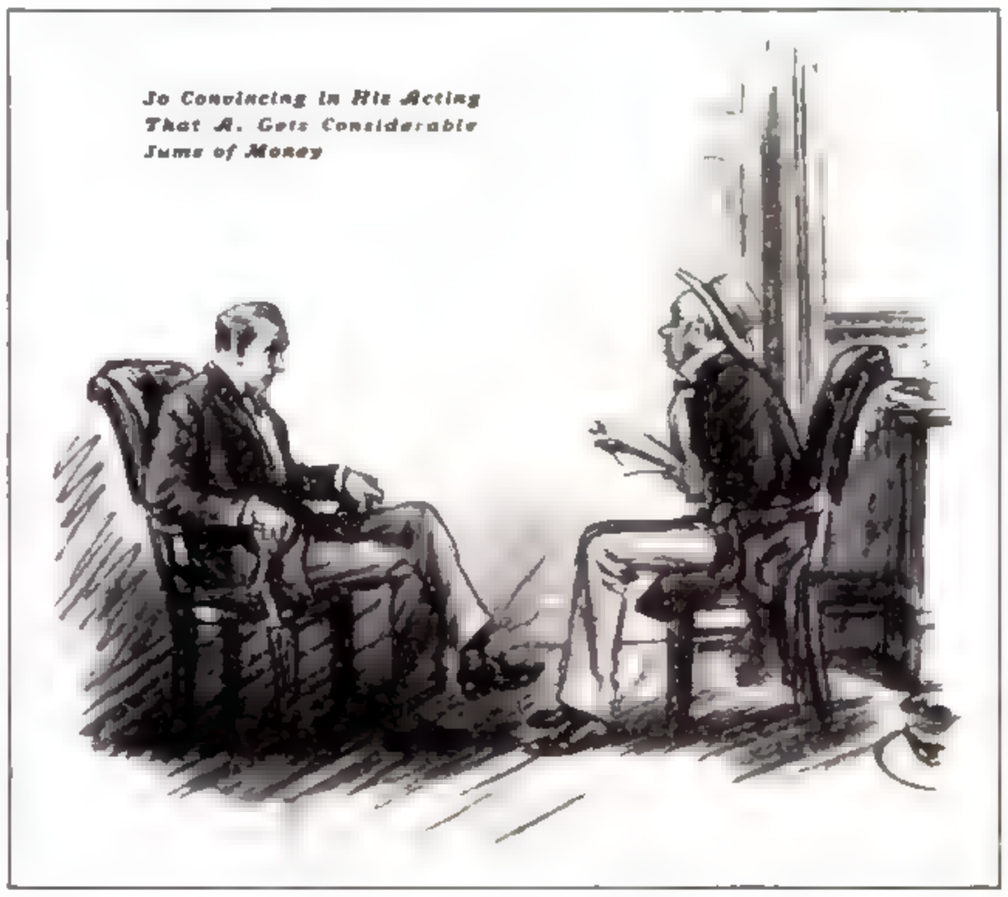
At the psychological moment Nat rushes to the office and breathlessly announces that I left last night for Butte, Montana—or wherever we located my father—to get the old man to buy me an interest in the business.

The suggestion generally comes red-hot from the manager that Nat shall follow me up on the next train, take no chances on letting me get away or the deal fall through, and incidentally, after closing the old man, sell fifty thousand more to my friends "who will fairly gobble it."

We have done this stunt twenty-seven times in different cities, and only one company failed to take the bait from the beginning and one slipped up. Twenty-five have advanced him the full expenses of whatever trip we had decided on. One even sent him to Portland, Oregon, and allowed him an additional three hundred dollars to blow in on entertaining—all clear velvet, as we neither of us left New York for a day.

The one time we missed fire it was our own fault. We had located my anxious, doting parent in every large Western city we could think of, and having struck what we thought was a dead easy company we decided to endow him with a sugar plantation in the Sandwich Islands.

(Continued on Page 46)



So Convincing in His Acting That A. Gets Considerable Sums of Money

FOR SERVICES RENDERED

By Svetozar Tonjoroff

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

"Bion Joralemon Bennington"

BION Joralemon Bennington, ex-'84, laid the Evening Sentinel down on his desk with a frown. The article that had aroused his disapproval set forth in breezy detail the plans for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his class—or rather his former class -in Camden, the neighboring university town, on the morrow. The publication of the forecast of the great event brought no news to Bennington. For almost a year he had been bombarded by Hartley Hammond, the class secretary, with urgent typewritten warnings and glowing printed announcements of the overshadowing feature of the forthcoming Commencement season at Hartford University. Each of these masterly compositions in its turn he had torn into bits after a hasty reading, and had consigned the bits to the wastebasket at his side. And now, as he glanced out of the window from his desk—the senior partner's desk in the simply but distinctively furnished offices of Bennington, Barker & Stranahan, experts on city building and tenement-house improvement—the shimmer over the rooftops opposite brought vividly to his mind an event which had taken place in a similar shimmer of an early autumn day twenty-nine years ago, less a few weeks. That event stood out in minute exactness against the retina of his brain, despite the passage of half a lifetime.

He saw a large amphitheater crowded with concentric lines of Freshmen, gathered for the first time in the compulsory course set down in the catalog as "English I." In the first line of seats was himself, Bion Joralemon Bennington, in new and ill-fitting clothes bought for a trifle at the country store at Six Corners, and squirming in his seat with a vague sense of unease. Back of him, to the right and the left of him, was a shuffling, humming, well-dressed crowd of youngsters, mustered from the four quarters of America and from a dozen foreign countries besides—the army of recruits who had come to the oldest university on the continent to learn the art of conquering the world. He was aware that curious eyes looked askance at him; that men nudged one another in contemptuous comment. In the midst of the confusion an undersized professor, stoop-shouldered and dried up, moved through the middle aisle, mounted the platform in the pit of the amphitheater, sat down at the desk and peered about him nervously with shortsighted, double-spectacled eyes, amid the clatter of applause—the first organized expression of sentiment the class had ever given—bowed an acknowledgment of the greeting and announced in a high-pitched voice:

"The proctor will now call the roll!"

A tall, gaunt youth, with a shock of reddish hair rebelliously upstanding, bobbed up at the extreme left of the first row of seats, and began in an elocutionary manner, dropping his voice and pausing at the end of each name:

"Sol-omon Past-or Aar-ons. . . . Ed-mund Carle-ton Ab-bey. . . . Eben-ezer Greg-ory Ab-bott. . . ."

Even the names in their order clung to Bennington's memory at this moment as he sat watching the shimmer over the rooftops. He recalled the sharp, barky response—"Here!"—as each name was called, and how the professor leaned forward, straining his weak vision in an effort to fix each face for future recognition.

The A's over, the reading of the B's proceeded serenely until the proctor came to the stumbling-place that was destined to be remembered on the eve of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the class.

"Bion Jor ——"

The youth with the upstanding hair coughed, held the list nearer his eyes and made another attempt.

"Bion Jora ——"

At last, with a flustered air, he took a running leap at the obstruction and gasped out, completing his phrase:

" —— lemon Bennington."

The amphitheater broke into a smothered titter; the titter rose to a roar, and a leather-lunged wag shouted somewhere out of the mass:

"'Rah for old Lemon Bennington!"

An answering round of applause from the class, now lost to the last sense of its own dignity, greeted the merry quip, and a chant arose: "We want Lemon Bennington! We want Lemon Bennington!"

The ears of the head of the firm of Bennington, Barker & Stranahan burned as he recalled that uproar of ridicule, quickly checked by the startled professor with sharp rappings on the desk. In some sensitive recess of his being, uninvaded yet by the balm of success which had come to him in after life, there still survived the suggestive image of the dog to whose tail cruel hands had tied a tin can. From that incident dated the thickening cloud of misunderstanding under which he had left Hartford University at the end of his Sophomore year, after an incident that caused his classmates to pass him by with averted faces.

Bennington's gaze wandered slowly from the rooftops to the picture of a sweet-faced woman on his desk. Her one great regret in life seemed to haunt him with an odd insistence at this moment of unhappy recollections:

"Bion, I do so wish you could have got your degree. Can't you try now? I'm sure the class of '84 would do everything in its power to help you get it."

"The class of '84 be—hanged!" he murmured fervently as he bent over the papers on his desk, the initial project for the beautification of a great and ugly city west of the Mississippi, and plunged into the work which had made him a national figure in a quarter of a century. He would do his part in the labor of the world, degree or no degree; for, after all, what did a degree signify? As to the class of '84 ——

The office boy entered with a card. Bennington glanced at the inscription, which read: "Mr. Hartley Hammond."

"Show Mr. Hammond in," he responded, a frown wrinkling his forehead.

"Hello, Bennington!"

The hearty voice, of a foghorn resonance, that spoke the salutation belonged to a prosperous, well-nourished person with cool gray eyes and light hair which looked as if it had been bleached by exposure to the sun.

"How do you do, Hammond?" he returned without enthusiasm—for he felt in his bones that the unexpected call had something to do with that abominable celebration.

"I say, Bion," began the secretary, his air of infectious cordiality only slightly subdued by the qualified reserve of his reception—for Hammond was the sworn friend of every member of the class of '84—"I say, Bion, I've come to see you about an important matter."

"Indeed? Take a seat." Bennington sat back in his chair and gazed expectantly at his caller.

"It's this way: The fellows want you to march with them in the Commencement procession tomorrow."

"Very kind of them."

Hammond glanced at a peculiarly frigid face, with clean-shaven lips rather closely pressed together, before he went on:

"I've been trying for years to get you to come to the reunions."

Bennington's manner softened perceptibly.

"You've been very decent about it, Hartley; but the fact is, I—I don't consider myself a member of the class. I'm an outcast, you know—a sort of dog in the outer darkness."

"Rot!"

"You may recall that I've written you several times begging you to strike my name from the roll."

"Couldn't be done," rejoined Hammond decisively. "You started out with the class and you've got to stay with us."

"But there are reasons why I can't."

"Rot!"

Bennington admitted to himself that the class secretary's manner of confident insistence was beginning to annoy him. Yet he pleaded guilty to a brief pang of envy as he contemplated Hammond's free-and-easy air—the good-natured, hearty air of a man who spends a large part of his waking-time on the golf links, the deck of a yacht or the back of a horse. Obviously, he reflected, Hammond had not been doing much worrying about the problem of the tenements or the task of converting the waste places of hideous cities into beauty spots.

"Look here, Bennington," resumed Hammond, "a good many things are apt to happen in a quarter of a century. A good many things have happened since we left college. There's been a big shakeup in the running since then. Fellows we all put our bets on as sure-thing propositions are loping in at the tail-end of the ruck. On the other hand, men who looked like cart-horses at the start have forged ahead of the procession by lengths and are galloping fresh on the homestretch. It's human to put your money on the wrong pony; but it doesn't take a devil of a lot of divine afflatus to know when the bookies have got you."

"I don't see what that has to do with my case."

"It has everything to do with your case. I could tell you things that would surprise you."

"You could?"

There was a note of sarcasm in Bennington's voice.

"Yes, I could—but I won't. Now I'm going to hand you out some straight talk, old man."

Bennington shook his head deprecatingly. His flinty face seemed to be giving notice of the ultimate futility of words. Hammond caught the meaning with a glance.

"Rot!" he exclaimed with energy. "What's the use of letting a molehill of misunderstanding grow into a mountain of ill feeling? I know the exact kind of lumber that's littering the subcellar of your mind. You haven't forgotten that affair at the end of our Sophomore year. On the level, now, isn't that so? A measly, contemptible little rumpus to worry a full-grown man for a quarter of a century! I say, Bennington, you're too big a chap ——" And Hammond threw up his hands in a gesture of desperation, as if language had failed him.

"You call it a little trouble, Hartley—a little trouble—when the class has passed a vote of censure on a fellow?"

Bennington pushed his swivel-chair back, got up and began to pace the Turkey rug with vindictive heels. The light of resentment flared in his eyes.

"That vote of censure has been stricken from the records of the class years ago," rejoined Hammond warmly. "I wrote you at the time. You paid no attention to my letter. That business is a dead issue—as dead as the best seller of yesteryear—what?"

"It's easy to kick a man and call it a dead issue," retorted Bennington, stopping suddenly in his pacing and looking the class secretary straight in the eyes in an attitude of self-defense. "Do you know what that vote of censure has meant to me all these years?"

"No; I can't even come near guessing. I'm no hand at psychology. I was flunked in the course because I sassed old Mahlstück, the strutting little Dutchman who used to give it. . . . But I do remember the handout the class gave you when we first met in English I. Your name was against you. No man who had the word Joralemon tacked on to his means of identification at the baptismal font has any right to get mad at the consequences. And then, your store clothes and your sheepish air—and the fact that you were working your way and didn't have much time to get acquainted—all that was a handicap. I'll admit that much."

It Was the First Time He Had Ventured Into That Land of Unhappy Memories

"You'll have to admit, also, that it's no small matter to charge a man with moral turpitude; with disloyalty to his college; to enter the accusation in the class records and to cut him dead—as if he were a criminal," retorted Bennington.

"Well, Bennington, you won't deny that you gave the fellows some provocation. No Sophomore can ever hope to be a successful reformer while he is a Sophomore; and you started reforming the world in your Sophomore year. It was a pretty stiff blowing-up you gave your poor old Alma Mater after that losing game. The headlines were stingers. I remember them word for word: 'Hartford Defeat Ascribed to Clique Rule.' 'Student Says Gale Won Because Snobbery Prevented Camden Institution from Putting Its Best Team Forward'—and your name stuck

out at the bottom of the letter like an ulcerated finger. I tell you it looked pretty bad!"

"But wasn't it true? And, besides, I had no personal animus in the matter. The class might have taken cognizance of the fact that I was not a candidate for the team."

"Right you are again; but it didn't. It only took cognizance of the fact that you had committed a felonious assault upon tradition; and in the Sophomore year tradition is the whole thing. To make matters worse, you put in a tacit plea of guilty when you left college instead of staying and fighting it out. Have you ever stopped to consider that little technical point?"

"Yes, and I've ruled it not well taken," replied Bennington slowly in a lowered voice. "My reasons for leaving college had nothing whatever to do with the letter I wrote to the Standard."

"Nobody questions that now. And that's why we all want you to be with us tomorrow. We are a quarter of a century out of college, remember. The roster is shorter by a good many names than it was at the beginning. We want to move nearer together all along the line—to close up the gaps in the ranks. Will you come?"

Hammond's hand went out with a cordial reach as he rose to go. The atmosphere of youthful ardor that surrounded him appealed strongly to the man who had done grave damage to windmills in his Sophomore year. Bennington's fingers closed in a firm grip about the outstretched palm.

"Thank you," he rejoined with a suspicion of huskiness in his voice.

"You will come, then?"

The air-tanned face of the secretary was expanded in an expectant smile. Bennington shook his head decisively. The smile vanished.

"No; I—can't!"

"I'm sorry, old fellow. We especially want to have you with us tomorrow. It's more than a quarter-century, you know——"

And Hammond walked out of the room with a visibly crestfallen air.

. . . . . .

At breakfast the next morning Helen made an abrupt announcement to her husband over the coffee-cups:

"Bion, I want you to do something for me today."

He looked at her questioningly. He noted with the observant eye of devotion that her cheeks were slightly flushed; that her eyes were moist, as if she had cried or was about to cry; that an air of suppressed emotion hovered about her; but that, withal, a sunny morning smile rested upon her fresh, smooth face. Helen Bennington was one of the few women on the shady side of forty who could look spontaneously charming at breakfast. Bion paid a mental tribute of appreciation to this pleasant fact before he responded cheerfully:

"Name it, dear—name it!"

"I won't—till you promise!"

And she held up a threatening finger.

"Well——"

"Promise!" she urged smilingly.

"My dear, this mystery is becoming alarming," he retorted playfully.

She pushed back her chair, rose and came over to his side with the odd, brimming manner of a mother-bird fluttering over her brood. The next moment he felt her soft arms creeping about his neck and her lips were at his ear:

"Do you know, Bion, you've made me perfectly happy for these twenty-seven years?"

"It's good to hear you say so, darling," he responded, patting her hands.

"But I've never been able to forgive myself for one thing."

"And what's that, Helen?"

"For allowing you to leave college before you'd got your degree."

"Oh, is that all?" he rallied her.

"Isn't it enough?"

"You've made up for it by conferring upon me the degree of S. H."

"S. H.—what is that, Bion?"

"Why, 'Satisfactory Husband.' Didn't you just make the fatal admission?"

Helen laughed; Bion's fine ear caught a break in her voice.

"Yes," she went on; "but you've broken one of your promises to me."

"You don't say so, Helen!"

"I do say so. Didn't you tell me—oh, ever so many years ago—that you'd take me to Camden on Commencement Day some year? And you've never done it!"

"But, Helen—but——"

"Bion, I will not be made a butt of! You've given me a promise and I want you to keep it—today! You're completely in my power so there now!"

She went on, pressing him in a closer embrace:

"I want to see the yard, and the lecture halls, and your old room in Galworthy—and all the other places where you were so hopeful and so unhappy—poor little homespun boy that you were!"

The ultimate denial was upon his lips, but she brushed it away with a kiss and twittered triumphantly:

"It's settled then. I'll come and get you at the office with the limousine at eleven-thirty, and we'll go. Oh, thank you, Bion Joralemon Bennington, P. S. H.—Perfectly Satisfactory Husband!"

Then, with a capricious manner strange to her, she released her hand from his, removed the gentle pressure of her arms and fluttered briskly out of the room. The next moment Bion thought he heard a sob in the hall.

"Helen!" he called, rising from his chair.

"Yes, dear; what is it?"

She reëntered the room quickly. As he looked into her face apprehensively he detected the telltale gleam of tears in the blue of her eyes.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"N-nothing, Bion; only you've made me s-so happy!"

And her voice trailed off into the vague tremor of a sigh.

. . . . . .

Once within the remembered precincts of the university quarter, Bion almost regretted his phaney. As the motor car picked its way through the crowded avenue he sat back looking straight ahead with a cold glint in his eyes. Perhaps that was why Helen's hand stole to his, closed upon it and held it for a moment in a warm, friendly grip.

It was the first time he had ventured into that land of unhappy memories since the day he had issued from those gates, sore and heavy with the burden of defeat.

"Do things look the way they used to, Bion?"

The spell of reserve broken by that commonplace question, Bennington looked about him furtively, with the bewildered air of a stranded mariner who vaguely recalls the landscape amid which the hazards of the storm have cast him. It all seemed so familiar—and yet so changed! There were the old elms, to be sure, and the old names over the little row of shops across the street from the college yard; but the shops were new—all except Tilton's. That remained just as it had been. Even the dingy old entrance was unchanged. He recalled with a queer tightening at the throat the stinging moment when, at that entrance, Donald had met his nod of greeting with a stare—Donald, whose clean, infectious manliness had made him president of the class. Bion admitted to himself that the memory hurt deeply, with the poignancy of a raw wound—even now. Then he became aware that Helen was leaning toward him comfortingly; he heard her voice:

"It was so sweet of you to bring me here!"

"You are perverting the facts, Helen. It was you who brought me here," he retorted, smiling faintly at her feminine wile. The smile soon gave way to a wrinkling of the brows for they had reached the great Memorial Gate.

The place brought to his mind, with insistent distinctness, another tragedy of his youth, wherein, at this very gate, a dozen of his classmates, on their way to "Chem. 2," had passed him by with averted faces like Brahmins dreading contaminating contact with an outcast. His hands closed in a nervous grip as he recalled the stern reproof upon those faces. There were Perkins and Darlington and Jevons and Winthrop and Ames—all of whom had played the manly part in after life. Then, too, there was Dinsmore, whose name had been recently smirched beyond repolishing in a banking scandal; Witherington, whose domestic infelicities had been bandied about with a prodigality of detail in the columns of the sensational press; Farwell, who had been court-martialed and convicted after the Spanish War; Shirley——

The triumphant strains of a band struck suddenly like a sharp blow upon the warm, sunlit day.

"What's that? Oh, look, Bion!"

Helen was nodding excitedly toward the other end of the square where a detachment of red-coated troopers sat their impatient horses.

"Isn't it splendid! Who are they, Bion?"

"The Lancers, dear. The escort to the governor—an old custom. They're forming the Commencement procession."

The motor car had stopped in the crush of automobiles and carriages. The hot sun beat upon the square and flashed from the accoutrements of the soldiery. The procession had begun to move, with slow steps, into the yard. At the head of the distinguished "company of scholars" Bion saw the venerable black-gowned figure of the president emeritus marching beside his successor. The sight of the splendid, erect old man moved him strangely. He recalled with minute vividness a long interview in the cool, quiet office in granite-built University Hall, just before he turned his back upon Hartford. "Prexy's" very words, spoken in that sonorous voice which two generations remember with delight, smote upon his ears even now:

"If you must go away I shall not try to detain you. But remember one thing, young man: The undergraduate estimate of things is not the final estimate. Time levels mountain-peaks and elevates valleys into dizzy heights. Don't lose courage. Fight it out!"

Bion felt a glow spreading vaguely about the region of his heart—the warmth of humankindness, of affection for that rugged figure in the nation's life, that lofty old scholar who somehow seemed to typify at this moment all that he himself had missed in the widespreading battle for achievement. He drew a deep breath as he watched the procession sweeping into the shaded paths of the yard, with the triumphant progress of an army with banners,

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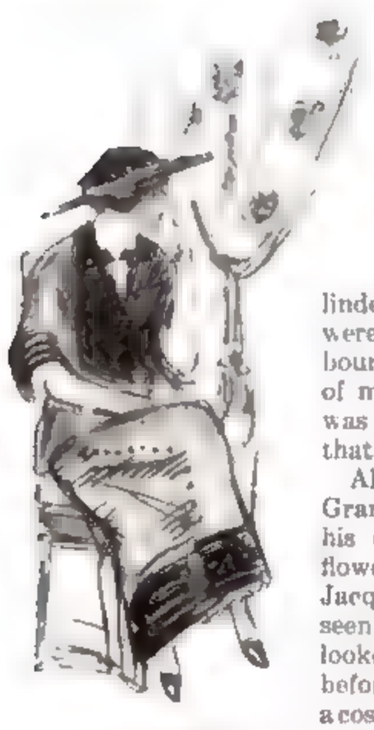
"That Business is a Dead Issue—as Dead as the Best Seller of Yesteryear—What?"

"Oh, Thank You, Bion Joralemon Bennington, P. S. H.—Perfectly Satisfactory Husband!"

MAKING A MANNEQUIN

By Maud Weatherly Beamish



PARIS had moved en masse to Longchamps and was disporting itself in the sunshine of Grand Prix Day. Back of the paddock and beneath the lindens Jacques and Jeannette were in the thick of their little bourgeois fête; but in the tribune of madame and monsieur there was the vivid Paris - the Paris that laid tribute upon thrones.

All was preparation for the Grand Prix itself. A king and his queen sat in the central flower-decked box and, like Jacques and Jeannette, they had seen three minor races run. They looked about for divertisement before the grand event. It was a cosmopolitan crowd. It poured out of the grandstand—a radiant stream—into the paddock. Back of the buildings facing the racecourse the feminine bulk of the crowd swept its costly raiment on the broad green lawns.

Here was a French dame of the *haute-monde*, a symphony in black and white, with masses of white hair set off by a chic hat; there an English girl, conspicuous in this brilliant crowd by the stiff conventionality of bearing and attire; there a fantastic lovely figure, with chiffons and jewels, who might have been French save for the smart walk and dainty feet that mark the American. Gradually the throng divided into animated groups, and almost always a woman whose gown was a prophet of the fashion was the nucleus. A moment before, the horse had been king. Now fashionable woman was the queen, and all men came to do her reverence.

My attention, roaming from group to group, was suddenly fixed upon one larger than the others, which grew each second as a snowball grows when rolled downhill.

The Mysterious Pink Lady

"WHAT is it?" was the query everywhere. The high silk-hatted Frenchmen and the immaculate English sports in their tight, elegant clothes walked excitedly to and fro with eager smiles; and as they passed I heard:

"Ah, she is exquisite! But who is she? It is mysterious!"

At the word "she" I smiled. Paris, so accustomed to beautiful women, has never become so used to them that a new star can appear on the horizon without causing a commotion.

I followed hopefully in the tail of the comet. Stretching my head over the shoulder of a scion of France, I saw her.

Tall, regal and beautiful, she walked with a grace that suggested the women of Burne-Jones' pictures. She was fair, with an unusual shade of auburn blond hair that shone like gold under a wide drooping hat of soft tulle and pink roses which brought out the creamy tone of her skin; but her costume was the most startling I had ever seen.

At first glance she appeared to be enveloped in a pink cloud which floated about her as she walked and suggested the exquisite contour of her lithe body. It was a daring contrivance of shell-pink chiffon over white and flesh-colored mousselines. Around her neck was the keynote to the whole costume—a rope of priceless pink pearls.

Though the gown suggested the latest mode, it was so light and shapeless that it seemed to hint new and elusive styles with every movement of the wearer.

She might have stepped from an old painting or a wonderful Grecian vase, or whirled suddenly into the fantastic dances of the harem.

With it all, her bearing was one of distinction and aloofness. She glanced neither to right nor left. With her was an aristocratic elderly woman, foreign-looking and severe. Back of them walked a maid in her simple black costume of service.

"She is a Russian countess. See the pearls!" "Ah—the Sultan's favorite." "But no—the Emperor's youngest daughter." "What a figure!" "Is she at the ambassadeur's?" These were the ejaculations heard on all sides.

I followed with some others to the entrance of the racecourse, where a magnificent turnout in blue and silver stood with two huge black footmen in attendance.

"Eunuchs, I'll wager. From Turkey, eh? By Jove, she's magnificent!" declared an Englishman who had followed the train.

As they neared the equipage one of the servants approached the elder woman with an envelope in his hand. It bore a vivid crest.

She opened it, read the contents and turned to the girl at her side.

After a few words the beauty, with a slight nod of her head, turned from the carriage and retraced her steps to the tribune with her companion.

This was all very exciting to the beholders, especially as the ebony attendants jumped into their seats and the vehicle rolled away.

After the women had taken their places once more in the box I went into the pavilion where all classes gather and talk. There I found the tiny maid to Mademoiselle Mystery surrounded by women who were asking her about her mistress. She seemed afraid to say very much, and all personal questions as to the beauty she refused to answer. The most eager interrogations were about the costume. I saw several banknotes pressed into her hand, and the interlocutor, after a moment or two of suspense, gave way to another inquisitive one with a satisfied smile.

I followed one of these women. She joined a group and I heard her say: "She wouldn't say who she is, but the dress was made at X's. I got that much from her—though it cost me fifty francs."

X's, I remembered, was a new atelier. Little was known of the proprietor except that he had a shop in Vienna and had gained some reputation through the patronage of royalty in that city; but Paris had not taken the man up.

I hung round until the Mystery left the racecourse. This time there were two closed carriages. One contained a figure with a flowing black mustache. Into this brougham the elderly woman went. The beauty followed in the other with her maid.

I trailed the carriages with several other curious ones and we rolled after them up to the door of the Hotel Royal, on the Champs-Elysées. The attendants of the hostelry were impressively obsequious, but through them I could find out nothing; and though the register showed many exalted names there was no clew to the identity of the lovely woman. The next day I went to X's to see what I could learn; but there, too, silence was maintained. I did find out that several grand dames had been there and ordered gowns similar to the pink pearl creation worn at the races.

Several newspapers spoke of her and hinted that a well-known Russian princess had been staying at the Hotel Royal incognito.

One day, late in August, when the last vestige of the season was gone, I went into X's with a woman who was ordering a trousseau for the daughter of a Chicago millionaire.

The mannequins, in their wonderful costumes, filed into the room for her inspection. One, prettier than the others, with a regal bearing, seemed familiar. Gradually the velvet lawns of Longchamps came back to me and I recognized the mysterious beauty of the Grand Prix.

She was as lovely as ever, though the gold of her hair was rapidly taking on a brown tinge which was so much the vogue.

I spoke to her of the sensation she had created, and after a bit of coaxing she laughingly recalled the occasion.

"Today is the first time I display gowns since the Grand Prix," she declared confidentially. "I have been in Vienna. I went there three day after you see me at the races. M'sieu' think it is wise that I do not remain here at that time. Ah, what fun I have that day! You see I was discreet—so very discreet, m'selle. No one guessed that it was Babette."

Her history, which she told in her simple peasant way, was exceedingly interesting; and the advertising scheme of Monsieur X which she disclosed was one of the cleverest I have ever known.

"I come from Normandy," she said. "Five years ago I come to my aunt. I live with her yet on the Rue Nicolet. The aunt, m'selle, was engaged, when I come to her as a skirt-hand at Monsieur X's. It was a good position for my aunt. She make twenty franc a week. One day I go to her at the shop with a luncheon. The m'sieu' lets me stay as errand girl. He liked my hair, though I do not know it at the time. He tell my aunt to let it hang straight—like that. 'It is healthy so and will be very thick—and so yellow,' he said. So it is. The next year I have it in—what you say?—the pig's tail; I grow very tall in that year. One day M'sieu' X say to my aunt: 'Fifi, do not let the niece wear corsets. And take care of the complexion.' 'Oui,' reply the aunt. But I have never worn corsets; so you see it was not difficult to do without."

She turned gracefully as she spoke, and the long lines of her slender figure revealed many curves which would have been lost in the modern stays.

"The next year, M'sieu' one day notices again the color of my hair and say to me: 'Babette, you grow tall. I have a scheme for you. But you must learn to dance. That will make you more graceful.' I have always loved to dance, m'selle. In Normandy we are happy and dance much. But now I take lessons as M'sieu' directs. 'He will make a mannequin of you,' declare the aunt proudly; 'and then you will make much money.' With the dancing I find I do become more graceful. My legs, they do not seem so long. One day M'sieu' say: '*Bon!* You are improving. The body is as it should be—full of curves. All muscles; and not fat like the lazy woman.'"

Monsieur X His Own Press Agent

MEANWHILE she went on to tell me that Paris is learning of Monsieur X, but not so quickly as he desires. The patronage of royalty helps him; but royalty is too conservative to wear the brilliant gowns of which the artist dreams. Royalty would do for Vienna but not for Paris. His Paris shop will, therefore, be different. He will make the exotic costumes which have filled his mind for years and which he may not show when he is unknown. He will create something new, something bizarre, in France; and he will dare the women of Paris not to wear it.

Then he thinks up his scheme and tells it to Babette.

"To interest Paris, one must mystify. This I will do," he declares as he tells her his great idea.

Babette finds she will be the principal actor in a little commercial drama.

"All winter I go to a petite dramatic school in Vienna," she told me. "There I learn how the grand dame walks and how she uses her hands. 'Hold the head high,' say the instructor—and sometime my poor head it ache! But I am happy. Then I am very careful of that complexion. You see, m'selle, it is still good. 'See that she does not eat the sweets and the starches, tell Monsieur X to my aunt. 'Her slenderness is one of the stage properties, and she will not be of any use if she grow heavy.' I do as he say. I drink sour wines. I go early to bed that I may stay up later after it is all over."

Fencing, she said, did much to produce the lithe grace which attracts attention at once. "This was difficult, m'selle; but after the while I do fence quite well."

May comes and she is declared finished by Monsieur X. His little scheme, too, is all in readiness. He goes to Vienna for a week to make her costumes—costumes which will set all Paris talking when worn at Longchamps by the beautiful Babette.

"Now," said Monsieur to her one day, "you will be the grand lady. I will send you two or three days before the Grand Prix to the Hotel Royal, with madame, my wife. You will be very exclusive. You will spend much money on those rooms and those carriages. Antoinette, who works here in the shop, will go with you as your maid. She will be very discreet, but she will talk a little. I think you take the name of Mlle. de Coursenay. It might be the incognito of any country. That Antoinette she will say who made the gowns. That is all. Monday, after the races, you will disappear. Presto! Like that. And we shall see!" he finished, rubbing his hands.

And he did see. Though his advertising scheme cost him many thousands of francs, he reaped a harvest and a reputation. He became the rage by the only method in Paris—sensation. And he has remained the rage.

This all happened several years ago. And Babette—what of her? Unlike most mannequins, Babette had individuality and brains. She realized that beauty is not everything and her little schooling taught her to develop her possibilities. These possibilities took her from the atelier to the stage, and today she enjoys as great a reputation for her clever dancing as for her beauty.

This is unusual with mannequins. Sometimes such a one as Babette will become the rage or have a brilliant career; but as a rule they are commonplace and stupid, and their histories are but the histories of the average Parisian working girl. They have one great common talent, however—that of looking chic; and they bring out the elusive points of a costume as no other race can.

This talent is undoubtedly the result of their love of wearing beautiful garments. In the ateliers they have every chance of being for the moment beautiful and fashionable women. This play-acting and the stage setting of the famous ateliers is not only agreeable but exciting; and to remain successful and admired mannequins these women are willing to give up everything that would lessen their chance to display the creations of the house.

"Many of my mannequins come from Normandy," the head of a great atelier told me. "They are fresh, wholesome and adaptable. I take them into my establishment when they are young—as errand girls and the like. And as they grow I pick the ones who have the most possibilities and train them. You know mannequins are only practicable when they weigh from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty pounds. It is all right for my patron to weigh two hundred pounds, but I must show her gowns on a comely middleweight—that is to say, a hundred-and-forty-pound mannequin. Otherwise I do not sell to the stout woman. For when Madame Stout sees my mannequin she really believes that is the way she will look in the costume. You know they say the elephant thinks he looks like the crane!" he finished humorously.

So the mannequin must remain slender. This is not difficult if she is careful of her diet and leaves starches and sweets alone. It is remarkable to find that these women are perfectly willing to do anything that will aid their comeliness, and will not touch the most tempting morsels if eating them creates the dreaded flesh.

The working girls of France, of whom the mannequins form a large part, have the advantage over their Anglo-Saxon sisters in the system and simplicity of their meals. They do not eat the heavy hurried breakfasts that cause soggy dispositions and sallow complexions.

Instead, the French girls drink a glass of milk in the morning with a biscuit, or coffee and rolls. They rise early and walk to their work. This is a custom rather than a necessity. They arrive at their work bright-eyed and alert. All sleep has gone from their minds and their blood is exhilarated by the fresh air and exercise. At noon they take their *déjeuner à la fourchette*. It is a light luncheon, since a heavy one would be expensive. Often this *déjeuner* is packed at home and consists of sandwiches of hard bread, meat loaf and fruit.

At twelve o'clock sharp the big business houses suspend work until two. On the stroke of the hour the girls pour out of the buildings as from a cornucopia, bareheaded and happy. Their admirers wait for them on the corners; and arm in arm, with their baskets, they go to the nearest small café, where the tiny tables line the sidewalks. Here they sit with a bottle of sour wine which costs but ten cents. Their friends are all about them, as happy as themselves. As they eat, they laugh and sing. On many of the narrow streets that are patronized by the working girls little three-piece bands play daily for the diners. Sometimes these thoroughfares will be blocked with dancers; and the bands seldom go away without a sou from every one, for nobody is too poor in Paris to give a penny for the music she loves so well.

The working girl lives for the noon hour. She enjoys a good digestion because, when she relaxes, she puts away all worry and all thought of work, and gives herself up entirely to the enjoyment of the recreation period.

"I would prefer that my mannequins have the natural figure," declared my friend the dressmaker. "The corset—bah! I do not like it. It kills the grace, it hampers the walk, and it hardens every beautiful line which I make in the costume."

I found that many of the mannequins do not wear corsets. The training which some of the big establishments maintain for the mannequins makes them unnecessary. The French were the first to display, if not to discover, the advantages of the natural figure. The carriage of the corset-free figure is exquisite provided, of course, the person is not fleshy.

"Women need not be fat," said a Parisian fashion-maker. "Let them exercise. Let them know every muscle and the use of it, and they will be long and lithe, strong with muscular strength and beautiful with firm flesh—not fat and heavy from accumulated tissue and loose, flabby muscles."

Dancing, as prescribed for the development of grace in the mannequin, and fencing, work havoc on fatty tissues, declare the French. One mannequin who had a beautiful face and a wealth of hair reduced her weight from a hundred and forty-five pounds to a hundred and thirty pounds by fencing regularly each night for a remarkably short time; and by exercising and dancing she has kept her weight between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and thirty-five pounds for a year or more.

"A hundred and forty pounds is a good and practicable weight for a mannequin," Eline the mannequin told me; "but it is dangerous. It is very easy to take on a couple of pounds of fat without noticing it—and very disastrous; for those two pounds will make a tight skirt wrinkle at the hips and evoke from the head of the atelier a torrent of abuse. No, mademoiselle—I will remain a hundred and thirty-five pounds, if you please; and then I keep my peace of mind."

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

The Last Years of His Life—By Anna S. Walling

TWO summers ago, in Paris, my husband took me to meet David Graham Phillips. As we drove to his hotel we recalled how he had been called into the field of fiction by a genuine and compelling mission. We said that in having been a journalist he had graduated from the school of life; that, like Dickens, he knew the world like a book. Our epoch had evolved him, and we were glad that America had a writer as serious, as radical and as talented as he. We spoke of what we thought must be the natural growth of his work, the promise already clearly suggested. "His books may live when he is forgotten," my husband said. "But he is a greater man than writer; he hasn't written anything yet as big as himself."

We sent up our names and entered the reading room. He was there and, catching sight of us, he sprang up from the desk at which he was writing, came toward us and grasped our hands. "You people hail from a different world. I feel as if you have dropped down from another star!" he exclaimed. From that moment I felt the alluring nature of his personality, and I said to myself that it was his happiness and brightness that were his most distinguishing characteristics. In the tall, youthful yet mature man before me, in the musical, intense voice, in the expression of the handsome and strong face, there was a suggestion of a fullness of life that seemed Greek. Yet he had lived deeply, had met many people, had studied passionately human affairs—of this I had no doubt as I stood before him. And I congratulated him in my heart, as afterward I did audibly, that his experiences and his outlook were so far from burdening him. Did the deep source of his happiness lie in the fact that his most intimate personal life and his broader interests were one? I asked myself. Was it because he was a complete personality that had found its place in the world? Was it because he luxuriated in the possession of a mind that was capable of seeing through the intricacies of our world that could make its own generalizations and voice them? Was it because he was so clearly articulate?

Our first conversation lasted many hours. In speaking of a certain Senator he showed his view of America. He defended this man, said he was a typical American whose vices were only the other side of his virtues. He was American in that he was free, spontaneous, impressionable. He was able to shift his position and to come a long way from where he was in the beginning. The power to change, to advance, to abandon oneself, was, he said, the most beautiful and most promising trait in our national character. "It is only when a man is hidebound in conservatism that he is hopeless," he added. "It is a rare thing to be able to get out of a groove and to burn one's spiritual bridges behind one. This is what love means," he continued. "Love also is the getting out of a groove—the power to say farewell to one's old existence and to take a flight toward a new goal." It is the American who can quickly and suddenly cut himself adrift and soar away into a new element, and in doing so feel neither constraint nor unhappiness. But, though he praised the American spirit, he deplored our dearth of ideas, our astonishing lack of intellectuality, our provincialism and fear of a public opinion, itself so often thoughtless or merely traditional. As an example of this he showed how the American people, simple and pure of heart as they were, were at that moment swayed by a man who opposed all their idealism, a spirit as brutal and medieval as Bismarck's, though of smaller caliber than that man of blood and iron.

He spoke of democracy, and we soon learned that it was not the forms of democracy that were in his mind, but its reality. He did not think that all children at birth and throughout life are equal; but he insisted that every child must have an equal opportunity with every other child. He did not speak of the people as from a height. He himself was not on a plane above anybody, except by the accident of privileges either social or inherited, or both. He would have felt it difficult to find words, rich in language as he was, to express any natural inequality among men; but he spoke with memorable eloquence on the unnatural inequalities that exist everywhere.

His sister joined us in a café where we sat and faced the Comédie Française and watched the heavy downpour of rain and the crowded pavement. He asked us about Russia and the revolution. He understood the Russian people through his devotion to Russian authors. Dostoyevsky seemed to him the best expression of the genius of the Russian character, so different from our own. He asked us about the leaders in the emancipation movement, but he was even more interested in the obscure "intellectuals"—the young men and women who were flinging their lives away in the cause. He was a radical. Yet, living among radicals as we did, I found him different from them in that he was objective and held himself aloof from clique, party or even movement. His radicalism was a thing apart from his life, and not life itself. Where they were merged in their cause, abandoned without reserve to the exigencies of the movement, he was always himself, with a program of his own, one not dependent on any outside force. But his individualism was not of the kind that made him put his ambitions before his ideals. He was an idealist, as are all radicals. One could say his work chose him, so great was his devotion to the ideas he promulgated. Unlike some other writers who go farther than he and call themselves Socialists, but whose subjects are conventional or in contradiction to the basic principles of progressive thought, he in all his work had one aim—to unmask his time and to pursue it to the bitter end.

When still in Paris we celebrated together the fourteenth of July. The time-honored custom of dancing on the street corners and converting the city itself into a ballroom, and the animated and successful display of civic gayety, moved the author. He caught its contagion, and I marveled that one could be so young at forty-two. "Life's a minute, youth's a second." I quoted his Joshua Craig to myself, and I hoped it might prove to him a long minute, a long second! He spoke much that evening, and contrasted the

novelists of England and America with the great Russian writers. He dwelt on their sense of human tragedy, on their large scope, on their power to portray pity and sorrow, and I thought it was a remarkable thing for a typical American, in the happiest and most optimistic moment, to be able to hurl himself into such a far world. "Before I die," he said, "I want to learn the secret of Tolstoi and Dostoyevsky—how they were able to write of great things simply and lucidly, so that the truth shone out through every word."

I was confident he would learn it some day, that there waited for him the key to the mystery. What less could one expect from that vitality of his, that unbroken concentration, that daily and year-long activity? He had courage and independence of soul in common with these masters. He had a luminous intellect. He would overtake them yet in the veiled and hidden future, in the waiting years. I thought I could already discern the influence of his ideal of literature upon his books. For him, as for the Russians, his country was writing his novels. Our destiny as a people was the source of his inspiration. Even in the fact that he was prolific he was American. "How do you manage to accomplish so much?" one of us asked him. "Because I restrain myself from accomplishing more," he answered, "from throwing away a book, before it is finished, to begin another—a constant, irresistible and tormenting temptation. I never let my mind make a fool of me," he said half laughing, and behind the laughter one felt his strength.

Some months after this, as we were standing on a platform waiting for a train, we met Mr. Phillips and his sister again. I remember with tears that ride to Montreux, the walk in the garden at twilight, the quiet and intimate evening we spent together. It was on this occasion that we got nearer to him, perhaps, than before. He spoke of the questions that interested him beyond anything else, of love and marriage, their effect on the character, and the rôle they play in human existence. "Love is everything," he said. "The most creative, vital thing in life." Among the things he said of marriage was that, no matter how serious a man may be in his intention of living a simple, useful life, he is lost forever if he falls into the hands of a luxury-loving woman. But if he becomes her prey it means he is probably at bottom as bad as she, and that he simply makes her his excuse for living the life that suits him. "I love luxury so much myself," he said, "that I am more afraid of it than of my worst enemy. I could not trust myself in luxurious surroundings for fear they would soon eat all the manhood out of me." He hoped never to have enough money to have carriages and automobiles. He liked ease and loathed exercise, and he hoped never to be able to indulge himself.

I was glad to hear him say this, because I knew that this gay, esthetic nature, with the love of all that is beautiful stamped on him, made no habit of foregoing what he had a right to enjoy. He was no vain ascetic who denied life to her face, or tortured himself in imaginary payment for the woes of others.

I recalled in this connection how one of the most brilliant men in the country had said of him that he might be contaminated by mixing in society; and I thought this man's lack of faith showed his own inferiority and inability, powerful man though he was, to resist the tremendous temptations that Phillips daily put behind him.

Ideas of Women

HE WAS then planning Old Wives for New, a transitional book, the first in which he was definitely to go over from politics to the more vital questions of the character of our women and their relation to the men of our day. I asked him if he would in this book draw a woman like the one in Joshua Craig—which was up to that time his most original and brilliant work—a characterization that made it impossible ever to forget the type toward which so many of our women tend. Here he had shown how a fashionable woman was capable of changing, of recuperating her moral nature under the fortunate circumstance of meeting with a man who loved her and was a democrat. He was planning another book, The Hungry Heart, in which he would tell again the story of resurrected womanhood. It was this faith of his in human nature that was the basis of his social creed, and I could not see why he might not mean as much to America as Tchernyshevsky did to Russia—a writer who, with one book, inspired two generations of men and women and helped fashion the psychical nature of a whole people.

That evening he spoke further of the degenerate, fashionable woman, declaring that she is a prevailing type in our society, a woman inspired by nothing more than an animal love of comfort and luxury, though not sensuality. In speaking of her he used the word voluptuary, a word that, if given sufficient prominence in his work, would have made a more profound impression than anything that has ever been said upon the subject. This was the kind of life the majority of the American women were leading whenever they had the opportunity, he said. When a few months later I read The Husband's Story, the book in which he incorporated these ideas, I found he used the same construction as Tchernyshevsky, in turning to the reader at the ends and the beginnings of his chapters to discuss the book with him up to the points reached. Yet I knew he had never read the Russian.

As he talked I saw how the moral of his work, largely that of many others which exposed American politics and fashionable society, had grown to a fundamental criticism leveled at the most active and influential class of the men and women of his country. The message he now uttered was more than one of mere political reform or of pointing the way to a more refined and worthy conception of society. It went deeper. It was now subtle, psychological, dealing with the problems of human character and human relationship.

He did not quarrel with the fact that American books are written largely about women and for women; what he deplored was that the truth that women need to hear so much is what our novels most lack. "They think they are reading about life, about things they have a right to know, and instead they are given a false idea, are misled by illusions." This hurt him. It was not fair or just. For one like him, who made justice the keynote of his life, this was intolerable, unbearable.

"No woman on earth," he said, "has been so ridiculously deceived as to herself and so spoiled."

I saw the distance between himself and public opinion, and knew that though most of the reviewers would see the force of his books they would be absolutely unable to muster up the courage to accept their truth. Yet his was not a repellent but a highly cultivated and attractive enthusiasm, not a blasé or cynical but an uncorrupted mind, that set itself the task of teaching people how to live. As one after the other of his books rose before me I saw how he never said "Don't do this or that," but always "Do this; live so; make of your mistakes a ladder, not a grave."

That evening he fired my heart with thoughts that were unrelated to the subject of our conversation. Again and again my mind dwelt on the magnitude of the love of this brother and sister, a love that glowed like a star, warmed like a sun. Every step of the way they took together. It was only a wonderful life that could create a love like that, I thought.

What was there, I wondered, beneath and beyond all his magnetism and intellectuality, that made it so great a delight to know him; and why did merely shaking hands with him make one feel gay, strong, happy? What was it that made one self-confident, self-inspired after talking with him? Was this the secret of his charm?

The next time fate vouchsafed me the happiness of seeing him was also the last time. It was in New York, the week Tolstoi died. He said that Tolstoi's personality was greater than his work, that the future would rest under his spell and would remember his idea and thrill to it, not so much because of the transcendent beauty of the idea as because of the personal force behind it, because it rose in a heart palpitating, vibrant, responsive. He insisted that the impetus with which the truly great hurl their ideas out upon the world is what insures them immortality, and that the impetus comes from the personality of the man—is the personality. The same, he said, is true of Voltaire. Few people know much of Voltaire's reasoning and his doctrines; they know that he attacked the Church and was a deist, but nevertheless Voltaire has lived a hundred years and will continue to live because of his personality, which was so large and simple that all could understand it and come under its influence. So, he said, it is with Bentham. How many men know anything about Benthamism, but who has not heard of Bentham?

David Graham Phillips

The Grain of Dust

HE TOLD me he was engaged on a novel of which he had already written about four hundred thousand words, and in which he showed that the respectable men and women of society were literally responsible for the horrible degradation of the barter in women. "The public will not soon forgive me this book," he said. In The Husband's Story he had already risked much. Here he was willing to risk everything for his ideal—the truth.

The strongest impression I carried away from that last visit with him was how much he and his work were one. He succeeded in expressing the falseness and inanity of our society, I thought, by virtue of a great talent, guided by an intense, intelligent and well-balanced radicalism. I delighted in his analysis of modern life, in the strength of his belief in progress, in his hatred of war and the idea of caste, in his mockery of monarchy.

I thought how natural it was to his big, direct nature to go out to master America, to learn her by heart, inspired by the task of expressing and interpreting her, and to do so in the sledgehammer method she herself employs, caring only to be true to the truth. I saw how the courage of his work rose from the courage of his character. If I could have at that time read The Grain of Dust I should have realized how there was a leap in his power which bore out the feeling he himself had that he was just learning, just beginning, that his years of sustained and concentrated effort were beginning to fulfill themselves, that his voice was about to be lifted in greater strength and inspiration than ever before. For here we find a woman, modern as the heroine of The Hungry Heart, who is thrown upon herself, fortunate enough to be poor but not too poor, to be hard-working but not uneducated, to be in touch with truth, with idealism, with real life. This woman is incorruptible, not because of the fear of social punishment but because to her principle is instinct, and is as binding as natural law. For a long time she cannot lessen herself, cannot even understand the temptations of wealth, position or masculine protection. When she does weaken and yield, it is not in outrage of her belief in romantic love, as she herself for a time believes, but precisely through the power of love which dominates her unconsciously.

He did not happen upon this woman by accident; she existed for him as truly as the fashionable, repellently ornamental type; she existed for him potentially even in that type for woman, like man, is on the whole the creature of conditions, and when conditions change she too changes.

His vivid personality is before me as I write—his voice, his words, his ideas—and I feel again his passionate democracy and his love and belief in people.

I share it all eagerly with the world instead of locking it up in my heart, in the hope that I may prolong his life, for a day, for an hour—not the life of his work, that I cannot affect, but of himself, the man and the friend too soon lost to the sight of the sunlight and the flowers.

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

Johnny Gamble Handles a Problem in German Psychology

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

JOHNNY GAMBLE, relying like a lost mariner upon Polly Parsons and Constance Joy to help him pick out a present for his only mother, approached Lofty's with a diffidence amounting to awe. In that exclusive shop he would meet miles of furbelowed femininity, but he would not have ventured unprotected into those fluffed and billowed aisles for anything short of a penance.

Being a philosopher, however, he kept his mind active in as many other directions as possible, like a child deliberately feasting upon thoughts of Santa Claus though on the way to a promised spanking.

"There's a hoodoo on this block," Johnny observed as they were caught in the traffic crush almost in front of their destination.

"Lofty and Ersten must be the hoodooers, then," laughed Polly. "Everybody else has gone away."

Johnny looked at the towering big Lofty establishment, which occupied half the block, and at the dingy little ladies' tailoring shop, down around the other corner, with speculative curiosity. About both, as widely different as they were, there was the same indefinable appearance of prosperity, as if the solid worth from within shone heavily through.

"Lofty's couldn't move and Ersten wouldn't," supplemented Constance.

"Not that Dutchman!" returned Polly, laughing again as she peered into the low, dark windows of the ladies' tailoring shop. "I was in the other day, and he told me three times that he would be right there to make my walking frocks for the next thirteen years."

"He was having a quarrel with Mr. Schnitt about the light in the workroom when I was in," observed Constance; "but he told me the same thing, in his enjoyable German way, and he seemed almost angry about it."

"That's the extent of his lease," guessed Johnny shrewdly. "They're trying to get it away from him."

"I wonder why," speculated Constance.

"It's as simple as spending money," Johnny announced. "Lofty intends building an extension."

"They won't tear down Ersten's shop," Polly confidently asserted.

"They'll move him in a wheelbarrow some night," Johnny prophesied. "If I could grab his lease I could play a few hours."

Both the girls laughed at him for that speech. The fact that he had committed himself to the staggering task of making five thousand dollars an hour for two hundred working hours was never out of his mind. "You'll be gray before the thirty-first of May," warned Polly.

"It turns anybody gray to dig up a million," agreed Johnny. "It's a good guess, though, Polly. I counted seven new white ones this morning."

"That's a strange coincidence," commented Constance, with a secretly anxious glance at his hair. "You're just seven hours behind your schedule."

Johnny shook his head.

"That schedule goes round like an electric fan," he soberly declared.

"And there's no switch," Constance reminded him.

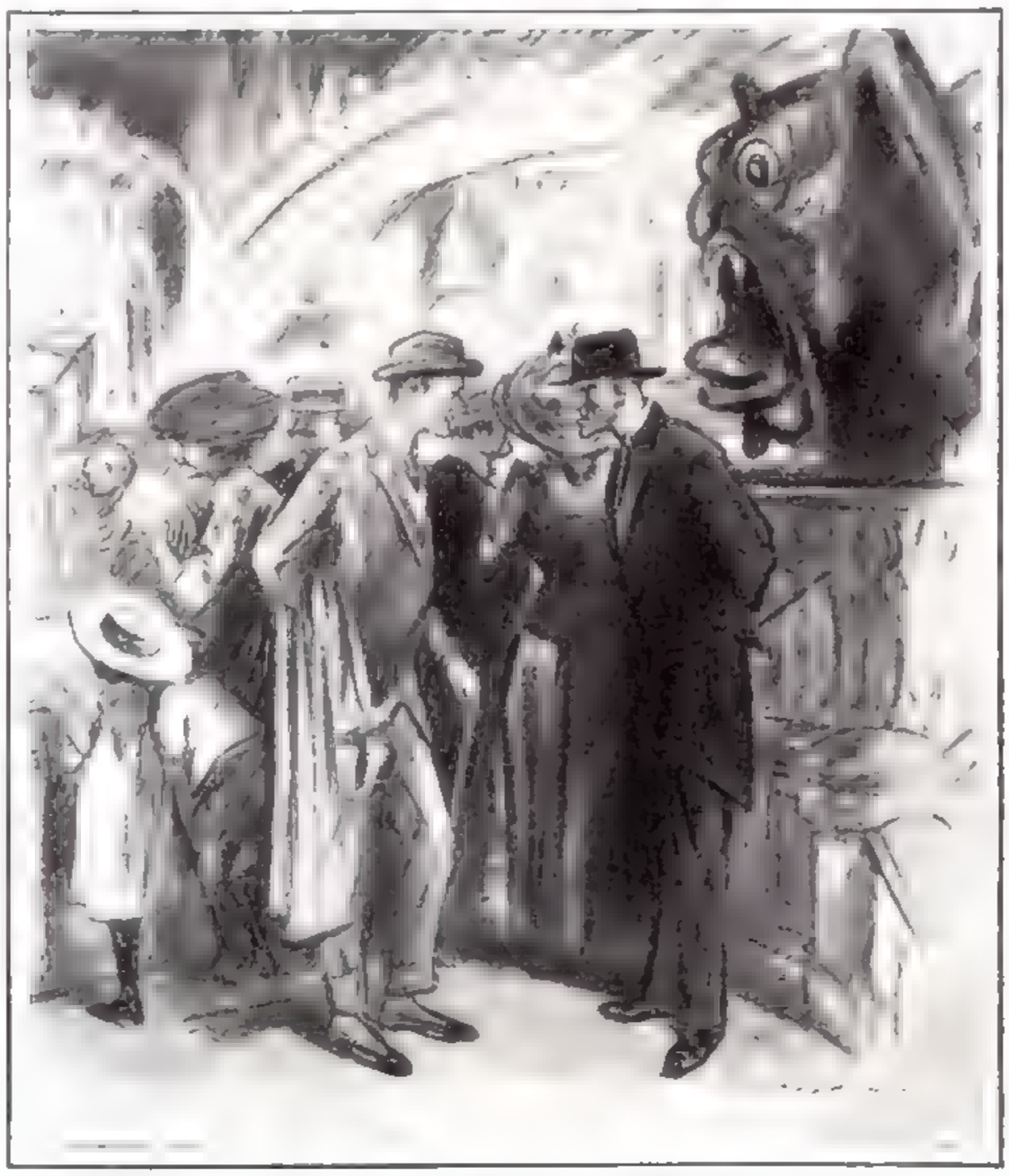
"Gresham," Johnny suggested with a smile.

Polly cast a sidelong glance at the pretty cousin into whose family she had been adopted. The subject of Gresham, who had tried to injure Johnny in every possible way, and whom Constance must marry or lose her fortune, was a painful one; and Johnny felt his blundering bluntness keenly. "There isn't any Gresham," laughingly asserted Polly. "There never was any Gresham. What time do we start for Coney Island tonight?"

Both Constance and Johnny gave Polly a silent but sincere vote of thanks.

II

WILLIS LOFTY, who continued the progressive fortune of his father by prowling about the vast establishment with a microscopic eye, approached Polly with more than a shopkeeper's alacrity.



"You Play Square With Me or I'll Hand You a Jolt That You Won't Forget!"

"You promised to send for me to be your clerk the next time you came in," he chided her.

"I didn't come in this time," she gayly returned. "Mr. Gamble is the customer," and she introduced Constance and the two gentlemen. "Mr. Gamble wants to buy a silk shawl for a blue-eyed mother with gray, wavy hair and baby-pink cheeks."

"There are a lot of pretty shawls here," Constance added; "but none of them seems quite good enough for this kind of a mother."

Young Lofty, himself looking more like a brisk and natty college youth who had come in to buy a gift for his own mother than the successful business man he was, glanced at the embarrassed Johnny with thorough understanding.

"I think I know what you want," he said pleasantly; and, calling a boy, he gave him some brief instructions. "We have some very beautiful samples of French embroidered silks, just in yesterday, and if I can get them away from our buyer you may have your choice. There's a delicate gray, worked in pink, which would be very becoming to a mother of that description. They're quite expensive, but, I believe, are worth the money."

"That's what I want," stated Johnny. "I understand you're going to build an extension, Mr. Lofty."

The girls gasped and then almost tittered.

Young Lofty ceased immediately to be the suave master of friendly favors and became the harassed slave of finance.

"I don't know where you secured your information," he protested.

"I'm a fancy guesser," returned Johnny with a grin.

"I wish you were right," said Lofty soberly. "We have quietly gained possession of nearly all the property in the block, but we're not quite ready to build, nevertheless."

"I can finish the sad story," sympathized Johnny. "One granite-headed ladies' tailor threatens to block the way for thirteen years."

Lofty was surprised by the accuracy of his knowledge. "I'd like to borrow your guesser," he admitted.

Johnny and the girls looked at each other with smiles of infantile glee. They were delighted that they had deduced all this while waiting for a traffic Napoleon to blow his whistle.

"Somebody's been telling," surmised Lofty. "The worst of it is, we own the original lease. Father covered the entire block, in fact."

Johnny's thorough knowledge of New York business conditions enabled him to make another good conjecture.

"Your firm has made money too fast," he remarked. "Your father hoped to build in twenty years, and you need to build in seven."

"He provided much better than that," returned Lofty in quick defense of his father's acumen. "He only allowed ten-year leases; but the one occupied by Ersten came to him with a twenty-year life on it. We've bought off all the other tenants, at startlingly extravagant figures in some cases; but Ersten won't listen."

"Did you rattle your keys?" inquired Johnny, much interested.

"As loudly as possible," returned Lofty, smiling. "I went up three steps at a time until I had offered him a hundred thousand; then I quit. Money wouldn't buy him."

"Then you can't build," innocently remarked Constance.

Willis Lofty immediately displayed his real age in his eyes and his jaws.

"I'll tear down the top part of his building and put a tunnel around him if necessary," he asserted.

"You won't like that any better than Ersten," comhented Johnny. "I think I'll have to make another guess for you."

"I like your work," replied Lofty with a smile. "Let's hear it."

"All right. I guess I'll buy Ersten's lease for you."

"You'll have to find another answer, I'm afraid," Lofty hopelessly stated. "I've had a regiment of real-estate men helping me devil Ersten to death, but he won't sell."

"Of course he'll sell," declared Johnny confidently. "You can buy anything in New York if you go at it right. Each deal is like a Chinese puzzle. You never do it twice alike."

"Try this one," urged Lofty. "There's a good commission in it."

"Commission? Not for Johnny!" promptly refused that young man. "I'll buy it myself, and hold you up for it."

"If you come at me too strongly I'll build that tunnel," warned Lofty.

"I'll figure it just below tunnel prices," Johnny laughingly assured him. The gray shawl with the pink relief came up just then, and all four of them immediately bought it for Johnny's sole surviving mother.

III

LOUIS ERSTEN, who puffed redly wherever he did not grayly bristle, met Johnny Gamble halfway. Johnny's half consisted in stating that he had come to see Mr. Ersten in reference to his lease. Mr. Ersten's half consisted in flatly declining to discuss that subject on the premises.

"Here—I make ladies' suits," he explained. "If you come about such a business, with good recommendations from my customers, I talk with you. Otherwise not."

"I'll talk any place you say," consented Johnny. "Where do you lunch?"

"At August Schoppenvoll's," replied Mr. Ersten with no hint of an intention to disclose where August Schoppenvoll's place might be. "At lunchtime I talk no business; I eat."

The speculator studied those forbidding bushy brows in silence for a moment. Beneath them, between heavy lids, glowed a pair of very stern gray eyes; but at the outward corner of each eye were two deep, diverging creases, which belied some of the sternness.

"Where do you sleep?" Johnny asked.

"I don't talk business in my sleep," asserted Mr. Ersten stoutly, and then he laughed with considerable heartiness,

pleased immensely with his own joke and not noticing that it was more than half Johnny's. After all, Johnny had only implied it; he had said it! Accordingly he relented a trifle. "From four to half past five, at Schoppenvoll's, I play skat," he added.

"Thank you," said Johnny briskly, and started for the nearest telephone directory. "I'll drop in on you."

"Well," returned Ersten resignedly, "it won't do you any good."

Johnny grinned and went out, having first made a swift but careful estimate of Ersten's room, accommodations and requirements. Outside, he studied the surrounding property, then called on a real-estate firm.

At four-ten he went into the dim little basement wineroom of Schoppenvoll. He had timed this to a nicety, hoping to arrive just after the greetings were over and before the game had begun, and he accomplished that purpose; for, with the well-thumbed cards lying between them and three half-emptied steins of beer on the table, Ersten sat opposite a pink-faced man with curly gray hair, whose clothes sat upon his slightly portly person with fashion-plate precision. It was this very same suit about which Ersten was talking when Johnny entered.

"Ya, Kurzerhosen," he said with a trace of pathos in his guttural voice; "when you die we have no more suits of clothes like that."

"I thank you," returned the flexible, soft voice of Kurzerhosen. "It is like the work you make in your ladies' garments, Ersten. When you die we shall have no more good walking clothes for our womenfolks."

"And when Schoppenvoll dies we have no more good wine," declared Ersten with conviction and a wave of his hand as Schoppenvoll approached them with an inordinately long-necked bottle, balancing it carefully on its side.

Johnny had drawn near the table now, but no one saw him, for this moment was one of deep gravity. Schoppenvoll, a tall, straight-backed man with the dignity of a major, a waving gray pompadour, and a clean-cut face that might have belonged to a Beethoven, set down the tray at the very edge of the table and slid it gently into place. An overgrown fat boy, with his sleeves rolled to his shoulders, brought three shining glasses, three bottles of *Glanzen Wasser* and a corkscrew.

It was at this most inopportune time that Johnny Gamble spoke.

"Well, Mr. Ersten," he cheerfully observed, "I've come round to make you an offer for that lease."

Mr. Ersten, his gnarled eyebrows bent upon the sacred ceremony about to be performed, looked up with a grunt—and immediately returned to his business. Mr. Kurzerhosen glanced round for an instant in frowning appeal. Mr. Schoppenvoll paid no attention whatever to the interruption. He gave an exhibition of cork-pulling which a watchmaker might have envied for its delicacy; he poured the tall glasses half full of the clear amber fluid and opened the bottles of *Glanzen Wasser*. The three friends, Schoppenvoll now sitting, clinked their steins solemnly and emptied them. Ersten wiped the foam from his bristling gray mustache.

"About that lease I have nothing to say," he told Johnny, fixing a stern eye upon him. "I will not sell it."

The other gentlemen of the party looked upon the stranger as an unforgivable interloper.

"I'm prepared to make you a very good offer for it," insisted Johnny. "I have a better location for you, not half a block away, and I've taken an option on a long-time lease for it."

The stolid boy removed the steins. The three gentlemen poured the *Glänzen Wasser* into their wine.

"I will not sell the lease," announced Ersten with such calm finality that Johnny apologized for the intrusion and withdrew.

As he went out, Ersten and Kurzerhosen and Schoppenvoll, in blissful forgetfulness of him, raised their glasses for the first delicious sip of the *Rheinthränen*, of which there were only two hundred and eighty precious bottles left in the world.

Outside, Johnny hailed a passing taxi. He called on Morton Washer, on Ben Courtney, on Colonel Bouncer, and even on Candy-King Slosher; but to no purpose. Finally he descended upon Joe Close, the iron-hard president of the First National Bank.

"Do you know anybody who knows Louis Ersten, the ladies' tailor?" he asked almost automatically.

"Ersten?" replied Close unexpectedly. "I've quarreled with him for thirty years. He banks here."

"Start a quarrel for me," requested Johnny. "I've been down to look him over. I can do business with him if he'll listen."

Close smiled.

"I doubt it," he rejoined. "Ersten has just lost the coat-cutter who helped him build up his business, and he's soured on everything in the world but Schoppenvoll's and skat and *Rheinthränen*."

"Could I learn to play skat in about a day?" inquired Johnny.

"You have no German ancestors, have you?" retorted Close.

"No."

"Then you couldn't learn it in a thousand years!"

"I have to find his weak spot," Johnny persisted. "If you'll just make him talk with me I'll do the rest."

Close shook his head and sighed.

"I'll try," he agreed; "but I feel about as hopeful as I would be in persuading a bull to sleep in a red blanket."

IV

JOHNNY had caught Close as he was leaving his club for home, and they went around immediately to Schoppenvoll's. At exactly five-thirty Ersten emerged from the wineroom with Kurzerhosen.

"I Want My Walking Suit," She Demanded

"Hello, Louis!" hailed the waiting Close. "Jump into the taxi here, and I'll take you down to your train."

Ersten and Kurzerhosen looked at each other.

"Always we walk," declared Ersten.

"There's room for both of you," laughed Close, shaking hands with Kurzerhosen.

Ersten sighed.

"Always we walk," he grumbled, but he climbed in.

When they were started for the terminal Ersten leaned forward, with his bushy brows lowering, and glared Close sternly in the eye.

"I will not sell the lease!" he avowed before a word had been spoken.

"We know that," admitted Close; "but why?"

Ersten hesitated a moment.

"Oh, well; I tell you," he consented with an almost malignant glance in the direction of Johnny. "All my customers know me in that place."

"Your customers would find you anywhere," Close complimented him.

"Maybe they do," admitted Ersten. "My cousin, Otto Gruber, had a fine saloon business. He moved across the street—and broke up."

"It was not the same," Close assured him. "In saloons, men want to feel at home. In your business, your customers come because they get the best—and they care nothing for the shop itself."

"They like the place," asserted Ersten. "I make a good living there for almost forty years. Why should I move?"

"Because you would be nearer Fifth Avenue," Johnny ventured to interject, and spoke to the chauffeur, who drew up to the curb. "This is the place I have in mind, Mr. Ersten."

"They come to me where I am," insisted Ersten, refusing to look, with unglazed eyes.

"You have no such show-windows," persisted Johnny.

"My customers know my goods inside."

"There's a big, light gallery twice the size of your present workrooms."

Ersten's cheeks suddenly puffed and his forehead purpled, while every hair on his head and face stuck straight out.

"My workroom is good enough!" he exploded. "I told it to Schnitt."

"Is Schnitt your coat-cutter?" asked Johnny, remembering what Constance and Close had said.

Ersten glowered at him.

"He was. Thirty-seven years he worked with me; then he tried to run my business. He is gone. Let him go!"

"He objected to the light in the workroom, didn't he?" went on the cross-examiner, carefully piecing the situation together bit by bit.

"He could see for thirty-seven years, till everybody talks about moving; then he goes crazy," blurted Ersten.

"Won't you look at this place?" he was urged. "Let me show it to you tomorrow."

"I stay where I am," sullenly declared Ersten, still angry. "We miss my train."

Close told the driver to go on. Before Ersten alighted at the terminal, Johnny made one more attempt upon him.

"If a majority of your best customers insisted that they liked the new shop better would you look at the other place?" he asked.

"My customers don't run my business either!" he puffed.

"Goodby," stated Mr. Kurzerhosen, who had been looking steadily at the opposite side of the street throughout the journey. "I thank you."

Close stared at Johnny in silence for a moment after their guests had gone.

"I told you so," he said. "You'll have to give him up as a bad job."

"He's beginning to look like a good job," asserted Johnny. "He can be handled like wax, but you have to melt him. Schnitt's the real reason. Do you know Schnitt?"

"I am happy to say I do not," laughed Close. "One like Ersten is enough."

"Somebody must lead me to him," declared Johnny. "I'm going to see Schnitt in the morning. I'd call tonight if I didn't have to be the big works at a Coney Island dinner party."

"I don't see how Schnitt can help you," puzzled Close.

"He's the tack in the tire. I can see what happened as well as if I had been there. Ersten knew he ought to move. Lofty tried to buy him and Schnitt tried to force him. Then he got his Dutch up. Schnitt left on account of it. Now Ersten won't do anything."

"You can't budge him an inch," prophesied the banker. "I know him."

"I'll coax him," stated Johnny determinedly. "There's a profit in him, and I have to have it!"

V

AT THE last minute, Aunt Pattie Borden fortunately contracted a toothache—and the Coney Island party was compelled to go unchaperoned. They tried to be regretful and sympathetic as the six of them climbed into the big touring car, but Ashby Loring found them a solace.

"Never you mind," he soothed them—"Polly will chaperon us."

"You've lost your address book," declared that young lady indignantly. "Polly Parsons is not the party you have in mind. I'll be old soon enough without that! The chaperon of this party is my adopted sister, Winnie."

"You Must be Careful What You Say to Him. He is Stubborn"

"Oh, fun!" accepted the nominee with delight. "We had a course in that at school." And Winnie, in all the glory of her fluffy youthfulness, toyed carefully with the points of her Moorish collar. "I was elected chaperon of the Midnight Fudge Club, and the girls all said that I fooled Old Meow oftener than anybody!"

Thereafter there was no lull in the conversation; for Winnie, once started upon school reminiscences, filled all gaps to overflowing; and Sammy Chirp, he of the feeble smile, whose diffidence had denied him the gift of language, gazed upon her in rapt stupefaction.

Meanwhile Johnny Gamble found himself gazing as raptly at Constance until the chaperon, in a brief interlude between reminiscences, caught him at it. She reached over and touched him on the back of the hand with the tip of one soft pink finger. Immediately she held that finger to her right eye and closed her left one, and Johnny felt himself blushing like a schoolboy.

There was a trace of resentment in his embarrassment, he found. The strain of being compelled to make a million dollars, before he could tell this only desirable young woman in the world that he loved her, was beginning to oppress him. He wanted to tell her now; but it was a task beyond him to ask her to forfeit her own fortune until he could replace it by another. Times were hard, he reflected.

He was now twelve hours behind his schedule and possessed of sixty thousand dollars less than he should have. At nine o'clock tomorrow morning that deficit would begin to pile up again at the rate of five thousand dollars an hour. By comparison their auto seemed slow, and he spoke to the driver about it. How well Constance Joy was in sympathy with him and followed his thought was shown by the fact that she heartily agreed with him, though they were already exceeding the Brooklyn speed limit.

"I not only want to be the chaperon but the dictator of this tour," declared Winnie when they alighted at the big playground. "I've never been here before, and I don't want anybody to tell me anything I'm going to see."

"It's your party," announced Johnny promptly. "Let's be plumb vulgar about it." And he thrust a big roll of bills into her hands.

"You're a darling!" she exclaimed, her eyes glistening with delight. "May I kiss him, please?"

"Ask Johnny," laughed Polly, but Johnny had disappeared behind the others of the party.

It took Winnie five minutes to chase him down, and she caught him, with the assistance of Constance, in the thickest crowd and in the best-lighted space on Surf Avenue, where Constance held him while he received his reward.

"It's a new game," Johnny confessed, though blushing furiously. "I'll be 'it' any time you say."

"Once is enough," asserted Winnie, entirely unruffled. "Your face is scratchy. Come on, you folks; I'm going to buy you a dinner." And, leading the way into the first likely-looking place, she ordered a comprehensive meal which started with pickles and finished with pie.

Her party was a huge success, for it laughed its way from one end of Coney to the other. It rode on wooden horses; on wobbling camels; in whirling tubs; on iron-billowed oceans; down trestled mountains; through painted caves—on everything which had rollers, or runners, or supporting arms. It withstood shocks and bumps and dislocations and dizziness—and it ran squarely into Heinrich Schnitt!

Three tables, placed end to end at the rail of a Shoot-the-Chutes lake, were required to accommodate Heinrich Schnitt's party. First, there was Heinrich himself, white as wax and stoop-shouldered and extremely clean. At the other end of the table sat Mamma Schnitt, who bulged and always had butter on her thumb. To the right of Heinrich sat Grossmutter Schnitt, in a black sateen dress, with her back bowed like a new moon and her little old face withered like a dried white rose.

Next sat young Heinrich Schnitt and his wife, Milly, who was very fashionable and wore a lace shirtwaist—though she was not so fashionable that she was ashamed of any of the rest of the party.

Between young Heinrich and Milly sat their little Henry and little Rosa and little Milly and the baby, all stiffly starched and roundfaced and redcheeked. Besides these were Carrie, whose husband was dead; and Carrie's Louis; and Willie Schnitt with Flora Kraus, whom he was to marry two years from last Easter; and Lulu, who was pretty and went with American boys in the face of broken-hearted opposition.

In front of each member of the party—except the baby—was a glass of beer and a "hot dog," and down the center of the long table were three pasteboard shoeboxes, full of fine lunch, flanking Flora Kraus' fancy basket of potato salad and fried chicken, as well prepared as any those Schnitts could put up.

It was Constance who, walking quietly with Johnny, discovered Heinrich Schnitt in the midst of his throng and casually remarked it.

"There's the nice old German who cuts my coats," she observed.

"Schnitt!" exclaimed Johnny, so loudly that she was afraid Schnitt might hear him. "Let me hear you talk to him."

She looked at him in perplexity for a moment.

"Oh, yes; the lease," she remembered. "I'll introduce you and you can ask him about it."

"Don't mention it!" hastily objected Johnny. "You may introduce me, but you do the talking."

"All right, boss," she laughingly agreed, and turned straight over to the head of the Schnitts' table, where she introduced her companion in due form.

"I want my walking suit," she demanded.

Heinrich's face had lighted with pleasure at the sight of Constance, but there was a trace of sadness in his voice.

"You must tell Louis Ersten," he politely advised her.

"I did," protested Constance. "He's holding it back on account of the coat, and that's your affair."

"It is Louis Ersten's," insisted Heinrich with dignity. "I have retired from business."

"You don't mean to say you've left Ersten?" returned Constance in surprise.

"I have retired from business," reiterated Heinrich.

"Ersten wouldn't give papa enough room," broke in Mamma Schnitt indignantly; "so he quits, and he don't go back till he does."

"So I don't ever go back," concluded Heinrich.

"Well, we got enough that papa don't have to work any more," asserted Mamma Schnitt with proper pride and a glance at Flora Kraus; "but he gets lonesome. That's why we make him come down to Coney today and enjoy himself. He was with Louis Ersten thirty-seven years."

A wave of homesickness swept over Heinrich.

"I take it easy in my old days," he stoutly maintained, but with such inward distress that, without a protest, he allowed the waiter to remove his half-emptied glass of beer.

"I'm glad you can take it easy," declared Constance; "but Ersten's customers will miss you very much—and I am sure Ersten will too."

"We worked together thirty-seven years," said Schnitt wistfully.

"I'm sure it's only obstinacy," commented Constance when she and Johnny had rejoined their party. "Why, Mr. Schnitt and Mr. Ersten have grown up together in the business, and they seemed more like brothers than anything else. I'd give anything to bring them together again!"

"I'll ask you for it some time," asserted Johnny confidently.

He caught a flash of challenge in her eyes and realized that he was moving faster than his schedule would permit.

"I'm going to bring them together, you know," he assured her in confusion.

"I do hope so," she demurely replied.

"We're wasting an awful lot of time!" called Winnie. "The Canals of Venice! We haven't been in this." And she promptly bought six tickets.

In the bustle of taking boats an officious guard succeeded, for the thousandth time that day, in the joyful duty of separating a party; and Constance and Johnny were left behind to enjoy the following boat all to themselves.

It was dim and cool in there—all narrow gravity canals, and quaint canvas buildings, and queer arches, and mellow lights, with little dark curves and long winding reaches, and a restfulness almost like solemnity.

It was the first time Johnny had been in such close companionship with Constance as this strange isolation gave them, and he did not know what to say. After all, what was the use of saying? They were there, side by side, upon the gently flowing water, far, far away from all the world; and it would seem almost rude to break that bliss with language, which so often fails to interpret thought.

Constance's hand was drooping idly across her knee and, by an uncontrollable impulse, Johnny's hand, all by itself, slid over and gently clasped the whiter and slenderer one. It did not draw away; and, huddled up on their low, narrow seat, bumping against the wooden banks and floating on and on, they cared not whither, they stared into oblivion in that semi-trancelike condition which sometimes accompanies the peculiar state in which they found themselves.

"Oh-ho-o-o-o!" rang the clear voice of Winnie from a parallel canal just behind them.

Constance, flushing violently, attempted to jerk her hand away; but Johnny, animated by a sudden aggressiveness, clasped it tightly and held it captive—up to view.

At that interesting moment another sharp turn in the canal brought them face to face with an approaching boat in which were Paul Gresham and Jim Collaton!

VI

"I SAID it was a girl," charged Collaton, studying the green pallor of Gresham's face with wondering interest as they stepped out into the glare of the million electric bulbs.

"That is not a topic for you to discuss," returned Gresham, looking up the brilliantly lighted boardwalk around the bend of which Johnny Gamble, with Constance upon one arm and Winnie upon the other, was gayly following Polly, that young lady being escorted by the attentive Loring and the submissive Sammy.

"That's what you said before," retorted Collaton, his eyebrows and lashes even more invisible in this illumination than in broad daylight. "It's time, though, for a showdown. You drag me into dark corners and talk over schemes to throw the hooks into Johnny Gamble—and I tell you I'm afraid of him!"

"You're mistaken," asserted Gresham dryly. "It was I who told you that you were afraid of him."

"I admitted it all right," sulkily answered Collaton. "He's awake now, I tell you; and he's not a safe man to fool with. He turned our last trick against us, and that's enough hint for me."

"Your trick, you mean," corrected Gresham.

"Our trick, I said!" insisted Collaton, suddenly angry. "Look here, Gresham, I won't stand any monkey business

Continued on Page 64

"Before Your Month is Up, Ersten Will Send for You"

THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

A Practical Trust-Buster

"WELL, what can I do for you?" the big, swarthy man at the desk demanded peremptorily, as though the act he would most willingly perform could be accomplished with his boot.

He did not invite the caller to be seated - did not even say "Howdy-do?"—merely greeted him with a stony stare.

The caller was a lean, youngish and mild-mannered man with sandy eyebrows, long chin, prominent nose and amiable blue eyes. The card he had handed to the great man's secretary an hour and a quarter before said: "E. Addison Humphrey, President Humphrey Wooden Oven Company." He had supposed the name, by that time, was more or less known "in the trade," but the president of the Big Rapids Stove Works seemed neither to have heard it nor to care to hear it.

"Why, I'm manufacturing a wooden oven down at Vale," the caller began, being somewhat disconcerted by his reception—following a wait of an hour and a quarter in the anteroom. "As my oven is used with a gasoline stove, it occurred to me that it would be a good thing to sell it with a gasoline stove. So I came up here, Mr. Munson, to lay a proposition before you for ——"

"You mean you want me to sell your oven for you?" the swarthy man interrupted impatiently. "Don't want it; no use for it." He turned to the desk.

"I can sell ——" the inventor began.

Mr. Munson, however, cut him short in downright anger.

"I tell you I don't want it—and I don't want to be bothered. I'm busy!"

When Mr. Humphrey emerged upon the street he felt as though he had been kicked down the five stories which separated him from the president's office. He had been prepared for a refusal—but he had not been prepared for a clubbing over the head. He went back to his hotel and inquired when he could get a train to Five Oaks.

Five Oaks called itself a city and boasted of some six thousand inhabitants, but it was chiefly known as the site of H. & A. Weeks' stove works.

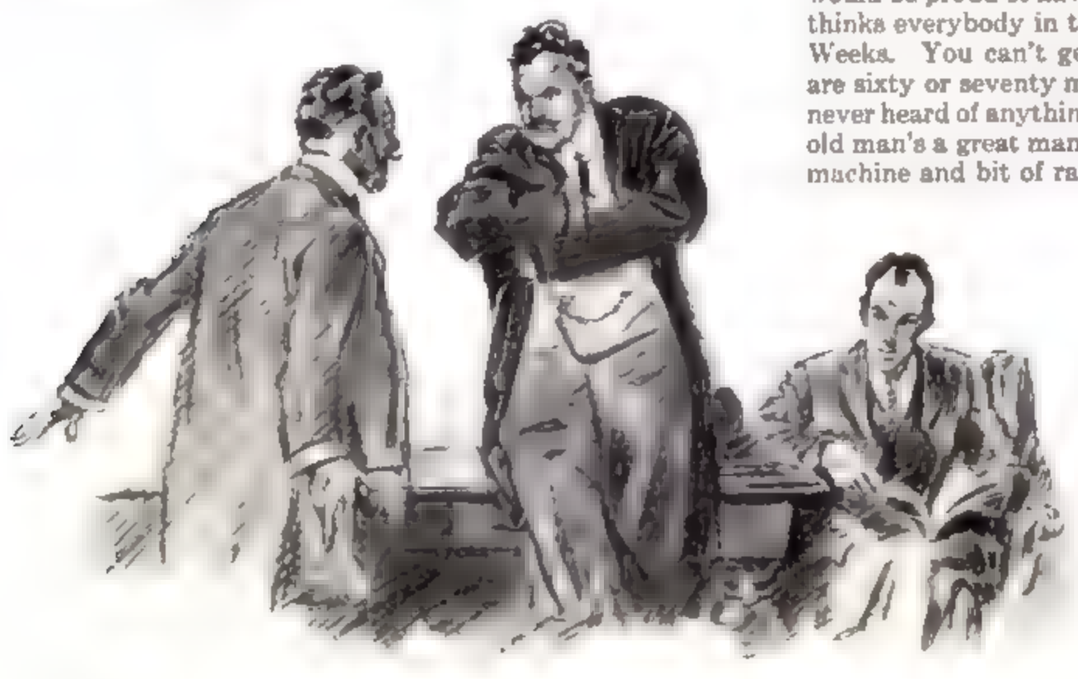
The oven-inventor had often heard Henry Weeks described as a domineering and irascible man. He paused an instant and braced himself, therefore, before entering the manufacturer's office.

The room was small and poor in comparison with Mr. Munson's handsome quarters. The man at the plain desk was in his seventieth year and of an ample, powerful build. He carried no fat, however, and there were still many yellow threads in his hair. His eyes seemed a little dim and in listening while the caller announced his name—for there was no private secretary here; one simply walked in—he cocked his head a bit to one side, as though to hear better.

"Humphrey?" he repeated—"Humphrey, of Vale? That's a danged good oven you make, Mr. Humphrey. I put my foot through one the other day to see what was in it—and it's all right." So saying he reached up a huge hand as hard as a board and invited the caller to be seated.

There were two conferences following this first one, and at the end of the third Humphrey carried away a contract with H. & A. Weeks.

This happened in April. One evening in the September following, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey sat by the living-room table, absorbed in literature. Mrs. Humphrey was reading a love story, but Mr. Humphrey was studying one of the back pages in a popular magazine.



"You'd Only Advertise Yourself for a Blockhead! Nice Mess You've Led Me Into"

The page contained a picture of a beautiful young lady wearing a dainty cap and apron, who was in the act of lighting a gasoline stove. It was evident from her dazzling smile that the operation afforded her great satisfaction. At the top of the page appeared the legend, "Old Reliable," and at the bottom was the signature, "Big Rapids Stove Works."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Humphrey very thoughtfully, "it looks as though they were going to eat Henry Weeks alive!"

Turning from her love story, Mrs. Humphrey asked sympathetically:

"You think they're really going to form a trust?"

"Munson's working on it night and day," her husband replied; "and he's as smart as they make 'em anyway, he thinks he is. Of course Henry Weeks won't go into it. He won't go into anything. So they mean to eat him up."

Mrs. Humphrey, being aware of her husband's close business relationship with the object of Mr. Munson's cannibalism, laid down her magazine and an anxious little line appeared in the middle of her forehead.

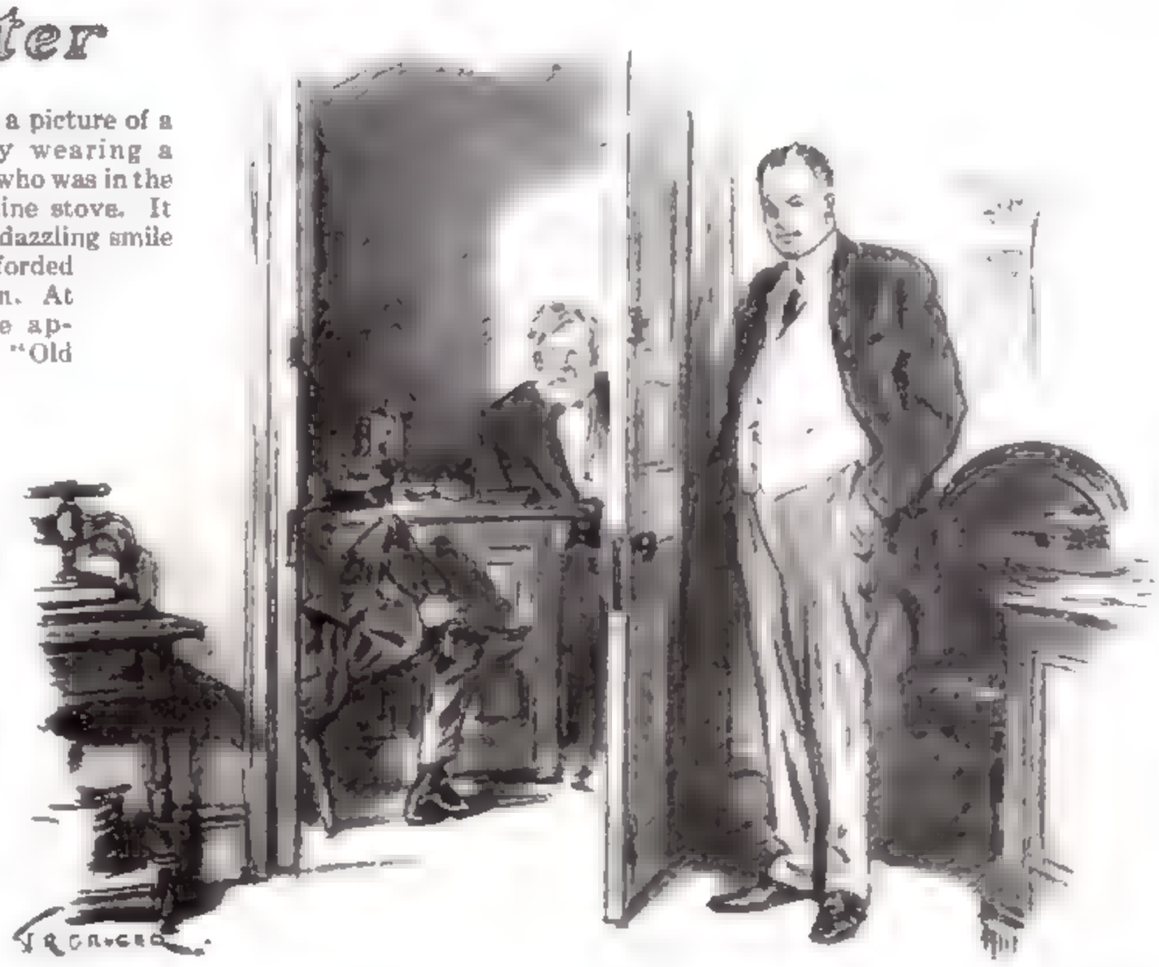
"Where would that leave you, Addy?" she inquired.

"I don't know," the inventor replied meditatively, "as it would leave me anywhere to speak of. I guess I'd be like the man who took passage on a boat that the pirates were just going to scuttle. Naturally they'd scuttle the passenger too. I'm tied up with Henry Weeks now; and if Munson eats him ——" He broke off, leaving Mrs. Humphrey to imagine the rest.

Slipping a little farther down in the morris chair, so that he sat mostly on the small of his back and his shoulder-blades, while his chin nearly touched his breast, Humphrey crossed his thin legs and slowly worked the loose slipper off and on his heel by rhythmically wriggling his toes.

"H. & A. Weeks began making stoves in a little shop down there at Five Oaks forty-one years ago," he continued, addressing the toe of his slipper. "They started to make gasoline stoves as early as anybody. They make the best stove on the market today. They've got a splendid business—worth two million dollars if it's worth a cent—and Henry Weeks is going to let Munson gobble it up.

"My goodness, Carrie!" he went on absently, "that man is proud of being old-fashioned—as though a man would be proud of having a cork leg or a glass eye. He thinks everybody in the United States knows H. & A. Weeks. You can't get it through his head that there are sixty or seventy million people in this country who never heard of anything dating back of Roosevelt. The old man's a great manufacturer—knows every tool and machine and bit of raw material in his shops from the time it was weaned. And there he stops. From what I hear at Five Oaks his brother Arthur was the salesman as long as he was alive; but old Arthur's son, Arthur Junior, is just a well-meaning jackrabbit; and Henry thinks if you make a tiptop stove and put a fine old firm name on it, Mr. Stove will just walk out and sell himself. He's the finest old man alive too—when his fur ain't rubbed the wrong way. They're all fine people. It makes me sick to see a fellow like Munson eat 'em up. I believe," he concluded meditatively, "I'll have to jump in now and see if I can't do something about it."



"It Would Make a Good Article for Some of These Puddin'-Headed Young Dudes"

After a long moment of silent reflection the inventor continued: "Munson's smart—almost as smart as he thinks he is. You see, there's his concern at Big Rapids, and Weeks' at Five Oaks, and a concern in Chicago, and one in Cleveland, and one in Pittsburgh, and one in Detroit. If Munson could get 'em into a trust he'd have the gasoline stove business right under his thumb, and I suppose he'd rake off a profit of a million or two for promoting the combination. He's got that bee in his bonnet and he's the kind of man, once he determines to do something, you can't stop with anything short of a cannon. But Weeks, the oldest and best-known concern, won't go in. So, when it comes to getting underwriters to put up money for the combine, and when it comes to floating the stocks and bonds, everybody will ask: 'But where are H. & A. Weeks?' You see, Munson is doing all this advertising to forestall that very question. He proposes to rub Weeks off the blackboard and put Big Rapids Stove Works in his place; so, if you say 'gasoline stove' to a man, it won't be Weeks that the man will think of but Big Rapids Stove Works. He expects by advertising to build up a trade name in a year that will be better known than the name Weeks has built up in forty years; and the sad thing is you can't get Henry Weeks to see that he can do it. Of course, when they get their trust formed, with Weeks the only important outsider, they'll go right after his scalp—and they'll get it. Munson is doing a tremendous lot of advertising to overcome Weeks' trade name; and in the end he's going to make Weeks pay for it."

"Can't Mr. Weeks see that?" Mrs. Humphrey asked anxiously.

"He won't," her husband replied. "The old man always was stubborner'n a mule. Lately Munson has been running him pretty hard. You might think that would wake him up; but it just makes him sore, and the sorer he gets the stubborner he is. If I was to say to him, 'Block Munson by spending a hundred thousand dollars for advertising right away,' he'd brain me with a monkey-wrench."

"But he owns only half the business," Mrs. Humphrey urged. "Can't the young man see it?"

"The young man can see it if he'd only confess it," her husband replied. "But what good does that do when you couldn't get him to stand up in opposition to Uncle Henry any more'n you could get a jackrabbit to fight a lion. When Uncle Henry gives one roar Arthur Junior turns tail automatically. He can't help it any more'n water can help running downhill. There you have it! There's old Henry, who's stubborner'n a mule and crosser'n a bear with a sore head; and there's Arthur Junior, who's just a jackrabbit; and there's Arthur's mother—old Arthur's widow—who's sixty-seven years old and just a nice, simple-minded old grandma with no more idea about business than she has about trigonometry. If I asked her to assert her right as half-owner and oppose Henry in anything about the business she'd think it was like asking her

to walk down the church aisle Sunday morning and swat the minister in the eye. That's a cheerful sort of combination for an outsider like me to go up against! But I guess I've got to go against it all the same. I ain't going to sit down and see that pup Munson eat those people; and I'd stand a sweet show myself with Munson running a gasoline-stove trust—as much show," he concluded gloomily, "as a one-legged mouse among nine hungry old cats."

A fortnight after this conversation with his wife the inventor sat in Henry Weeks' office at Five Oaks, genially conversing with the proprietor.

"You know, I often look at this desk, Mr. Weeks," he observed with a bright nod toward the object mentioned, "and think how different it is from the desks of other successful business men! Take Munson's desk, for example: it's all heaped up with letters and checks and papers. The only pieces of metal on it are a paper-weight and a pen, while yours, now, is covered with mechanical things. There's hardly a bit of paper on it."

"Oh, Munson's one of your newfangled manufacturers—your up-to-date Yankee sort," the old gentleman replied with contempt. In Canada, fifty years before, he had learned to speak that way of "Yankee" things; and forty-five years of citizenship in the grand republic had not cured him of the habit. "Munson hobnobs with the president of his bank and can hardly remember the names of the foremen of his shops. If I've got anything to say to a banker I telephone or tell Arthur to drop him a note; but if I've got anything to say to a foreman—well," Mr. Weeks concluded with justifiable pride, "that foreman knows who's talking to him.

"I like the feel of metal in my hands, my boy, better than paper," he added. "The shop's where a manufacturer belongs, according to my notion. I let Arthur run the correspondence and so on. And that's the way this business was built up, right from the word go—with a forge and a hammer; not with a pen and any paper fixin's." For two or three minutes he spoke reminiscently of the beginnings of the business.

Addison had heard the same story from the same lips before; but it seemed to make a deeper impression upon him this time.

"You know, Mr. Weeks," he observed thoughtfully, "that's really a great story. It occurred to me the other day —— You see, the magazines are always printing articles showing young men how they can succeed by close attention to business and strict integrity. Besides, some of the magazines are down on trusts and monopolies. Now here's your business; you started without any capital and you've built it up by hard work and strict integrity. You've succeeded by your own improvements and inventions, and because you made a good, honest article and sold it at a reasonable price. Munson's trying to form a trust and get a monopoly in this line; but you don't propose to go into it. I believe that would make an awfully good article that some magazine would be glad to print. It's a fine illustration, you see, of the old-fashioned road to success."

"It would make a danged good article," said Mr. Weeks candidly, "for some of these puddin'-headed, soft-handed young dudes that are loafing round Five Oaks to read."

"Sure! Sure!" Addison exclaimed. "And there are no more dudes in Five Oaks in proportion to the population than there are everywhere else. Yes, sir; it would make a fine article and I believe the magazines would print it. I'm going to try it."

"If you do," the old gentleman grumbled modestly, "don't spread on the taffy too thick. Some of these articles about successful business men make me sick. I'll bet I know more about the inside of a manufacturing plant than Carnegie ever dreamed of." Indeed, honest Mr. Weeks had not the least doubt of his own superiority as a manufacturer to that much-lauded person.

A quarter of an hour later Humphrey stood behind the door in the secretarial office at the Weeks plant talking earnestly to a stoutish man who was verging upon middle age, but whose round, rosy, beardless face looked oddly like that of a large infant. This was Arthur Junior. Though they were alone in the room, and Uncle Henry had already disappeared into the depths of the plant, Arthur had nervously edged the inventor along until they stood behind the door, through the crack of which he kept an apprehensive eye upon Uncle Henry's adjoining office.

"But he consents to it—you heard him consent yourself," Addison urged having, in fact, arranged that Arthur should leave the door open and so overhear the conversation with Uncle Henry.

"But he doesn't know it's going to cost anything," Arthur replied in alarm.

"Well, it ain't going to cost him anything, is it?" the inventor retorted. "You've got plenty of money of your own."

"It's really my mother's money every penny of it," said Arthur conscientiously

"But she leaves everything to you; and if you let Munson eat her up what'll you have to say for yourself? It's just this way: This scheme of mine can't possibly break you; but Munson's scheme will break you. My goodness! Arthur, how would you feel to see your mother and Uncle Henry broke when you could have prevented it as easy as not?"

Arthur was a conscientious person with a lively sense of all the responsibilities that rested upon him, and this suggestion deprived him of breath

"And we're quite sure to get the money back in one way or another," the inventor continued. "We'll form this little corporation—just you and I—so H. & A. Weeks really won't have anything to do with it. You handle all the mail anyhow, and I guess you're entitled to separate your own mail from the firm's mail, ain't you? You'll advance some money and I'll do the managing. When it's all over you can say, 'I saved the works!'—and you'll have your money back too. My goodness! What more could you ask than that? I've got to catch this train now; but don't you worry, Arthur; just leave it to me." With a reassuring smile the inventor patted Arthur's flabby and woeladen shoulder.

The train that he caught was not bound for his home in Vale, however, but for Chicago. There he spent the better part of two days consulting with a firm of experts in advertising. From Chicago he proceeded to Big Rapids and once more found himself in the anteroom of President Munson, of the Big Rapids Stove Works.

The private secretary regarded his card and himself with an exceedingly dubious air and suggested that Mr. Humphrey would do well to state his business by mail, for Mr. Munson was very busy that day and probably couldn't see him. After some persuasion on the caller's part, he reluctantly took the card in to his chief, who immediately confirmed his doubts.

In fact, Mr. Munson not only confirmed the secretary's doubts but officially informed him that he was a fool. Returning to the anteroom with the card and this information, the secretary regarded the caller aggrievedly.

"Too busy to see you," he said curtly. "He says you can write if you want to."

"Very well," Addison replied cheerfully, "I'll write—right here." Taking a sheet of notepaper from the secretary's desk, he wrote thereon: "Have a proposition to make regarding H. & A. Weeks."

He knew very well that H. & A. Weeks were the grand stumbling-block to Mr. Munson's most cherished ambition. He knew also, from Uncle Henry and Arthur, that Mr. Munson had tried in vain to reach them through various intermediaries. Two minutes after he finally induced the secretary to take this note to the inner room he was seated beside Mr. Munson's desk.

Thrice thereafter, at intervals of about three weeks, Addison visited Big Rapids and had the pleasure of being immediately admitted to Mr. Munson's swarthy, beetle-browed and domineering presence. Returning to Vale after the third visit, he found a telegram from Henry Weeks demanding his presence at Five Oaks in the shortest possible time; also an urgent request to call up Arthur Weeks by long-distance telephone.

When he entered the manufacturer's office some three hours later the old gentleman gave him an exceedingly grim little nod and leveled a commanding forefinger at a chair, saying: "Sit down there, young man!"

Addison having meekly obeyed, Mr. Weeks deliberately and in ominous silence took three newly issued popular magazines from a drawer in the desk. Opening the top one, he flattened out the pages by a powerful pressure of his calloused hand, as though he were paying off a grudge against the innocent sheets of paper.

"Tell me what that means?" he commanded, shoving the flattened magazine across the desk toward Addison.

The first of the open pages was headed: "The Story of a Stove." Indented in the text was the pretty picture of a little shop beneath a spreading oak, and the explanation under the picture ran, "In this shop H. & A. Weeks began making stoves at Five Oaks forty-one years ago." The story of the stove occupied four pages of the magazine and was embellished with several other tasteful illustrations.

Having glanced at it, Addison looked up with an air of innocent surprise.

"Why, of course; that's the article about how you built up your business—the article we talked over."

This explanation seemed only to increase the old gentleman's bottled wrath. Leaning over, he tapped the top of the page with a large forefinger and demanded:

"But what does that say?"

"Why, that," said Addison, "says 'Advertising Section.'"

"Advertising!" Mr. Weeks roared explosively. "That means it's paid for, don't it? And it's the same way in these others too," he added as his fist descended like a piledriver on the remaining publications.

"Have they sent you any bills?" Addison inquired mildly.

"No; and they'd better not either!" the old man retorted.

"They never will," said Addison. "It don't cost you a penny, Mr. Weeks—not a penny."

At that confident statement the manufacturer stared in amazement and the inventor could see the wind going out of the sails of his wrath.

"I don't say, mind you," Addison continued with a slight but significant smile, "that it may not have cost me a little something. I brought my ovens in at the end, you see; and if it cost me anything I'm perfectly satisfied. But it don't cost you a cent. The fact is, Mr. Weeks, I know a man who's in the advertising line. Suppose I slipped him a little money." It was Mr. Weeks' old-fashioned and settled conviction that every business in the United States except his own reeked with dishonesty; but at this fresh proof of it he looked rather dazed.

After having considered the matter in this new light for a full minute he said in mild reproach: "I'm surprised at you, Addison. This danged country is rotten with graft; but I'm really surprised to find a young man like you mixing up in it!" He evidently spoke, however, more in sorrow than in anger, and out of the tail of his eye he contemplated the pretty picture of the original Weeks shop.

"They can settle that among themselves," Addison replied cheerfully. "What I wanted, you see, was to get the article printed; I wanted to get it before the young men of this country—and the old men and the women and children—before millions of readers."

This suggestion of a vast currency evidently impressed the old gentleman. He took up the offending magazine and glanced over the four pages quite thoughtfully.

"I don't say," he admitted, "that it ain't a good article. I think it would be a good thing if every danged young man in this country learned it by heart. But I'm really surprised at you, Addison. Graft, now—h'm!—h'm!——" The old gentleman's eye lingered upon a sentence in the story. Then he asked: "Did you write this, Addison?"

(Continued on Page 60)

"I Tell You I Don't Want It—and I Don't Want to be Bothered. I'm Busy!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 21, 1911

Senator Bourne's Letter

THE New York Times, after carefully reviewing the political situation state by state, concludes that out of ten hundred and sixty-three delegates in the next Republican National Convention, the Insurgents may, "at a liberal estimate," have one hundred and fifty-two, leaving nine hundred and eleven to renominate Mr. Taft on the first and only ballot.

And the New York Press, of a somewhat different political persuasion, finds that "William Lorimer has a better chance of being nominated for President next year than Robert M. La Follette has."

No one has ever dreamed, however, that the sentiment among Republican voters against Insurgency and in favor of Taft is nine to one, or that, in the rank and file of the party, Lorimer has more admirers than La Follette. The conclusions mentioned above—which appear to be shared in large measure by the daily newspaper press of the country—are based upon the fact that about a third of the delegates, from Southern states, will be selected by Federal officeholders and a great many more will be named virtually by various state machines. A year ago it was declared with equal assurance that Insurgency existed only in editorial offices and had no real strength among Republican voters. But when the voters lined up at the polls in November this view was found to be sadly fallacious.

What the Insurgents want in respect of the nomination is exactly that lining up of the voters—an actual show of hands. The letter which Senator Bourne, as president of the National Republican Progressive League, has addressed to every member of the Republican National Committee, sets forth that only five states as yet have formally adopted direct vote by the people on Presidential candidates, but the laws of other states interpose no bar to a Presidential primary if the state committee chooses to call one. He asks the National Committee to issue a "strong recommendation that in all states where practicable the state committee call Presidential primaries at least thirty days prior to the convention . . . because the members of the party are entitled to an effective voice in the selection of candidates they are expected to support . . . for no candidate could go before the country with a stronger argument than that he had been selected by a direct vote of the members of his party and not by a convention dominated by a steam roller."

"Assuredly," Senator Bourne adds, "this plan of a nation-wide Presidential primary should receive the cordial endorsement of every man who contemplates being a candidate for the nomination." Assuredly it should. Not only the next Presidential election, but the future of the Republican party, may hinge upon it. A "steam-roller" nomination will probably split the party irrevocably.

Curing the Social Unrest

IN THE last fifteen years Parliament has passed act after act in the interests of British workmen. Perhaps never in any country was a greater program of "social legislation" carried through within so short a time. In 1897 there was the act to compensate workmen for injury or death through industrial accidents, which we are now rather feebly trying to imitate. Hours of labor for women and children, and in some occupations for men, have been reduced and limited by law. In "sweated" trades a minimum wage-scale, at a living level, may be established by the Board of Trade. A special act exempts trade unions from liability to damage suits. Free public employment agencies have been organized. There have been acts to protect workmen's health, limbs and lives in hazardous occupations. The old-age pension law guarantees sustenance to the superannuated at the expense of the state. Next year the national insurance bill goes into effect, providing indemnity for illness and, in some trades, for unemployment. It is very significant that this last bill was supported by both the great political parties; while it was partly to provide old-age pensions that income and inheritance taxes were increased and the state laid its hands upon the "unearned increment" in land values.

Compared with "social legislation" in the United States, this program looks vast and revolutionary; but, after it was all carried through—namely, in July and August last—England experienced one of the greatest, most violent strikes in her history. Never had British workmen seemed more intensely and aggressively dissatisfied. This doesn't argue that the British workman is an especially unreasonable and ungrateful person. For skilled men, such as carpenters, masons, plumbers, painters, pattern-makers, printers, the predominant range of wages in England and Wales is eight dollars and a half to nine dollars and a half a week. What labor wants, the world over, is more wages. All "social legislation" is merely incidental to that.

Steel Prices and Wages

"THE possibility of lower wages in the steel and iron trade is being seriously discussed," says the Iron Age, adding: "In the opinion of some manufacturers it is inevitable that labor will share the hardships which the trade is undergoing."

In 1898 nearly all steel and iron products sold at the lowest prices ever known in this country. Partly to remedy that distressful condition the big steel combinations were formed, culminating three years later in the Billion-Dollar Steel Trust. Also, ownership of the best ore and coke supplies was gathered into a few hands.

Now the price of sheet steel is as low as in 1898. The labor cost, according to the Age, is two dollars a ton less; but the bars from which it is made are five dollars a ton higher, and "it is hard to see how independent mills are living. . . . Nor is there any living profit for a wire mill buying its rods at twenty-six dollars and selling plain wire at a cent and forty-five hundredths a pound."

The Trust, of course, doesn't have to buy rods at twenty-six dollars or bars at twenty-one. It makes both out of its own ore and coke; and it is not within the power of all the attorney-generals in Christendom to disperse the ownership of the ore and coke as it was in the nineties. The cuts fall hardest upon certain independent makers of finished products, who may have to call upon labor to "share their hardships"—as though labor didn't have enough hardships of its own which nobody shares, and though the labor cost, as to sheet steel at least, is two dollars a ton less than in 1898.

That is what free competition usually gets round to—a reduction of wages and then a bigger combination. It is very well known that a great number of steel and iron workers now make barely a living wage, though they perform twelve hours of grueling labor daily.

A British Example

HONORABLE GALBRAITH COLE, a son of Lord Enniskillen and a brother-in-law of Lord Delamere, is an extensive and distinguished landowner in British East Africa. For a long time Mr. Cole was excessively annoyed by sheep-stealers. At length he caught a native in the act of stealing a sheep. The native ran; Mr. Cole fired and killed him. Other white settlers, it seems, had been much annoyed by native depredations upon their sheepfolds. It was contended that, in firing, Mr. Cole meant simply to frighten the native into surrendering. Being brought to trial on the charge of homicide he was acquitted by a jury of his peers.

Thus, according to the ordinary forms of law, the matter was at an end. The Colonial Office at London, however, by an order in council, directed the governor of British East Africa to deport Mr. Cole from the colony for "exciting race enmity," allowing him thirty days to settle up his affairs there. This order provoked great indignation among Mr. Cole's fellow settlers. They declared that his treatment of the natives up to the shooting had been humane and exemplary; that the victim of his bullet was an habitual sheep-stealer; that the jury's verdict should have been accepted as conclusive; that the order of deportation was tyrannical.

The London Law Journal, on the other hand, declares: "It is useless to try and justify such an act"—as Mr. Cole's—"to the conscience of a law-abiding country. . . . The attempt which has been made to do so and the resentment of the white residents at the order of deportation reveal a contempt for native life and native rights which, it is to be feared, is far too common among English settlers. . . . When the partialities of a white jury paralyze the ordinary administration of justice it is quite time for the Colonial Office to give an impressive lesson, such as will be conveyed by this order for deportation."

Unfortunately, perhaps, the Colonial Office's jurisdiction does not extend to lynching towns in the United States.

Europe in a Ferment

PERHAPS not in twenty years has Europe been so extensively disturbed as this fall. At the close of September nearly every great central bank advanced its discount rate—in England to four per cent; in Germany and Austria to five; in Belgium to five and a half; while even the Bank of France marked up its rate for the first time in nearly four years—and British consols fell to a point nearly twenty-four per cent below par. A financial review says: "Distrust is more intense than at any time since the Baring failure, in 1890." American securities, which enterprising Wall Street jobbers had been placing abroad the last two or three years by various means, including the employment of traveling salesmen, were dumped back upon our market in inconveniently large quantities. "Morocco" was the common European explanation of this nervous tension; but political reports said the Morocco question was well in the way of settlement, and it was never perilous enough to account wholly for the uneasy financial state.

Martial law was declared in Spain and Austria; bread riots agitated France; a royalist revolt broke out in Portugal; and something approximating the dimensions of a rebellion was going forward in China. Over a great area, in short, the "lower classes" were as restless as the financiers.

By contrast, the United States appeared not only placid but soporific. The causes for unrest so widespread and differently manifested are as obscure as such causes usually are. Who knows why high cost of living should set people to rioting in several countries at this particular moment rather than at another, or why finance should take a chill about Morocco just now rather than a year ago?

A New Railroad's Report

THE railroads, we read the other day, have been "completely crippled" by the interference of the Interstate Commerce Commission. They can neither earn an adequate return upon the capital actually invested nor secure additional capital for extensions and improvements. We have read the same sort of thing so often in the last two or three years that we might really believe it if all the evidence were not on the other side. The biggest piece of new railroad construction of late is the St. Paul's extension to the Pacific Coast. This comprises nearly two thousand miles of main track and cost, with equipment, a hundred and fifty-four million dollars. The St. Paul, of course, had no difficulty whatever in securing the capital required; but usually not much is expected of a new line of road.

Generally speaking, as Mr. Carnegie long ago pointed out, "pioneering doesn't pay"—immediately. The first report for a full year's operation of this new line was published the other day, however, and it shows that the extension earned seven per cent net on the capital invested. It was able, therefore, to pay interest on the four per cent bonds which cover the cost of construction, to pay a dividend of two and two-thirds per cent on the hundred million dollars of stock which represents merely "good-will," and had a neat little surplus left over. Few railroad men will deny that seven per cent is a very fair return upon railroad capital. If the extension's bonds and stock were listed they would probably fetch a price that would show a promoter's or underwriter's profit of about thirty per cent—which most of us would not regard as discouraging.

The Lady or the Turk

THE cruiser San Giorgio cost eight million dollars and was one of the finest ships in the Italian navy. The gallant commander of the vessel, it appears, was in love with a noble and beauteous lady. Fired by a tender ambition to win her applause—after an excellent dinner in her company—he put the ship through some brilliant evolutions. No doubt the lady would have been charmed, but the final maneuver consisted of steaming at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour past certain danger buoys and straight upon a large, hard reef, which instantly reduced the San Giorgio to junk.

Scorn and obloquy were heaped upon the luckless captain's head. He was written about, indeed, as though he were the prize idiot of the universe. Only a few weeks later, however, the Italian Government sent the entire fleet into war with Turkey over a strip of land in Africa for which the Government really has much less use than the captain had for his lady's smiles. Of the two performances, the captain's seemed decidedly the more sensible.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Doctor Who Isn't Afraid to Drive a Hearse or a Hand Car

A Wholesale Cleaner

DO YOU remember—of course you do—that good old one about the surveying party that was working in Arkansas and came to the cabin of a farmer? It was a hot day and they asked the farmer for something to drink. The farmer had buttermilk and brought round a pitcher of it.

"This would be great," said one of the thirsty surveyors, "if we had some ice to put in it. Say, my friend, have you any ice?"

"Ice!" snorted the farmer. "Who in blazes ever heard of ice in the summertime!"

Same thing happened in Alabama long before. There was a church row over the proposition in the town where Oscar Dowling lived. Some of the brethren allowed there could be ice in the summer and there should be a few chunks of it at the church picnic. Others claimed ice in the summer was against Nature. It couldn't happen! Things looked squally for the picnic and for the church until Oscar Dowling took hold. A habit he has, that Dowling, of taking hold of things. He got a block of ice and took it to the picnic, and the proceedings were marked with peace and amity—and ice.

He used to edit a newspaper. It wasn't much of a newspaper, but he was a whale of an editor. One day he went to the man who owned the paper and said:

"Say, why don't you boost the town with that paper of yours?"

"Huh!" retorted the owner. "I like your nerve! If you want to boost the town with the paper buy the paper and do your own boosting."

Wherefore Oscar bought the paper and proceeded to boost. He thought it would be a good plan to print pictures of the local celebrities. The first person he pictured was the minister. The community was shocked. Fancy it! There was the picture of the minister right in the paper! The minister, being alive to the advantages of advertising, even for his calling, didn't object and the community soon recovered from the shock, especially as Oscar printed the pictures of a few of the most shocked and showed them it wasn't so unpleasant to have the neighbors say: "Saw your picture in the paper today."

Also, Oscar introduced the first press dispatches in that section of the country. They came in by train, and Jim, the devil, brought them up to the office by mustang. This was too slow, so Oscar rigged up a cigar-box telephone from the station to the drug store; and when the train came in Jim telephoned the news up to the store and Oscar took it hot off the string and put it in the paper.

There were a lot of other things in that town that didn't suit Oscar. He criticised the methods of the man who ran the livery stable. "Dodgast it!" said the man; "I've bin runnin' this stable for twenty years. If you don't like it, buy it and run it yourself!" Oscar bought it and ran it. Also, he bought the hotel and the drug store on the principle that they were not run right, either, and proceeded to demonstrate his theory of editing, innkeeping, drug-storing and livery-stable keeping. There is no telling how much farther he would have gone in reconstructing that town if his mother hadn't decided he must be a doctor.

How a State Got its Face Washed

OSCAR was willing, but being a doctor with him meant being a real doctor; so he studied medicine at Vanderbilt University, and then took courses of from one to three years at clinics in New York, Chicago, New Orleans, London, Berlin, and shorter courses in Paris and the City of Mexico. Once, when a patient of his died in a country town and there was no hearse, he borrowed a hearse from a neighboring village. Nobody would drive the hearse. That, according to local belief, would bring bad luck. Therefore Oscar drove the hearse himself—and drove it well.

It wasn't long before Oscar was one of the great doctors of Louisiana. He specialized as an oculist. The medical profession recognized him as a leader, and he was made president of all their organizations. Having been an editor in his youth he kept on writing for medical publications. Then in September, 1910, he was made president of the State Board of Health of Louisiana.

He was giving up a large practice for a salary of a hundred dollars a week, but he had ideas about sanitation, and he took the place—grabbed it, in fact. Then he removed his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves and announced:

"We shall now proceed to clean up the state."

"But how?" asked the citizens, aghast.

"By the simple expedient of removing the dirt," Oscar replied.

No sooner said than done. He planned a trip through Louisiana with a "health train." He laid the plan before the railroad men.

"Dowling," said one railroad president whom he had asked for a car, "you are a nice fellow—but a jackass!"

"Undoubtedly correct," smiled Oscar at the railroad president; "but give me that car!"

Instead of one car he secured three. Then began the remarkable trip through the state. It was last November. The health train had a car containing pictures and exhibits showing how disease can be prevented by the removal of dirt. The second car contained models of all sorts of sanitary appliances—from drains to labor-saving and dirt-preventing utilities for kitchens. The doctor and his assistants lived in the third car.

They covered the state, stopping at all sorts of villages and cities. They gave practical demonstrations of how towns can be cleaned, had moving-picture shows and lectures and inspections. The theory of Doctor Dowling was that the best possible health environment can be secured through local aid, and local aid can be enlisted by a revelation of conditions and the education of the public mind. Inspection was the most forcible feature of the work. When the train reached a village or city Doctor Dowling and his force of inspectors began work. They visited hotels, restaurants, bakeries, butcher shops, schools, outhouses, stores, public buildings and residences.

Oscar was everywhere. He worked like a steam engine and went through those kitchens and stores and other places like an avenger. Nothing escaped his eye. He saw grease on the stove, dirt in the milk cans, dough on kneading boards, as quickly as he detected unsanitary plumbing or other unhealthful conditions. It was all dirt to him, and to be eliminated. He didn't stand round and talk either. He demonstrated. When he thought the housekeeper needed a little practical instruction he showed her how to keep her kitchen clean by calling for soap and water and giving an object-lesson.

Well, the way he renovated the state of Louisiana was a caution! He would rush into a town, inspect it, tell the people just what meat markets and what restaurants and what dairies were dirty; show how this dirt helped the spread of disease, and then order a general cleaning up. He made them clean up too! There was no bluffing about it. "Clean up or shut up!" said the doctor. They had to do it. As one marketman in a Louisiana town said in a handbill he distributed: "To my Customers: This is to notify you that I will discontinue my market after April thirtieth, until I can meet the requirements of the State Board of Health, which will be only a short time."

He visited more than two hundred cities, towns and villages, and cleaned them. He established a force of local inspectors that is keeping them clean. There was a good deal of protest. No community likes to be told it is living in filth. Still, Dowling went along and told all communities that was exactly what they were doing and proved it. As one editor put it: "The more our people read and think about Doctor Dowling's scathing report of the insanitary conditions existing in and round the town the madder we become; and if this thing keeps on we're likely to get mad enough to clean up!"

After Dowling had made his state campaign he took a train out into other states. Having scared Louisiana stiff and made that state clean up, the doctor traveled round and told the people of other states how much Louisiana had improved, how much it was to improve, and how that state had been lied about and traduced as to its health conditions. All of which shows him to be a good sport.

He is forty-four years old, with the heart of a boy and the winning smile of a woman. He is good-natured and happy, but with tremendous energy; and can be as stern as any circumstances demand. He has kept politics out of the State Board of Health and has secured wonderful results. He has proved himself a remarkable organizer and administrator, and the whole state believes in him.

A Poor Stand

SENATOR ALLEE, of Delaware, who served a few years in the Senate, had a pair of very short legs. As a result there was little difference in his height when he was sitting or standing at his desk.

One morning, when the late Senator Frye, of Maine, as president pro tempore, was presiding, Senator Allee arose and waved a bunch of papers, clamoring for recognition. Senator Frye was a bit short-sighted. He looked in Allee's direction and then turned to the assistant clerk and asked testily:

"Rose, is that little man from Delaware standing up or sitting down? I'm hanged if I can tell!"

According to the Charwoman

WHEN Lyman J. Gage went out as Secretary of the Treasury and Leslie M. Shaw came in, two charwomen, cleaning the corridors in the Treasury Building at Washington, were discussing the change.

"'Pears to me," said one of the charwomen, "this yere new man ain't so smaht as Marse Gage. This yere new man an' his clerk—they ain't so smaht!"

"How you mek that out?" asked the other charwoman.

"Why, Mr. Gage an' he's clerks they come down at ten o'clock in the mawnin' an' they all done at three o'clock in the evenin' an' gone home; an' this yere new man an' he's clerks they come down here sometimes early as seven o'clock in the mawnin' an' don't go home so's I kin clean out they office until away 'long about six o'clock in th' evenin'. These gemman ain't smaht like Marse Gage, I tell you!"

What the Yeggman Yearned For

A YEGGMAN imprisoned in the jail at Cleveland asked for something to read. The warden gave him a magazine from a package left by a prisoners' aid society. It happened to be a woman's magazine.

About an hour later the yeggman sent for the warden, showed him the magazine he had been reading, and asked what the game was.

"I can't find a single page in it that interests me," said the yeggman. "I don't care for this dope on fashions. What I want is a little logic!"

Carried by One

THE late Senator Frye, of Maine, was presiding in the Senate. A big appropriation bill carrying one hundred and fifty million dollars was on passage. As is usually the case, no Senator took the trouble to vote when the ayes and nays were called for except the Senator in charge of the bill.

He voted "aye." "The aye has it," announced Mr. Frye, "and the bill is passed."

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Saddles and Accessories—How to Choose and Use Them

EVERY out-of-door man ought to have his own saddle. It ought to fit him and to be his own private property—much the same as his trousers. In the old cowdays it was always held that a saddle was a sacred sort of thing, not to be parted with except in stress of circumstances and honorably—over the counter of the Silver Dollar or the Lone Star. Even so, the original owner was pretty sure to come back after his "leather" on the return of happier days.

The first saddle began when some one spread a skin to soften the projecting vertebræ of a horse. Bareback riding is not really very good fun. The American Indian came as near to riding bareback—both as to himself and his horse—as any mounted race of the world, perhaps; but even the Indian was apt to own a buckskin pad-saddle, stuffed with deer hair. A plains saddle in the writer's possession came from the Pawnees and dates back to 1840. It is beautifully beaded, though now the stuffing has gone to dust. Such a saddle had no stirrups; it was kept in place by a strong rawhide cinch, which even at that time had an iron ring in it. The Indians sometimes made fancy saddles with elk-horn trees, very high fore and aft, steaming and shaping the horn after some process of their own, and covering it with rawhide. Some of these saddles were fine examples of native work. They usually had stirrups, but that sort of saddle was really a squaw saddle and was never used by the hunters in running buffaloes or on the wartrail.

There are all sorts of things used by oriental peoples under the name of saddle, mostly high, narrow, round-seated contrivances, with short stirrups, which would not appeal much to an American rider. The English saddle, hornless and with a low, flat seat, is perhaps the best-known type of racing, hunting and park saddle combined that ever has been devised. The Englishman, at least, thinks it is the only saddle in the world. It has its uses, for there are different styles of riding. For the outdoor man, who hunts or rides in the West, it is worthless. The McClellan, or hornless military saddle, is much better.

The best sporting saddle for this or any other country, and the one most properly called American, is the old cowsaddle of the West. There are many good riders who have never thrown a leg over any other sort of saddle; and for work on the plains or in the mountains no man who has used one would ever care for any other type. It is as much a distinct product of this continent as is the birchbark canoe or the American ax or rifle.

The Old-Fashioned Cowsaddle

The cowsaddle, like pretty much everything else in the cow business, originally was Spanish. It came into our country, across the Texas and California borders, from Mexico, and so worked its way north with the cowtrade. Like many other things Spanish, it was devised with reference to the comfort of man and without regard to that of the animal. An old-time Southern range saddle might weigh from forty to sixty pounds. When cinched on by the hands of an expert it was there about as firmly as though nailed on. It gave the rider command of horse and cow alike. Its weight and strength enabled the puncher to do his roping with safety and the shape of the tree gave the most comfortable seat for long hours in the saddle that ever has been devised.

In the early days these saddles were highly ornamented with stamping and with silver work, and every one knows that the rider's saddle or his hat was worth much more than his horse. Since that time, fashions in saddles and customs on the range have been considerably changed. In the old days on the lower range there were two types of saddle, which varied a little, though both came up from Mexico—the California center-fire and the Texas double-cinch. Twenty-five years ago either of these would have been apt to show a low horn almost as big as a dinner plate. The seat was much longer than is the case today in the average Western saddle. The old Texan liked plenty of room, because sometimes he carried a rifle in front of him instead of at one side. It was not unusual to see a saddle-seat sixteen and a half to eighteen inches in length. The saddle itself was huge and heavy. When it killed the horse the rider got another horse.

The tree of the typical saddle of that time had no swell or bulge in front, any more than the McClellan or United States cavalry saddle had in its original form. The tree was simply spread enough forward to take the shoulders of the horse. The skirts were long and square, the saddle-pockets heavy. The only consideration the horse got was in the saddle-blanket, which sometimes was pieced out with a shaped blanket, or corona as it was sometimes called on the lower range. The stirrups were of wood—wide and deep; and it was customary at that time to have them covered in front with long "taps," which shared in the stamping and other ornamentation then usual for the whole saddle. The thin oval stirrup now in general use on the plains was then unknown. The Southern horseman's outfit was devised for cactus and mesquit country; and it was copied, efficiency and all, on the upper ranges after the trailmen from below had carried it there.

The Visalia Tree

It was the custom of some horse-breakers on the lower range in earlier times to ride with a blanket or a rolled coat lashed across the horse in front of the seat—the forerunner of the buckskin bucking roll which you may have seen adjusted to some saddles. This roll no doubt also was the beginning of the swell-front or bulge-front saddle. The old Visalia tree, which came across twenty or more years ago from California, seems to have been the first to show the swell front. It had a great vogue and was known on the range in any one of a dozen different fashions. Gradually it began to give a cowsaddle a corpulent look in front, where once it had been narrow. It gave the rider a little protection perhaps, but not very much firmer grip, for the swell was continuous from the base of the horn down and out; so that if a man's legs slipped at the base they were apt to keep on slipping all the way up and out. The idea of the bulge front, however, had universal acceptance. It began to be modified in California and elsewhere. After a time, saddles were made in Oregon which showed the bulge incurved, to take the rider's legs under the front. This idea was quickly accepted by Wyoming makers, and today you will see nifty-looking cowsaddles with incurved swell and a bulge as wide as fifteen inches over all—something like a Dutch lighter, which would have been laughed off the range in earlier days, but which has come to stay because it has reason under it.

As the front of the saddle began to swell, the stirrups and the horn began to shrink. The bulge front dates back twenty or twenty-five years, though it has not been in general use east of the Rockies so long as that. A little after its advent saddles began to appear on the upper range with small horns, rather high and raking forward and up. Some punchers demurred at this, saying that such a horn would kill a man if he fell under his horse. The same was really pretty much true of the big, flat horns. Anyhow, the small horns came to stay; and at any time during these dozen or fifteen years the stock patterns in cowsaddles have shown a small horn and a swell front.

The narrow, oval or half-round stirrup seems to have originated also on the upper range. The "taps" disappeared, the flat-bottomed stirrups went entirely out of style. Today the puncher rides almost a knife-edged stirrup, with his foot full in and his weight on the middle of the foot. Old World peoples would call this a barbarian way of riding. For cowwork and for long hours in the saddle on the rough little Western horse, the straight leg and the foot midway of the stirrup has been proved out to be practical and comfortable. All spring from the ball of the foot and ankle has been

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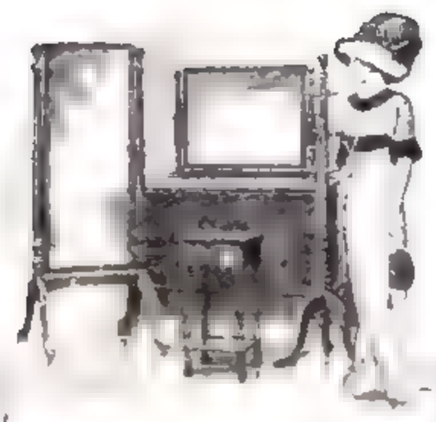

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eliminated. The Eastern man in the West is about the only one there who will ride with his knees much bent.

Though a man may put on some airs about getting a saddle to fit him, the horse never has been allowed that privilege. The tree of the saddle is a fixed thing and it cannot be adjusted to different-shaped backs of horses. Of late, much study has been given to devising trees which will be easy for the horse as well as for the man. Small fortunes were made years ago by makers who got a reputation for their special trees. There were firms in Wyoming and Colorado which set fashions for years all over the range east of the Rocky Mountains. Today they must look to their laurels, for enterprising men are in the business who, instead of regarding themselves as autocrats, are eager to hear of any new ideas for the improvement of their output. You can now get a cowsaddle made under thirty pounds, and it will do handsomely for use in the East or anywhere else.

So far as the comfort of the rider is concerned, the seat of a saddle is its most important feature. You can buy by mail a saddle which looks like a cowsaddle and which may be accepted as all right by the ignorant purchaser. The seat of such a saddle may be perhaps sixteen inches long, round and almost level, like a log. You cannot ride with comfort in that shaped seat very long. Examination will show that the expert riders of today are shortening the seats and straightening up the cantles more than the old models showed. Some riders today use a thirteen-and-a-half-inch seat, which formerly would have been called fit only for a boy. The better the rider is the closer his saddle fits today; and the worse actor his horse is the better control he gets from the short seat and the incurved roll. The short seat, also, is better for the horse, for most sore backs are caused by the rider's squirming and twisting round in his seat. You may have seen a cowpuncher riding loose and easy—one leg across the saddle, with only one foot in the stirrup. Close examination would show you that he did not have all his weight on that stirrup, but that his center of gravity, after all, was pretty much over the middle of the saddle.

A Western man who rides a great deal is apt to be much thinner than the average city man, especially if the latter be of convivial habits. The average Easterner who weighs a hundred and sixty pounds is apt to need a tree of fourteen and a half inches—and fifteen very likely will be better for him. There is, however, absolutely no exercise in the world that compares with horseback riding in the reduction of abdominal fat. Spend two months in a cowsaddle and you will find yourself able to ride an inch or so shorter seat. Moreover, no matter what your belief, when you get used to the shorter seat you are apt to fancy it more than the long and loglike pattern. You will find that your expert saddler today gives the seat quite a pitch up forward and considerable breadth at the base of the cantle. Get into a saddle of this kind and you will feel as though you were poured into it.

The Lightning Fastener

At the same time, should your horse start to get out from under you, by the up-and-down, end-for-end or sidewise route, you will find yourself in the position of best mechanical advantage over him, especially if your swell front allows your legs to get in under it. The grade of Western horses has much improved of late; but it will be better for you to figure that every Western horse should be watched, no matter what his antecedents. There is something in the air of the West which makes for equine festiveness.

The cowsaddle in its modern type is perhaps the best saddle for stockmen that the world has ever turned out. Not long ago a rancher of the Argentine Republic came out to Wyoming and saw some of these Western saddles. He bought a number for his own men. The saddle of the Argentine is a different affair, and in that country the *vaquero* or *gaucho* ropes from the cinch ring and not from the horn. For use on a mountain trip, this Western type of saddle is the best both for horse and man. Nothing but fashion keeps it out of use in Eastern parks, for it is good no matter where you put it.

If you desire individuality in your saddle you will find plenty of makers today more willing to accommodate you than would have been the old autocrats who set the fashion willy-nilly twenty years ago on the range. You can get your saddle-skirts cut scant or round if you prefer them so. There are firms who make only trees; others who make only horns; yet others who make only saddle-pockets; others again who manufacture only stirrups. Your maker will build you a saddle center-fire, double rigged, three-quarters rigged or Spanish rigged—as you desire. Perhaps you could still get a highly decorated saddle if you really liked, though the taste for that sort of thing has changed. In all essential ways the saddle is better now than it ever was and sheepmen today ride better saddles than cowkings did thirty years ago.

In the old days the saddle-cinch was fitted at each end with a large iron ring. This had no buckle or tongue, and the saddle was fastened simply with the tie—something like a necktie, sailor-knot—of the cinch strap, which was held in place in part by friction on itself. This sort of thing would be called old-fashioned today. The cinch strap is now usually held in place by a big buckle-tongue. About a dozen years or more ago there appeared on the range a California device which the punchers called a "tackaberry," which in the trade is usually known as a lightning fastener. This is simply a metal contrivance like a flattened ring, with a flanged side bent over in the form of a hook. By its use, you never have to remove the cinch strap in its entirety from its rings, but only need to loosen it enough so that the grip of the fastener will loosen on the latigo ring—that through which the cinch strap passes at its lower end, on the near side of the horse. The cinch proper then drops free on its left-hand or near end. This saves considerable time and trouble; and, as now geared, the saddle has a firmer grip than ever before.

Saddle Anatomy

It will not hurt you, if you are ordering a saddle, to know something about the different parts of the saddle. The latter is not simply a bunch of leather nailed to some wood, but is really a scientific contrivance, evolved after many years of experiment.

The first thing to look at is the tree. All the better if you can see this in the raw, with nothing over the wooden shape excepting its shrunk rawhide cover. A saddle-tree made by a good man consists of five pieces, usually of tough cottonwood, all drawn firmly together by the shrunk rawhide until it is practically one piece. The horn makes an extra piece, which is fastened to the tree strongly by means of branched legs. It nearly always has a leather cover round the shank, sometimes of braided rawhide. Some like the shiny, naked metal top, but most riders do not fancy it, considering it cold in look and feel. The cover of the shank is put on before that of the tree, and the thongs are tacked down to the tree before the bulge cover is fitted. When all is in place the tree and its horn are pretty much one proposition and are hard to separate, even by the weight of the heaviest steer.

The skirt of the saddle is the wide and heavy leather which comes over the tree, which itself usually is softened down by sheepskin, attached by means of flat, thin thongs. Nails and screws are absent.

You will notice that the skirt of your saddle seems double. The cover of the seat and stirrup rigging comes on top of the skirt, and this is made up of the back jockey, front jockey and side jockey, or seat. Sometimes you will see saddles with seams at the base of the cantle, but the best saddle today will have a continuous cover. Of course all these upper leathers can be finished in stamping as you like. The taste seems now to tend toward simpler fashions, and some severe punchers incline to plain leather, with no ornamentation beyond that of the ranch brand—which latter the saddler will put on for you.

The rig of the saddle is covered by these upper leathers, the stirrups being suspended from a ringed band supported fore and aft. The front rig-strap comes down from under the cover of the bulge or swell. You will very likely find a three-quarter rig the best for general work, but your saddler will build your saddle so that you can use a hind cinch if you like. The old Spanish rig, so called, had the side band run clean forward to the front ring or rig.

The heavy flaps that protect your legs from the body of the horse are called

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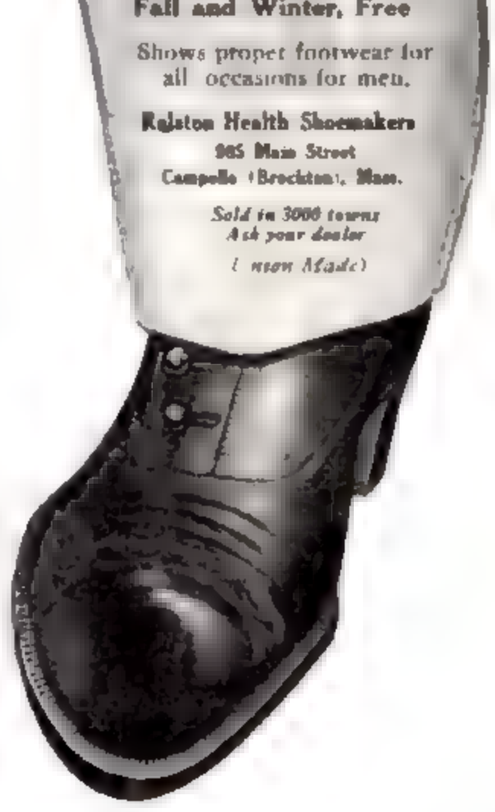

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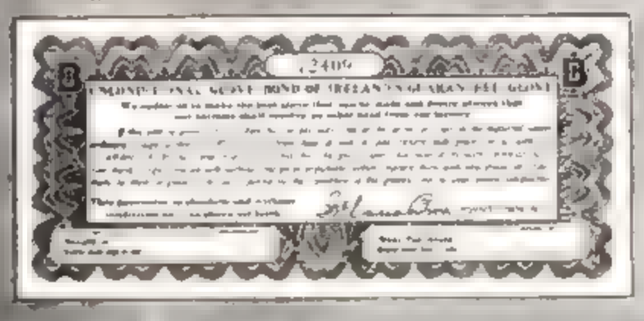

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fenders. The stirrup leathers come above these. Formerly these leathers were made of very heavy stock, but today they are made of rather lighter leather. The makers of Wyoming and Colorado declare that they put out the best saddles on earth, but admit that they get the best of their oak-tanned leather from California. Coarse leather, tanned with acids, does not last long on the range. A good maker will probably hand you your saddle with the stirrup-leathers already bent at the stirrups and not hanging at right angles.

The whang-leather thongs which the Western rider finds so useful on his saddle in carrying his slicker, his can of tomatoes, his fish, game, ammunition or what-not, are called tie strings by your saddler. There are four on each side. The only buckle allowed on top of the saddle is that of the rope strap, which is put in at the right side of the swell. The tie strings are fastened in place by conchos, or tie ornaments, as sometimes they are called in the trade, usually of nickel—sometimes of silver.

You should use care in selecting your cinch. This you may find of braided hair, or of hard or soft twine, or "fish cord." The soft cotton cord is perhaps the best. You will not see the flat band or surcingle used as a cinch.

Your stirrups you can select from many patterns. Severity of style rules in such matters now—though perhaps somewhere in California you could get a two-hundred-dollar pair of stirrups even yet if you felt you had to have them. Of course the stirrup leathers are fastened with thongs and buckles are unknown. Just as well have your saddler give you the right length at first, as it takes some time to change the length of the stirrup leathers on a cow-saddle.

The strap which keeps the cinch permanently fastened to the right side of the saddle is called the short latigo. The long latigo, or that on the left-hand side of the saddle, used for keeping it in place, is usually—by the puncher—called the tie strap.

If you know these different parts of your saddle by their right names you will be more apt to impress a maker. Of course you will never call the horn of a saddle the pommel—or call a cinch the girth!

Your saddler is apt to have other things which you may need—or fancy you need. A pair of "chaps" will be a nice thing for your den. They are easy on a long ride and good in rough weather; but, if you are hunting in the mountains, shuck them off when the time comes for you to walk. Guides and hotel employees affect "chaps." Your saddler will have them in horsehide, calfskin, goat or bear.

Bits and Spurs

Fashions in spurs have changed a little. The rowels are smaller than formerly and the old jinglers or bells are not so frequently seen. The old puncher used to say that these jinglers locked the spur rowel and gave a rider a better hold on the cinch of a bad actor. The bent shank or drop shank is not so generally popular now as the straight shank. You will have to pay from five to twenty-five dollars for your spurs—because, of course, they will be hand-forged. Never wear spurs of the cheap "can-opener" type if you want to make a good impression in Western riding circles.

Nothing better shows the passing of old Western days than the change in bits. When you are in the West on a hunt you ought to pick up for yourself a really good hand-forged bit—not one of the cheap store patterns. Once in a while you can still see in a shop one of the cruel old ring bits or spade bits, which formerly were in general use on the range. These instruments now are passing rapidly out of use. The roller curb—a little wheel with milled edges set in the bent tongue of the bit—is about as much as the average employer wants his men to use now. Such a bit, with a bar, chain or strap curb back of the lower jaw, will do pretty much all the business necessary these days. Some cowmen do not even want a roller curb, but rely on the bend of the tongue or curb to punish the mouth of a horse when necessary. Do not, however, try using a straight-bar bit, or straight snaffle, in the mouth of a Western horse which has been broken otherwise. He is very apt to bolt with you or make other trouble.

It is quite true that the old-fashioned, tongue-tearing, mouth-breaking Spanish bits gave the rider better control over a bad

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are made entirely without the "filling" that cracks and falls out in ordinary shades leaving streaks and pinholes.

Brenlin won't crack—won't bag or sag. It always hangs straight and smooth—adds a hundred per cent to the appearance of your windows—and is always the cheapest shade you can put up.

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horse. But as horses came to be worth more money and better bred on the range, gradually it was discovered that the punishing bit was what made a great many horses bad. The trade of the bronco-buster still is in demand, but there is much more common-sense used with horses now on the range than formerly was the case. Some horses, for instance, cannot tolerate a hair cinch. Cinch up a horse tight with double cinches of hair, crowd a long spade-bit into his mouth, climb on top of a fifty-pound saddle and begin to jerk the head off of him—and perhaps you may find that your horse is bad. What made him bad is another question. In riding Western horses you want bit enough to control them, but there is no use in punishing them unnecessarily.

In mounting the cowsaddle, gather your reins in the left hand and rest as much weight as possible on the neck of the horse, grasping the mane, but not wrenching it unnecessarily. Face back rather than square forward if your horse is plumb gentle, get your left foot into the stirrup, and go up by taking the horn in your right hand—never catching hold of the cantle with your right hand. That betrays the tenderfoot on the range inevitably. The tenderfoot tries to keep connections with the saddle, but the good rider knows that the main thing is to stay with the horse. If he goes up into the air he throws you into your seat if your hand is on the horn of the saddle. Of course you will see that if your hand is on the cantle it must be removed before your leg can pass across. Never try to saddle a Western horse from any but the left-hand side—and even put your blanket on from that side. Approach him quietly and don't make sudden motions round his head. If your horse is a bad actor get him by the cheek strap and pull his head in toward you. You will have to catch stirrup and horn after that the best you can; but be sure you catch the horn and not the cantle. Turn your horse round a time or two, if you doubt him, before mounting. It serves to take his mind off from what he was planning to do to you.

In riding hard in plains country do not try to jerk up and guide your horse, for that is the best way to get a fall. The horse sees more badger holes than you do and is not anxious to step into them.

On any risky trail in the mountains, granted that you are riding a good mountain horse, let him alone, and do not try to guide him or to hurry him. He is very sure-footed and knows much more about the work than you do. If he wants to stop let him stop. Do not push him straight up a steep slope, but let him zigzag it, as very likely he will want to do, being something of an engineer himself.

In going up a steep slope get your weight well forward over the horse's shoulders and hold the saddle in place as much as you can with the grip of your legs. Don't sag back and gall the poor brute's back. He is having trouble enough without that.

In fording a bad mountain river give your horse the general direction and let him alone, not trying to urge him or guide him. He must find his own footing among the slippery boulders on the bottom and knows more about fording than you do.

If there is likelihood that you will have to swim in crossing a river loosen the hind cinch altogether, if there is one, and ease off the front cinch. If you do not you are apt to drown the horse. A horse cannot swim with the cinch as tight as he would stand on terra firma. He needs room for his lungs.

There is something very interesting to the average outdoor man in saddles and horse appliances. A collection of saddles would be rather a smelly sort of affair, but there live few Western men, at least, with soul so dead as not to put value on the old "leather," and to wish it back again in possession—the same which probably carried you years ago and which went the way of the range at the Lone Star or the Silver Dollar. However, no matter how much the old saddle would delight you now, you can very likely get one just as good or better today. The only time to lend it is to some fellow who will break it in for you—for a new saddle is something like a new pair of shoes. You ought to have a saddle of your own and ought to take care of it. Oil it with neat's-foot oil once in a while, to give it that nice red color and that nice saddley smell—the odor which very likely you wish right now might come to you once more.

Do you know that INSTINCT *is greater than* REASON?

First of a Series of Enchanting Stories About the Mysterious Power of Instinct in Man

"I'VE just been playing the Virtuolo. I would like to tell my feelings.

"Something told me to close the [illegible] so I could not see the roll, and to close my eyes too.

"What told me? Instinct!

"I did! I put in 'Elizabeth's Prayer' from 'Tannhäuser.'

"I shut the panel in front of the roll; put my right fingers on the tempo lever; my left on the modulating buttons; closed my eyes and started to pedal.

"Yes, I know what it is to be thrilled to the core with golden music, but I never got *hypnotized* with music until I played instinctively with my eyes shut.

"I shut my eyes to *thought* and to *reason*. I shut out everything, and lost myself in the rhythm and the melody, the expression and the harmony, as they floated out of the piano.

"Did I get lost? Yes, lost in relaxation and joyous feelings of ecstasy—lost in the flowery kingdom of music.

"It is the greatest sensation in the world to play great music yourself—to play great music instinctively, with your eyes shut.

"Did I need any levers and buttons and stops and Italian ciphers and black dots and red lines and interpreting devices to guide me? No! A thousand times—no!! They would only have spoiled the spell and brought me back to earth, back to things commonplace.

"Immortal instinct, greater than training, greater than practice, greater than reason, carried me along through the music, as if mine was a charmed life.

"I never hesitated once for retards and louds or softs. I never hesitated once to decide the time.

"Immortal instinct told me always what to do.

"Get a Virtuolo player piano and play it instinctively with your eyes closed. Then try to describe the goose-flesh and the thrill and the ecstasy of joy that seizes and shakes the very foundations of your soul. Yes, try to describe it. You can't!!"

THIS bit of description came in to us from one of our customers who has owned a Hallet & Davis for many years. In fact, the Hallet & Davis piano has been in their family for over fifty years.

We took it back in exchange and sold her a Virtuolo—the New Instinctive Player Piano—in a new Hallet & Davis piano.

Nothing that we have read yet describes the Instinctive Playing of the Virtuolo as well as the above.

The Virtuolo does away with mechanical player-piano music by doing away with all of the interpreting machinery which you had on other player pianos. That interpreting machinery makes you use your reason, and when you use your reason, instinct cannot work. You can't think of two thoughts at the same time, neither can you operate *instinct* and *reason* at the same time. You've got to operate one *or* the other.

If you operate *reason* in your playing, you drive out your *instinct*, and when you drive out instinct in connection with music, you have driven out all that is musical.

Music is all instinct—never reason. It is created by instinct, and it is re-created by instinct.

Therefore, when you play the Virtuolo you find yourself touching the right buttons under your fingers and getting effects your instinct calls for. The inventors of the Virtuolo found a means of complete control over the strings of the piano, which is entirely natural, easy and instinctive. One of these inventions is called the Aeolo buttons; another the Arometer.

WE will send you the new Virtuolo without cash payment or expense to you, no obligation of any kind. Play it one month with your eyes closed and with the panel closed so you can't see the roll. If you are not one of the most enthusiastic persons in the United States at the end of the month we will take it away at our expense, and you will not have had any expense, nor will you have been under any obligations.

The price of the Virtuolo is $575 to $775, the Lexington Player Piano $450, and you are allowed three years in which to pay.

Send us the name of your dealer, also your name and address, and we will have your dealer deliver you a Virtuolo at once. How can you put it off? Get a Virtuolo in your home for next Sunday.

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THIS beautiful book tells all about the new invention of instinctive playing, and tells how music is a language by which the composer talks to you—by which the composer tells you of his moods and his thrills, of his fury, love, laughter, tears—a language by which he describes sunshine, storm, flowers, birds. It is a fascinating story.

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The VIRTUOLO

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Under the New Apple Tree

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

I WAS at breakfast in a restaurant at Portland, Oregon.

"Waiter," I said, "bring me a couple of apples."

He brought me two on a plate. They were very ordinary apples; not like the Hood River apples I had bought in the East.

"Those are not Hood River apples," I said. "Get me a couple of those fine Spitzenburgs."

"These are the best we have," the waiter replied. "We don't get any of those fancy Hood River apples here. They send them all East and to England."

Pretty soon the manager of the hotel came along. He was an old friend. "How is it," I asked, "that I can't get a Hood River apple here, when Hood River is only sixty-five miles from Portland?"

"You can't get them because we can't get them," he said. "All the best Hood River apples go to the markets in the East and abroad. They don't sell them to us."

Next morning I took the train out to Hood River to look over this region where they held their fruit for the effete East instead of taking advantage of the short haul and selling it at home.

The Hood River Valley begins at the village of Hood River and runs twenty miles, north and south, to Mount Hood. It is six or seven miles wide, and is split into two uneven parts by the mountain stream called the Hood River, which empties into the Columbia at the village. Village and valley together have a population of between six and seven thousand people, of whom twenty-five hundred live in the village; and there are seven thousand acres of it set out to apple trees.

Those are about all the statistics necessary at this time, and it is well enough to get them out of the way early. When you go into a hotel in New York and order an apple, costing from twenty-five cents to half a dollar, and the waiter brings you a big red Spitzenburg without a blemish, regal on a silver salver and having on its ruddy sides, in yellow, the name of the restaurant grown, apparently, on the skin—that is a Hood River Spitzenburg. If it is an especially fine one it may cost you seventy-five cents. A man out in Hood River grows those apples for the hotel. When the autumn sun is beginning to turn the apples to that deep and beautiful red he pastes pieces of paper on the sides of the best of the lot. Those pieces of paper have the restaurant name on them, with the letters solid and the spaces around them cut out. The sun ripens and colors the apples, but it does not touch the spots covered by the paper letters. These remain yellow, and when the apple is ripe and red the apparent miracle has been worked and each apple has the name on its red side.

Hood River Money-Makers

That is but an example of the fanciest kind of fancy apple growing. Pictures of men are grown on the apples in the same way. It is an old scheme, and is merely cited to show that the raising of fancy apples is at its height in this Hood River country. They have it down to a science, and by a system of supervision and packing and marketing, which will be described, they have established a quality, made a brand stick, in all the markets of the world.

Apples have been grown in the Hood River Valley for many years. The original settlers of that country set out a few apple trees with no particular reference to varieties, to have some apples for home use. Gradually it was noticed that certain kinds of apples came to the highest perfection there, under those peculiar soil and climatic conditions; and in the course of years the orcharding was specialized. For instance, the Spitzenburg and the Newtown Pippin are the better Hood River varieties. To be sure, they grow fine Jonathans there, and many other varieties, but the Spitzenburg and the Newtown are more sought for, and consequently more profitable.

Within the past ten years the development has been very rapid. Old orchards have been bought and rejuvenated. New

From a photograph of a

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Saucepan

in which tomatoes *purposely* were *burned* to a *char* and then one-half the utensil cleaned by boiling for a few minutes and scraping with a wooden spoon.

The utensil is not injured. It can be entirely cleaned and will give as good service as if it had not been burned at all. Heat passes through aluminum twice as fast as through tin and three times as fast as through iron. There is no "local over-heating"—which is the cause of burning—unless more heat is used than is necessary.

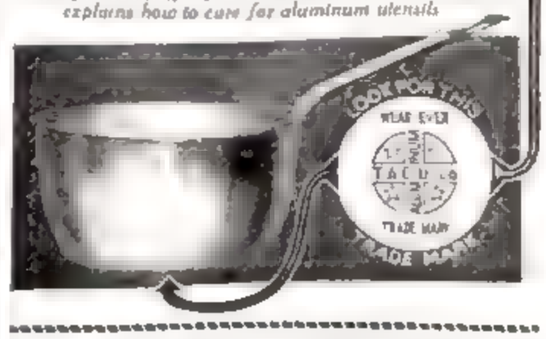
Almost as soon as a "Wear-Ever" utensil is hot anywhere, it is hot everywhere—the heat runs "all over it." The heat therefore is applied to food evenly from the sides of the utensil as well as from the bottom. There is less liability therefore, of burning food in a "Wear-Ever" utensil—less stirring is necessary—time and fuel are saved. Since "Wear-Ever" aluminum utensils cannot rust, are solid metal, cannot crack or scale, they will serve and save faithfully for years and years.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

If your dealer cannot supply you with "Wear-Ever" ware just fill in and mail the coupon below enclosing 15 two-cent stamps. Canadian stamps accepted, and we'll send you prepaid the 1-quart saucepan pictured.

Always look for the "Wear-Ever" Trade-Mark on the bottom of every utensil. It is your guarantee of safety, saving and service.

Write for booklet, "The Wear-Ever Kitchen," which explains how to care for aluminum utensils



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Rain Coat $7.25

COLOR, TAN—GRAY

A nobby Cloth Surfaced Rubberized Coat (which will act as a good overcoat) that will compare favorably with coats sold for $10.00 and $12.00 at retail. (Do not confound this with cheap rubber-faced rain coat.) Style and Fit faultless (cut shows style).

Send Post Office or Express Money Order for $7.25 and we will ship Coat express prepaid.

On receipt examine garment and if unsatisfactory return and we will refund your money. State Breast Size (measure over your coat fairly close), height and weight.

FAULTLESS RAIN COAT CO
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GOOD FARMERS NEEDED

In Escambia County, Florida. Excellent climate, easily tilled soil, abundant good water, well distributed rainfall. Uncle Sam says: "Unlimited opportunity." We have Farm Lands at Reasonable Prices." Write Dept. A, Commercial Association, Pensacola, Florida.

"No trouble to keep the house clean now, Mary!"

With RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning the dust and dirt is picked up and disposed of in a sanitary way, and is collected with it a chance to escape. All of it—and it is removed from the room and easily destroyed.

Wherever installed, in a ten-room residence or a building which contains scores of offices, the RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning will keep them clean, from fifteen to fifty months. It pays for itself, first, by the use it does away with—the annual or periodical house cleaning, with its disorganizing and more than exhausting effects. It pays for itself, second, because it saves furniture, wall-paper, draperies, and keeps everything always bright and new.

RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning does away with the dirt, drudgery and confusion of the old methods of sweeping and dusting. It means absolute cleanliness—wet or dry dusting and dirt never make possible.

But even convenience and ease and perfect cleanliness are of secondary importance when compared with the actual, tangible, provable saving of money that RICHMOND cleaning brings. (Write us for the proof.)

"RICHMOND"

Vacuum Cleaning

We manufacture every properly successful type of vacuum cleaning system. Includes Hand Power Cleaners for Rugs, Ten Pound Portable Electric Cleaners for $ 00; the Richmond Electric Suction Plant, $250.00 to $2,500.00, for Residences, Apartments, Hotels, Office Buildings, Theatres, Churches, Stores, Factories, Steamships, etc. Our "Pay-as-you-Clean" Plan, $ 50 a week and upwards, is a feature that will interest you.

The RICHMOND *Portable Suction Cleaner* weighs but Th[illegible] and can be carried upstairs or down. All that any person of average strength has to do is to connect it to any electric lamp socket. Cost [illegible] per hour to operate.

Our "Special Agency Plan" enables live, responsible young men to become the RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning Representative for their particular territory. Our "Special Correspondence Course in Salesmanship" together with our co-operation, assures success. Write for particulars. Local agents wanted everywhere.

Send for booklet entitled "How RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning Saves Money," a concise book giving the experience of 1800 prominent users in all over the world.

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THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO

Largest Makers of Vacuum Cleaning Systems in the World

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By sending at once your order now you will do so. A [illegible] typewriter that is the latest and best visible writing machine made. It has perfect [illegible], automatic ribbon reverse, back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon, universal keyboard etc., all fully guaranteed. The writing is visible at all times. It's mighty easy to save. Just pay

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We are renting out any number of typewriters FREE OF COST to people who agree using them with very little effort. Their names would be sent upon request.

If you will do us a small service, which we will explain, we will

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For full particulars of this splendid offer just write us a letter and say, "Mail Your Free Offer"

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Established 20 Years
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orchards have been set out. Ground used formerly for the famous Hood River strawberries has been planted to trees, although the strawberries are in great demand and the crop is worth about two hundred dollars an acre. Now the valley is filled with men who, anxious to get back to the land, have come there and bought or set out orchards, and are waiting for their crops or realizing their profits.

Every man who lives in a city and who was born in the country—as most of the men who live in cities were—has, away back in his head, the back-to-the-land obsession. It demonstrates itself in many ways—in the purchase of farms, in the buying of country places, in going into the chicken and the fruit businesses; and generally those who go back to the land wish they hadn't and those who cannot wish they could. The flat-dweller reads stories of men who make money with orange groves, with prune orchards, in apples, grapes, plums, pecans, and what-not; and the boosting organizations in the West, where the opportunity is held to be greater, see to it that the stories sent out are alluring. The flat-dweller gets the fever. He saves his money and buys a place—somewhere, anywhere. Then he loses or wins, according to his luck and his own ability; just as he loses or wins in any other enterprise whatsoever.

Now of all the allurements that come to the back-to-the-land yearner none is more fascinating than growing apples. Here is the proposition, fostered by the booster stories: You buy five or ten acres of land, set them out to apple trees and in five or six years the trees begin to bear. Then—presto!—all you have to do is to pick your apples every fall, live out-of-doors, and make a fine, big living.

It was with a view to finding out just what opportunities there are for just such people as are yearning to get back to the land that I went to Hood River. I went into the matter thoroughly, and herewith is set down what I found out, based on talks with men who have been in Hood River for years and have bearing orchards; with men who have just arrived there and are at the preliminary work; with college men who have gone there for a career in fruit growing; with professional men who have gone there to spend the rest of their lives out-of-doors at a profitable employment; with real-estate men with orchards to sell; with the managers of the selling combination; with the independents and with the business men of the village—nearly fifty in all.

When You Live With Your Orchard

After making this investigation I have no hesitation in saying that any man of good ability, of capacity for work, who has an aptitude for the work and has five thousand dollars in cash, and who is prepared to work hard and long before he begins to get his profits, can make a success of apple growing in Hood River and some other districts. It will not be easy. It entails hard work, many discouragements and some setbacks. It is no Eldorado where all there is to be done is to set out the trees and, in the full course of time, pick the golden apples.

There is another and the most important point of all that must be made—that is, the man who invests in an orchard in Hood River must go there himself, take *personal supervision*, live with and in his orchard, attend to the work himself and keep watch all the time.

There are alluring advertisements of fruit property that can be bought and planted and tended for you, you remaining at your usual work until the trees are in bearing and then quitting and going out to sit under their umbrageous shade and catch the dollars as they drop. That is all bosh. If any man wants to get back to the land and make a success of an apple orchard he must make a success of it himself. He cannot delegate the work, for if he does the work will not be done properly. Bringing an apple orchard into full and profitable bearing is as exacting an enterprise as raising a child. It must be done by the party of the first part.

The absentee landlord will not get the worth of his money. He cannot be in one part of the country attending to his work and have people raise apples for him in another. They won't raise them. When you are bringing an apple orchard or any other kind of an orchard into bearing you must be on the spot—right there, nursing

We have something to tell you which it will be worth your while to follow up. It may come right in the nick of time. It is all about our Two Excellent Brands of Underwear.

"Mérode" (Hand Finished) *Underwear*

or

"Harvard Mills"

(Hand Finished) *Underwear*

For Women and Children

Are renowned for Beauty of Materials, Soft and Non-Irritating. Each garment is especially cut by hand, conforming to the figure—Exquisitely Finished.

The Choice of Fabrics and Shapes is very wide and have been selected and adopted after years of experience, resulting in producing underwear which is as nearly perfect as can be devised. Special mention is made of

The Unapproachable, Perfect-Fitting

Union Suit

Cotton Suits $1.00 Merino Suits $1.35 to $2.50

for Slender or Stout forms—the Acme of Comfort—has been the choice of women of discernment for years.

Fabrics of Cotton, Lisle, Merino and Silk Mixtures—Weights suitable for All Functions for any Climate—Repeated washings will not destroy Shape or Finish.

To Realize Perfect Ease and Freedom of Action, try a "MÉRODE" or "HARVARD MILLS" UNION SUIT.

Do not hesitate to select any of the numbers described below which are to be had in

Vests, Drawers, Tights and Union Suits

DESCRIPTIONS

"MÉRODE" Style Numbers	Color	WOMEN'S	"HARVARD" Style Numbers
505	Cream, Medium weight finest combed cotton.		805
1464	White, Heavy weight combed cotton.		9464
562	White, Light weight merino.		862
566	White, Medium weight merino.		866
672	White and Silver, Winter weight merino.		972
513	White, Light weight silk and wool.		813
618	White, Medium weight silk and wool.		918

"MÉRODE" Style Numbers	Color	CHILDREN'S	"HARVARD" Style Numbers
2662	White, Heavy weight cotton.		2962
264 U	White, Heavy weight cotton.		294 U
2666	White and Natural Winter Weight merino.		2966
270 U	White and Natural Winter weight merino.		290 U

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Westinghouse Motors for High-Grade Electric Vehicles

FOR Nineteen-twelve, standard equipment on nearly all the best electric vehicles will include Westinghouse Motors.

In buying an electric for either pleasure or business the first thing you should make sure of is the quality of your motor. Makers who equip with the highest grade motor are not apt to allow inferior material to creep into any other part of their cars.

The highest standards of electric auto building call for Westinghouse Motors

No finer piece of electrical machinery is made than the Westinghouse Vehicle Motor. Care for it is confined solely to occasional lubrication and inspection. Otherwise absolutely nothing to do. It meets the most severe conditions perfectly and with no strain on its powers. It is the ideal automobile engine. Insist upon having it in your electric.

Information on electric automobiles and motors for the asking. Address "Westinghouse, Motor Dept. P, East Pittsburgh, Pa."

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
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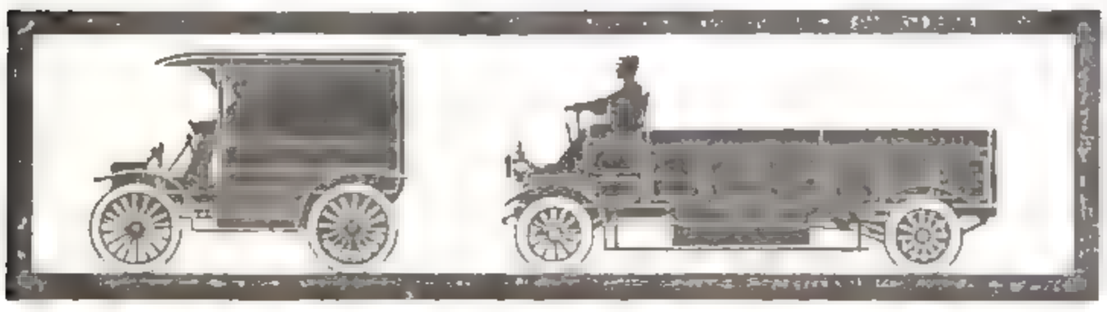
Sales Offices in Forty American Cities Representatives all over the World



the trees and cultivating them and spraying them, and attending to the pick and pack. Otherwise you lose. The beautiful vision of retiring to the orchard and resting luxuriously on the porch while the trees grow money for you does not work out. It is a business, not a beneficence of Providence, and it takes personal supervision. When I was in the Hood River Valley I saw two orchards. One was of twenty acres, on one side of the road, with trees five years old; the other was a fifty-acre tract, on the opposite side of the road. The twenty-acre-tract trees were spindling; some of them were dying, some were ragged and untrimmed, and the ground was not cultivated between the rows. The other tract was filled with sturdy trees that seemed a year or two farther along; there wasn't a lump of dirt as big as a quarter in the ground and the trees were beautiful.

"That tract," said one of the men with me, pointing to the twenty-acre orchard, "belongs to a gentleman who lives in Spokane. He has it worked for him. The trees are five years old."

"How old are those trees?" I asked, pointing to the tract on the other side of the road.

"Five years."

"What makes the difference?"

"Why," replied my guide, "the man who owns those good trees is here. He gives them his personal attention. He is on the ground. The other man isn't here. That's what makes the difference."

Wherefore, rule number one for intending apple growers is: You must do the work yourself. Otherwise you will not win.

The Secret of Successful Growing

When the old farmers who had wheat farms in this valley found that certain kinds of apples grew to perfection there, although given no particular care, the word went out that Hood River was the place to grow good fruit. It had long before been discovered that two or maybe three crops of strawberries could be raised, and small tracts had been taken up by strawberry growers, who mostly utilized the land on the west side of the valley. After a time a man who knew about apple growing looked around, bought and cleared some land, set out some apple trees and cared for them scientifically. Ten years ago there were not more than six hundred people in the village of Hood River, and the valley was sparsely settled and given over largely to forest or laboriously cleared farms, where old-fashioned farmers were trying to raise wheat.

By a slow evolution the market for Hood River apples was built up. New orchardists came in. New tracts were cleared. Old orchards were bought and modern methods applied. Now there is a market for every apple raised in the valley, at good prices.

The orchardists are of two distinct varieties, without consideration of their theories about apple growing, which are almost as many as there are individuals, every orchardman having some crotchet of his own, which he thinks brings the best fruit. The first kind are the men who go in and buy the ground in the rough, clear it and break it, and set out young trees; then wait until bearing time. It is the general opinion that a man who intends to raise apples there and make a living should not have less than ten acres. Of course, there are many men with five acres, and some have as high as fifty, eighty or a hundred. Still, ten acres is considered the right unit for the small investor who hopes to make a competence by his own labor. In round numbers, it will cost the man who buys a ten-acre orchard, clears it and plants it, about three hundred dollars an acre from the time he cuts the first fir tree down or pulls the first stump until his trees are five years old and beginning to bear a little. If he has five thousand dollars he can get along very comfortably until his trees are returning a revenue, and have no debts.

In the second class is the man who comes in and buys the orchard with the trees set out, with the preliminary clearing done and the trees ranging from one year to five or six years in age. A good price for an orchard with five-year trees, just beginning to bear, is fifteen hundred dollars an acre. Some can be had for less, some cost much more. An orchard of trees ten years old, in full bearing, will cost in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars an acre. Thus, to get a ten-acre orchard, just beginning to produce revenue, a total initial investment of fifteen thousand dollars is required.

No young man, with his bride, thinking to spend the years wandering down emblossomed bowers or straying beneath trees ruddy with the ripening apples, should apply; nor should any middle-aged or old man apply, tired of the grind of the city and desiring to end his days in peace and quiet. There is peace and quiet enough, but the main essential for profit-making is work—incessant work and hard work, at that.

Actual, toiling experience is necessary. I saw a man who is half owner in an orchard of fifty acres, with fine trees on it, worth seventy-five thousand dollars at least, working in overalls in a packing house. "I have got to know this business from the ground up," he said. "Now that I have made it my lifework, I am learning every stage of it. I shall work in this packing house all the season, learning how to pack apples; not that I shall want to pack my own apples, but so I can know how they should be packed and direct the men who do the packing for me."

A man with a ten-acre tract can do his own cultivation, do it day after day, which he must do to get the best results. He must know the right distance apart for the trees. He must learn how to spray the trees, when to destroy the bugs and worms, and when to spray for fungus and scale. He will have to hire help for this and also for thinning. The apple trees in Hood River Valley are not big trees. They are kept back and the topmost branches can be reached from an ordinary step-ladder, wherein they differ from the trees of the old orchards in the East. At the proper time scientific thinning is done. Half, and even more, of the set apples are pinched off, thus giving those left a chance to grow big and perfect. This work also requires help on a ten-acre tract.

The greatest care is taken in picking the apples after they are exactly at the perfect period of ripeness for shipping. They are taken off one by one carefully and laid—not dropped or thrown—in the pail that is used. When the fancy brands are being picked the pails are half full of water, and the apples are placed gently in the water to avoid bruising. When the pail is full the pickers climb down from the step-ladders and place the apples gently in the field boxes. They do not pour them in or dump them in. They pick up the apples and lay them in the boxes as gingerly as if they were eggs. This prevents bruising.

Then they are ready to be packed. Here is where the Hood River Apple Growers' Union comes in. This is an organization of about ninety per cent of the apple growers in the valley. The directors call in the growers about the first of August and ask them what their probable yield will be. The directors then market the apples, but do not divulge the price until all the apples are marketed. Then the grower gets his share of the total sum received for the crop, after the operating expenses have been taken out.

Perfection in Packing

An apple grower may cultivate his own trees, spray and thin them and pick his own apples, but if he belongs to the union he cannot pack them. The union does all the packing—so a uniform quality is preserved—and uses the union label on all boxes. When a man has picked his crop and taken it to the apple house the union sends its own expert packers to sort, grade and pack the apples, wrapping each one in a paper on which the union label is printed. They are packed in boxes strictly according to size, running from fifty-four apples to a box, or bushel by weight, to considerably over a hundred of the smaller ones; one hundred and twenty-eight to the box being the smallest size packed.

The packers sort the apples. In the fancy grades, the slightest bruise or blemish throws out an apple—a speck, the sting of an insect, any defect at all. I saw a pile of beautiful Spitzenburgs in one of the apple houses. They had been rejected. Apparently there were no blemishes on them, but the packer pointed out a minute black speck on one, down by the stem, and to a scratch on the skin of another. Nothing but perfect fruit is sent out with the union label, and that is why the union has its own packers.

To be sure, there are some big growers who do not belong to the union and pack their own apples, but then they are competing with union-packed apples.

Fine Tools That Work True

These fine tools do fine work and accurate work, because their *balance* and *hang* are entirely *characteristic*. No one has ever successfully imitated the fine adjustment of a Keen Kutter draw knife, the handle of a Keen Kutter saw or *any* Keen Kutter handled tool. Keen Kutter chisels are the *only* chisels made from *one* solid piece of finest tool steel, *without* welding—not a mere *claim* but a *fact*.

KEEN KUTTER
Quality Tools

are made with a full measure of conscience, are true blue and guaranteed to make good. Any tool or piece of cutlery that bears the Keen Kutter trade mark is the last word in quality or *that* trade mark wouldn't be there. And your dealer will hand you the money spent for any Keen Kutter product that doesn't toe the mark without a *balk* or a *flinch*.

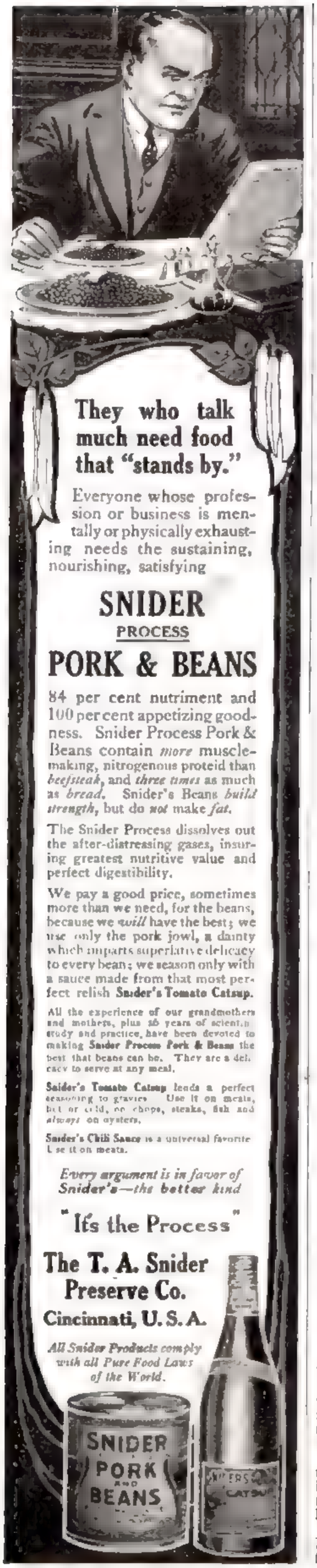
"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."

Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. SIMMONS.

Simmons Hardware Company, Inc.

St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

Hardware merchants who are reading this preachment should write now and find out about Keen Kutter Tools and Cutlery.



They who talk much need food that "stands by."

Everyone whose profession or business is mentally or physically exhausting needs the sustaining, nourishing, satisfying

SNIDER
PROCESS
PORK & BEANS

84 per cent nutriment and 100 per cent appetizing goodness. Snider Process Pork & Beans contain *more* muscle-making, nitrogenous proteid than *beefsteak*, and *three times* as much as *bread*. Snider's Beans *build strength*, but do *not* make *fat*.

The Snider Process dissolves out the after-distressing gases, insuring greatest nutritive value and perfect digestibility.

We pay a good price, sometimes more than we need, for the beans, because we *will* have the best; we use only the pork jowl, a dainty which imparts superlative delicacy to every bean; we season only with a sauce made from that most perfect relish **Snider's Tomato Catsup.**

All the experience of our grandmothers and mothers, plus 35 years of scientific study and practice, have been devoted to making **Snider Process Pork & Beans** the best that beans can be. They are a delicacy to serve at any meal.

Snider's Tomato Catsup lends a perfect seasoning to gravies. Use it on meats, hot or cold, on chops, steaks, fish and *always* on oysters.

Snider's Chili Sauce is a universal favorite. Use it on meats.

Every argument is in favor of Snider's—the better kind

"Its the Process"

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World.

Sense and Nonsense

The Home of the Julep

A VIRGINIAN spending the summer at Bar Harbor, Maine, dropped into the café of the hotel. The barkeeper said he had some fine mint and offered to make him a mint julep. The Virginian was agreeable.

Presently the drink mixer brought him a tall glass full of a weird, custardy-looking mixture. There was the white of an egg beaten up in it and the juice of a lemon. It also contained ice and a sprinkling of nutmeg and other spices. A pinkish tint had been imparted with raspberry juice. With a crust on it it might have passed for a pie. Chopped up mint leaves showed upon its creaming surface.

The Virginian smelled of it and tasted it, and the barkeeper said:

"Say, boss, did you ever see a mint julep like that in your life?"

"I have traveled all over this country," answered the Virginian, "and I can put my hand on my heart and say honestly that I never did. It's wonderful! Tell me," he went on, "did you make this mint julep by a private recipe of your own?"

"Nope," said the gratified barkeeper; "I learned to make 'em where I came from!"

"And where did you come from?" said the Virginian.

"From the home of the mint julep," said the barkeeper—"Salem, Massachusetts."

The Week in School

Monday's Adenoidal Day
Bring bandages and salve;
For Doctor Jones will cut away
The adenoids you have.
No doubt you will be overjoyed,
When Doctor Jones is through,
To know no fretful adenoid
Again will trouble you.

Tuesday will be Tonsil Day—
Of that please make a note;
For Doctor Brown will cut away
The tonsils from each throat.
Bring cotton, lint and vaseline.
This class meets sharp at ten,
And tonsils will be snipped off clean—
Nor trouble you again.

Wednesday is Appendix Day
For Classes A and B;
When Doctor Smith will cut away
This superfluity.
Please don't forget the day, as said—
The classes meet at ten.
Bring needles and a spool of thread
To sew you up again.

Thursday's Antitoxin Day—
So kindly be prepared;
Bring gauze and antiseptic spray.
All right arms will be bared,
Or left arms if you so elect.
Be punctual, pray do;
For Doctor Puncture will inject
The serum sharp at two.

Friday's Vaccination Day
For fall and winter terms;
Those who have fresh scars will stay
For antityphoid germs—
Half a billion's the amount.
Classes meet at four.
Doctor Green will make the count -
Doctor Gray will pour.

Saturday's Reaction Day—
Thermometers at three;
Bring stethoscopes—and Doctor Gray
Will make blood-counts, to see
How science triumphs o'er disease—
How antitoxins rule.
Now mark the weekly program, please,
And don't be late for school.

Broadway, Beware!

WALTER KELLY, who does the "Virginia Judge" in vaudeville, was walking up the Strand with an English friend, and he remarked on the darkness that enveloped that famous street after nine P. M.

"Why," he said, "Broadway until after midnight is as bright as noonday. There is one sign alone that contains more than fifty thousand winking, blazing electric lights."

"But tell me, old chap," said the Englishman, "doesn't that make it frightfully conspicuous?"

A Closet for Clothes

SOMETIMES when I go in my closet for clothes that I hung there one time on a hook, I find skirts and dresses in rows upon rows in every niche, cranny and nook. I find suits, waists, blouses, skirts, shirt-waists and such on every hook, nail, knob and shelf, but try as I may I can not get in touch with the suit that I hung there myself. I fume and I sputter while groping about in the dark for that suit that I hung in plain sight before me, all neatly pressed out, one day when the season was young. Somebody has moved it, that's plain to be seen, from where it was then in plain sight, for here's a blue drop-skirt or yellow or green on the hook, but my suit's taken flight. So I make inquiry—a terrible cry: "Say, where is my light suit, or dress?" And from the next chamber my wife makes reply: "It's 'way in the corner, I guess. I needed that hook for my new velvet sacque and your garments were right in the way, so I moved your suit just a bit farther back. What's that? I can't hear what you say." So then I go hunting 'way back in the dark by feeling each clothes-hanger o'er, and after an hour of clothes-hunting lark I find my new suit on the floor.

I THOUGHT when I planned it I had hooks enough to hang all the clothes I should get, but now there are rows of this feminine stuff and I am left out in the wet. If I look for something that ought to be there I hear in accents of distress: "I moved it 'way back in the corner from where it was—it was wrinkling my dress." I had fifty hooks—there were forty to spare and ten I intended to use—and those I reserved as my own special share are hung with pink slips and with blues. And I can find wrappers and calicoes bright and linens and worsteds and crash and limp skirts and starched ones and hued waists and white and house gowns and all sorts of trash. So when I want something in there that was mine and that was hung right near the door, I plunge in this thicket and grope down the line and find it somewhere on the floor, all wrinkled and crumpled and spotted with dirt and then I look up and I see some confounded wrapper or cloak or silk skirt that's hanging there grinning at me.

SO NOW I am planning a closet for clothes not written about in the books, designed for the husbands and fathers of those who never can find enough hooks. 'Twill be in the attic and up a stair which no woman would dare to ascend, and there I will moat it all round with a ditch and mount a spring gun at each end. I'll bolt it and bar it with burglar-proof locks and every protective device, with burglar alarms and electrical clocks and barbed wire wound round once or twice. There'll be just one key to this closet of mine that no one can borrow or beg, for I'll fasten this key to a chain strong and fine and I'll rivet the chain to my leg. It may be some trouble but blessed the day that I may go soundly to sleep, well knowing that when I have hung clothes away I'll not find them six fathoms deep in overflowed wardrobes of daughters and wives, who find my best clothes near the door and move them back, back, until some one contrives to hang them at last on the floor. —*J. W. Foley.*

Wednesday Mislaid

A BROADWAY actor got carried away by the spirit of the times and remained carried away for several days. He came to himself in his own room without knowing exactly how he got there. A friend sat beside him.

"Hello," he said, as he opened his eyes, "what day is this?"

"This," said his friend, "is Thursday."

The invalid thought it over a minute.

"What became of Wednesday?" he asked.

A Wide-Awake City

IN CERTAIN parts of Arkansas everybody eats dinner at midday and then takes a nap. Business is practically suspended for a couple of hours.

A Northern traveling man in a small Arkansas town needed a lead-pencil. Nobody round the little hotel seemed to have one to spare. He walked down the

Better—Even to the Buttons!

FAULTLESS Shirts are the product of many years of always trying to make shirts *better*. We've even discovered an exclusive process for making the pearl buttons retain their lustre in the wash. Close attention to such little details explains the *big* value in satisfaction that FAULTLESS Shirts render.

Faultless Since 1861

Day Shirts

The workmanship in FAULTLESS Shirts is masterly. It tells in the perfectly natural fit of the neckband, the smooth drape of the yoke and shoulders, and in all round comfort and service. And it is same highest grade of workmanship put into every FAULTLESS Shirt regardless of its price. Materials are carefully chosen—all pre-shrunk to insure permanent accuracy of sizes. Patterns are exclusive, *always*. $1.50 and up—at stores where a customer's satisfaction is the first consideration. Write for our "Day Shirt Book."

Faultless Pajamas and Night Shirts

are made up to the same high standard as FAULTLESS Day Shirts. Luxuriously comfortable garments for lounging and sleeping. Fully described in our "Bed Time Book," which we'll be glad to send you.

E. ROSENFELD & CO.
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Something Good In the Pantry!

Always ready to serve instantly from the package without cooking.

Delicious—
Appetizing

Post Toasties

Thin bits of corn toasted to a delicate light brown.

To be eaten with cream and a sprinkle of sugar—sometimes fruit—either way.

"The Memory Lingers"
Sold by Grocers

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
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Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

deserted main street until he came to a general store. A gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, evidently the proprietor, was tilted back in a chair against the front door taking a nap.

The stranger shook him by the shoulder, at first gently, then forcibly. The sleeper broke a snore short off and opened one eye."

"Well?" he said drowsily.

"I want to buy a lead pencil," said the traveling man, "a good five-cent lead pencil."

"Got no lead pencils," murmured the proprietor thickly.

"Why, I can see a whole showcase full of them right behind you," protested the traveler.

"Them ain't for sale," said the proprietor, and resumed his snoring.

A Surprise Party

FRED KELLY, the Cleveland writer, expected a friend one evening and, knowing that the friend came from a dry town, he put a few bottles of beer out on the back porch on ice, in anticipation of the visit.

The friend didn't come and Kelly forgot all about the beer. Next morning, when he went out to get the milk, he found this note: "Much obliged. dam nice of you. Beats milk don't it. the Milkman."

What's Left?

A PROMINENT citizen of Xenia, Ohio, had just died. As is usual, the townfolk were standing on the street corners wondering how much he left. Some of them put the sum as high as forty thousand dollars, but others argued stoutly that he left not more than twenty-five thousand dollars.

A Xenia politician, notorious as a man who wouldn't pay his bills, listened to several of these discussions. Then he said:

"I suppose when I die people will be standing on the street corners just like that and asking: 'I wonder how much he owed?'"

The Forest Hearth

Turn out, you fellows—blankets down!
There's bacon in the pan;
The coffee's bubbling rich and brown—
So hurry round the can!
The sun, that set in lakes of glass,
Is up in stormy light;
For winter, through the northern pass,
Snapped at us in the night.
The fife is on the frosty gale;
The drum is in the heather,
Where partridge whir and piping quail
Rouse to the hunting weather.
And where the marshland, thinly iced,
Spreads smoking to the sun,
I saw the mist with crimson sliced
And harkened to a gun.
Here, lend a hand—throw on some logs;
They'll welcome us at dark
When all adventurers, men and dogs,
Troop flagging to their spark.
Like horns, the martial blaring wind
Calls to the outward track,
But, with the day and hunt behind,
No bugle calls us back.
Then turns the chase; the wooded hills
Rush on us with the dark;
The dead leaves clutch, and roar the rills,
While phantom dog-packs bark.
But, Lord, who heeds the threat of night,
When that far welcome flashes
From one old hearth of logs alight,
And home laughs from its ashes!

—*Calvin Johnston*

Farming on a Lake's Bottom

NEAR the south end of the San Joaquin Valley, in California, there is a body of water known as Lake Tulare. It is quite large; in fact, in 1880 its area was about four hundred square miles. A peculiarity of this lake, however, is that sometimes it is not there at all. Being very shallow, it dries up now and then. In 1904 its surface area was one hundred square miles; but in the following year it had disappeared entirely, and farmers went in and raised a good many thousands of bushels of grain on what had been its bottom.

Lake Tulare is probably the most uncertain piece of water in the world. Whereas now and then it disappears, it has a way, on the other hand, of extending itself to an uncomfortable area in some seasons, overflowing the farming lands. Hence it comes about that the farmers in that region have been engaged for some time past in reducing the lake to order by hemming it in with dikes; and by this means it is acquiring an odd sort of geometrical pattern.

As a result, its floods in future will be restricted. To show how far the possibilities of the case extend, one man is now actually engaged in converting a piece of the lake into dry land by building a dike round it. When the dike is finished he will pump the water out and utilize the inclosure for raising grass.

A Soda-Water Lake

ONE of the strangest bodies of water in the United States—it can hardly be called either salt or fresh water—is a "soda lake," which occupies the cup of an ancient volcanic crater close to the old '49 trail across the Nevada Desert. It is perhaps three hundred yards in diameter and is a saturated solution of soda derived from the surrounding geologic formation—its density being such, indeed, that anybody who fell into it could not possibly sink.

In this immediate neighborhood old-time travelers over the trail died of thirst by scores. They were ignorant—alas!—that all about them was sweet water in unlimited quantities. All round this soda lake, and just above its edge, springs of delicious fresh water flow into the bowl of the crater. The unhappy wayfarers saw them not; but if their comrades had dug their shallow graves some two or three feet deeper they would have found enough good drinking water to quench the thirst of an army.

Following out the idea, so popular nowadays, that nothing should be allowed to go to waste, a factory has been started close by the crater, the fluid contents of which are pumped out and the soda extracted therefrom for commercial purposes.

Not in the Running

CHANGES in the primary law made it possible for almost anybody, who so desired, to run for office in San Francisco at the recent primary election. All that was required was a certain number of signatures to a petition. The consequence was a very large number of aspiring patriots had their names put on the ballot for the office of supervisor.

A friend met Tim McGrath, locally famous as the man who brought out Tom Sharkey, and asked:

"Tim, are you running for supervisor?"

"No," Tim replied. "I'm the one that ain't!"

A Labor of Love

ONE of the star reporters of the New York World was sent down into West Virginia to cover a murder trial for his paper. When he returned he brought with him a half-column clipping from a West Virginia sheet paying him and his ability high compliments. The article reviewed his professional career to date and predicted still brighter things for him in the future.

"Gee, Charley!" said his city editor when he saw this clipping, "it must have cost you a good deal to get that into print?"

"No," said the truthful reporter; "only the trouble of writing it."

Without Straps

THE colonel of one of the negro regiments in the regular army is a Southerner and a small, dignified man. His first name is James. He believes in athletics and organized two baseball teams among his enlisted men.

They played a match game. The colonel didn't think the men were showing enough spirit and vim, although the score was close. He jerked off his uniform coat, grabbed a bat and declared himself in.

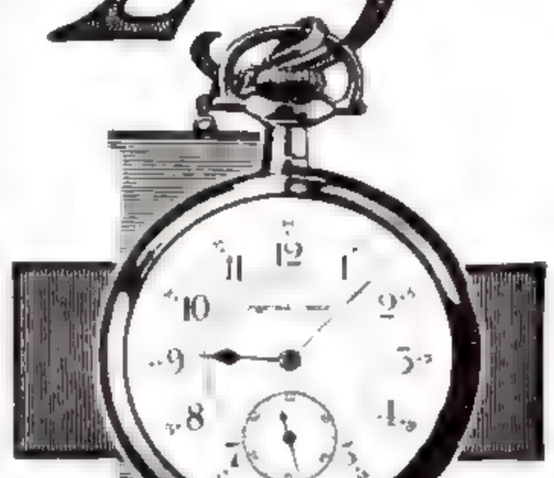
"Now, then," he yelled, as he advanced to the plate, "as long as I've got no shoulder straps on I want you men to treat me just as if I were one of you."

The pitcher whirled the ball across and the colonel cracked out a three-bagger. He tried to stretch it into a home run. As he turned third base on the dead run the coacher for his side opened up:

"Run, you pore little sawed-off, bow-laiged white runt! Run!" he shouted. "Now slide, old Jumboy, dadgum you—*slide!*"

The colonel slid and got there. Then he went over and put his coat on.

$1 to $25.00



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Eighteen years ago we established a *new standard of value* in low priced watches by bringing out the now famous Ingersoll Dollar Watch, of which we have sold over 30,000,000.

On this record of 30,000,000 Dollar Watches, and eighteen years' honest service to the public, we stand with our Ingersoll-Trenton jeweled line, representing Ingersoll value in *fine* watches. In both these great enterprises we have recognized that volume of business is the thing and not large profits, and that volume of business can best be produced and maintained by operating on a minimum profit; hence the 30,000,000 Dollar Ingersolls, and the wonderful values of the Ingersoll-Trenton jeweled line. The Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton cover all your watch needs. You need not look for anything cheaper than the Ingersoll Dollar Watch, nor anything better than the Ingersoll-Trenton.

INGERSOLL WATCHES are sold by dealers everywhere. Men's sizes $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00. Women's and children's models $2.00.

INGERSOLL-TRENTON WATCHES are sold only by responsible jewelers

7 Jewel Model $5.00 15 Jewel Model $12.00

19 Jewel, fully adjusted in gold filled case—$25.00

Other models $7, $9, $10, $15, $19, $22, $28 and $35

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
21 Ashland Building, New York

Use the Warner Auto-Met Your Car Run Sweeter and

When the Warner is used as it should be, upkeep is ance is kept up and the life of your car will be trem

The Warner is by far the most sensitive and accurate Speed Indicator made. And it is so refined in construction that it will continue this way for years. Warners eight and nine years old are as accurate and reliable as when new. We, ourselves, do not know how long they will continue to give this perfect service, for we have never known of a worn-out Warner or one which has become inaccurate through long service.

This makes the purchase of a Warner a *great economy* for the man who expects to own a car for more than a year. For the Warner should "Last a Lifetime." You'll never really need but one, no matter how many years you drive, or how many automobiles you own.

Accurate speed and distance is only an incident of Warner desirability, however.

It is true that many of the thousands of Warner users value the instrument most highly because of its Truthful indication of Speed and Distance. They can depend on it.

Other thousands have the same love for their car that they used to have for their thoroughbred driving horse. They take a personal pride in a quiet, sweet-running motor. They delight to brag at the Club or at the noonday lunch about how "She's run ten thousand miles, and I've never touched a spark plug or spent a dollar on her." And are always glad to "cut her loose" for a friend to show off "her" perfections.

To such owners the Warner is "Worth its weight in gold."

For almost any automobile will run quietly, sweetly, with full power, and require few, if any, repairs if given brief attention at *regular intervals*. Hit-and-miss methods will not do. Big repair bills and the hundreds of rattling, noisy cars we meet every day are convincing proof of this statement.

Use the Warner this way and you'll never have to apologize for your car:

Every so many miles (per Warner) turn down every grease cup on your car a quarter turn.

Every so many miles (per Warner) drain the oil from your crank case and put in new.

Every so many miles (per Warner) put grease into the transmission case and differential.

This will insure *no wear* on the many bearings of your car. Because all the wear will come on the *film of oil* or grease and *not on the metal*. This means no wear, no knocks, no rattles, no squeaks, and a quiet, powerful, sweet-running car.

Once a week or month—won't do, for the car is driven more at one time than another.

Several turns of the grease cups and a lot of oil at infrequent intervals won't do. A bearing will only hold so much. The rest wastes. And the bearing gets starved and grinds away and you don't know it.

Little and often is the rule—and to oil and grease *regularly* by means of the *accurate, reliable Warner Auto-Meter* is the only satisfactory way to look after it.

Do this and your car will run good as new for many seasons.

How the Warner helps you dodge repair bills.

You have noticed that your car will make a certain number of miles per hour on a level stretch when spark and throttle are in a certain position.

Mark these spark and throttle positions on the sector and make it a frequent habit to test your car for speed on the level. If it doesn't show the same speed as before, and weather conditions are the same, look for trouble. For what your car will do once it should do again, under the same conditions of roads and weather.

Maybe you will find the emergency a notch or two and brakes burning up. of the way bearing has been forgotten a dry and binding.

A few pennies or a few minutes will n then. These "stitches in time" will save hundreds of dollars in repairs each yea your car from being unknowingly abus ice-wagon class.

The Warner protects y car and your pocketboo other ways.

When you put on a new tire, note shown by the Warner Auto-Meter in yo dum book. When that tire gives trouble the mileage and refer to that memo. T *know* whether a new tire or an adjust you, and you will get the one or the o argument or quibbling.

The tire people recognize the Warner a ity, but have no time for "guessers."

When you put in gasoline—make a amount and the mileage the Warner sh are using more gas per mile this month t have traveled average roads, a slight a the carburetor will save gasoline bills, deposits and make your car run better. mixture is bad for the car and wastes mo

WARNING—These che to be reliable, should be r against a Warner Auto-M

because every Warner Auto-Meter is ju other Warner ever made. It remains tru in its indication of speed and distance fo can *depend on it*.

WARNER INSTRUMENT COMPANY, Main Offices and Fac 1209 Wheeler Ave

FREE TO AUTOMOBILISTS! A vest-pocket "Automobile Expense Record" tab indexed for conveniently keeping account of tires, gasoline, oil, repairs, etc. Sent FREE for name and model of your car. Address S. E. PATE, Booklet Dept., Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wis.

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This, unfortunately, is not true of all Speed Indicators. With many what is 20 miles today is only 15 miles tomorrow and maybe 12 next week.

There is danger in auditing your car if equipped with an unreliable Speed Indicator.

For it goes without saying that if the car is right and the Speed Indicator is wrong, you will put your car *out of adjustment* instead of keeping it *in perfect tune* by following these vitally important hints. You must have a Speed Indicator of known and proved reliability, like the famous Warner Auto-Meter, to make these suggestions of any value whatever.

If you haven't a Warner on your car, get one. It will save its cost many times over if you use it regularly to check your car's performance and to indicate when to lubricate.

No owner of a car at any price can afford to be without this almost indestructible instrument of precision.

At least 90 per cent of all owners of cars costing $2,000 or more are already using the Warner.

When Buying a New Car "Look for the Speed Indicator."

A large number of the Quality Cars for 1912 will supply the Warner as regular equipment.

All manufacturers recommend it, either outright, in letters to their dealers, or by *using the Warner on their own personal cars*, and for checking the performance of their output of stock cars on the testing track.

Don't think of driving without a Warner. You can't afford to do it. Any first-class automobile dealer will supply you. You may have to *insist*, for our dealers' discount is comparatively small. But it is to your interest to do it.

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The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile Dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.

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THIS is the most popular Warner model. It shows speed up to 60 miles per hour. Has Warner Large-Figure Odometer, indicating 100,000 miles and repeat for Season and 1,000 miles and repeat for Trip. The Trip mileage resets to zero with one turn of button at the left. ***Touring Trip Reset (at right) turns up any desired mileage on Trip Scale, making it possible to pick up and follow a Route Book, beginning at any desired point.***

The Clock is highest-grade Chelsea with outside wind and set, electric-lighted from the top.

The instrument itself has electric light under the bezel, which confines and concentrates the rays on speed and distance figures.

Price $125

Other Models $50 to $145

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Every wearer of All America shoes is always looked upon as a man of surpassing taste, discernment and good judgment.

All America Shoes for men are sold by the best retailers everywhere at $4.00, $4.50 and $5.00, according to styles and leathers.

If your dealer is unable to supply you with All Americas write to us.

We also make the Educator, Armada and Signet Shoes for men, and the Mayfair Shoe and Mayfair Special Shoe for women.

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The Shirley Guarantee is the broadest kind of a Money Back agreement. This Guarantee goes on every pair of suspenders we make, and should be insisted upon whenever you buy suspenders.

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The best suspender a man can wear is the one that will cause his trousers to hang as his tailor intended, and at the same time relieves the strain on the shoulders. The only suspender that will do this is the "Shirley President."

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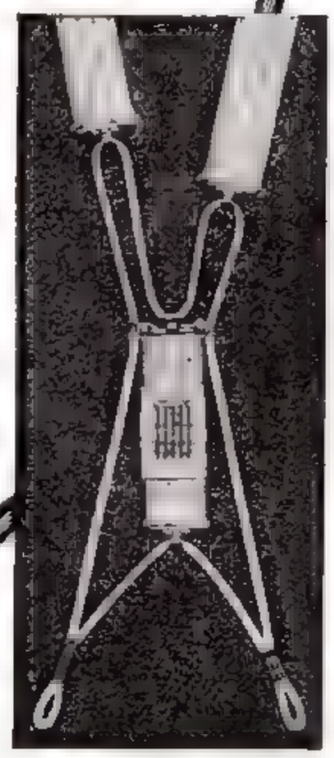

The C.A. Edgarton Mfg. Co

SHIRLEY GUARANTEED SUSPENDERS

1717 Main Street
Shirley, Mass.

At the M.P.'s

By Blanche Goodman

"MIS' FANNY ain't been feelin' so well of late," said Viney to Uncle Peter as the latter helped her tie up the sweet-pea vines in front of the cabin.

"Shore 'nough?" Uncle Peter painfully straightened up from the stick over which he bent and turned an inquiring gaze on his informant.

"Yes," responded Viney. "She's been lookin' sorter peakid de las' few weeks; an' when I ax her what iz de matter she say hit's some 'monia. I doesn't know de destination er dat word edzackly, but, 'cordin' to Mis' Fanny's description of hit, hit's some sort er stuff what p'vents a pusson fum sleepin'; an', what wid dat an' de chillen dancin' on her haid all day, an' she too easy wid 'em to give 'em a taste er huck'ry tea, she's jes' plum wo' to a frazzle."

"Chilen!" said Uncle Peter, with a puzzled look. "Whose chillen is you talkin' 'bout?"

"Mis' May's an' Mistah Robert's chillen. You see, whenever dey goes off to de springs in de summer dey leaves de two ol'est chillen wid dey gran'ma an' gran'pa, but dey sorter 'pen's on me lookin' after 'em, too, specially now dat Mis' Fanny is feelin' po'ly; an', even ef she was well, I'd help, 'cause I knows how ag'avatin' chillen can be when dey's done been spoilt plum rotten by dey kinfolks. I always believes what de Good Book say: 'Cas' yo' chickens on de water an' after many days dey will come home to roos'.' An' de Cunnel an' Mis' Fanny is jes' reapin' what dey cas' on de water, 'cause dey has done been an' spoiled dem chillen wuss'n dey own pa'ents has.

"Ev'y aft'noon I goes ovah to de house an' takes 'em out walkin' somewheres. Dat gives Mis' Fanny time to take a nap an' make herself 'resentable fo' de evenin', 'cause she always dudes up befo' Cunnel Slocum comes home.

"De other day I got up to de house a li'l' earlier'n usual; an' when I come on thoo de dinin' room in de front hall fo' to tote de chillen upstairs an' dress 'em, Mistah Frank Slocum, de Cunnel's nephew, was jes' gittin' ready to leave de house. Bofe er de chillen was hangin' on to his coattails an' cuttin' up an' hollerin' lak dey was plum crazy. He had drapped in fo' lunch, an' nothin' wouldn't do dem young uns but fo' him to take 'em downtown wid him.

"'Heigho, Viney!' he hollers, as soon as his eye lights on me—I always did lak Mistah Frank, 'cause he's so full er devilment—'cain't you git dese heah young Injuns offen me? Dey's wuss'n a couple er cockleburs!' An' he shuck hisself to git aloost fum 'em. At dat de chillen holler all de mo'. Hit was all dat I could do to pull 'em off. 'Now,' say Mistah Frank, 'I ain't got no time to fool roun' wid you young uns; but I'll tell you what I'll do: Ise gwine to give Viney some tickets'—an' he pulled out a roll er pink uns fum his hin' pocket, to' off three an' give 'em to me—'an' she'll take you-all to a show dis aft'noon.'

"At dat li'l Robert commence' prancin' an' shoutin': 'A circus! A circus! We's gwine to a circus!'

"'No,' say Mistah Frank; 'hit ain't no circus—hit's a movin'-pitcher show.'

"'Movin'-pitcher show!' say I. 'Where does dey move de pitchers fum an' why does dey move 'em?'

"'I ain't got no time to splain to you now, Viney,' 'spon' Mistah Frank, smilin'. 'You jes' take de chillen to de corner er Market an' Sevent' Streets an' you'll see de place, what's got music playin' on de outside.' I knowed whar he meant, 'cause hit was a new place jes' started, an' when Ise passin' I has stopped to listen to de music.

"'Dey don't 'low no cullud folks in dat place, do dey?' say I.

"'Not in gin'l,' say Mistah Frank; 'but Ise a half owner, an' ef de boy what takes in tickets say anythin' to you jes' give him dis.' An' Mistah Frank tuck a piece er paper outen a li'l' book an' writ sumpin' on hit. 'Heah you is, an' goodby to you-all.' An', liftin' up Robert an' Mary to kiss 'em, he lit out fo' de gate as hard as he could tear.

"I went on upstairs wid de chillen an' wash an' dress 'em. I has seed chillen what have mo' stricter raisin', but I ain't never sot eyes on none what showed dey was quality mo' dan dem two chillen do. Dey

Old Hampshire Bond

[23]

The Influence of the "New Letterhead"

About the first thing a man notices when he changes from inferior stationery to Old Hampshire Bond is the increased respect that his stenographers show for the "new letterheads." More attention is paid to mechanical neatness, there is less waste, and correspondents begin to dictate letters of greater dignity and politeness.

[24]

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Write for it under your present letterhead.

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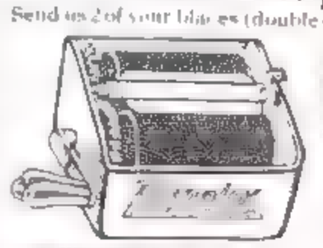
Two Blades Sharpened FREE

Send us 2 of your blades (double edge wafer only). We will [illegible] to demonstrate how the Twinplex will keep your blades in perfect shaving condition indefinitely. Write for booklet.



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$2.00 Postage paid. Money order or currency. Money back if not satisfactory upon examination.

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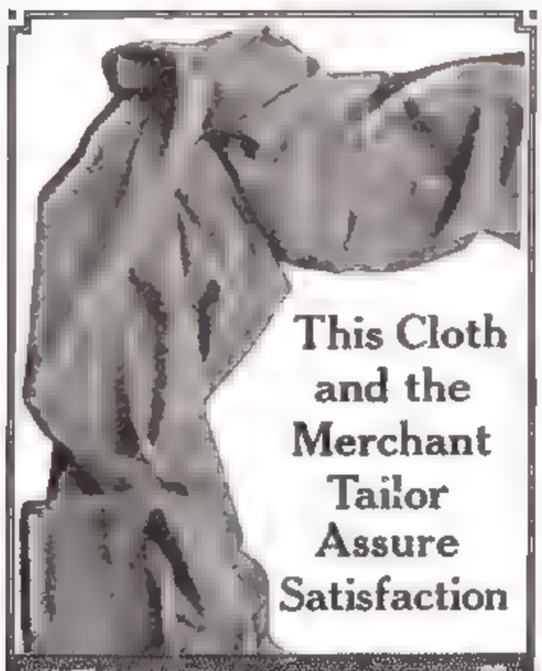

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See the new *Shackamaxon* fall and winter styles at the nearest tailor's.

Always look for the name "Shackamaxon" stamped on the back of every yard. If you don't find it, the fabric isn't Shackamaxon

Write us for the new *Shackamaxon* fall style book and correct dress chart, also the name of a tailor near you handling *Shackamaxon* fabrics.

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Does better finished work in half the time, easier and at one-tenth the cost of old way, besides saving strength, health and nerves of women folk.

Heats itself from the **inside** with gasoline or alcohol. **Better and cheaper than gas or electricity**—no wires or tubes in the way. No stooping—no waiting for heated or fussing with half cold irons—no endless walking from stove to work.

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knows dey is fine-lookin', an' when we went down de street dey was holdin' up dey haids an' steppin' lak a pair er circus hosses on p'rade day.

"When we come to de place we was aimin' fo' I tuck de two chillen by de han' an' march right on up to de boy what was takin' up de tickets. I handed out de three what Mistah Frank gimme. 'Heah!' he say, shovin' 'em back at me. 'We don't 'low no coons in heah.'

"At dat I stiffen up straight as a pokah. 'Yo' po' white trash!' say I. 'I'm heah wid Mis' Fanny's gran'chillen, an' we's come to see de show.' 'I don't care ef dey's Mis' Fanny's er Mis' Annie's er Queen Victory's gran'chillen,' say dat smaht Aleck. 'Ise got orders not to remit no niggers, an' I ain't gwine to!' By dat time a crowd commence to scrowdge up roun' to listen. 'Heah!' say I, th'owin' de piece er paper what Mistah Frank gimme right at de boy, 'I reckon when you sees dat you'll stop shootin' off dat big lip er your'n!' De boy look at de paper an' den at me. An' den he say, mighty sheepishlike, after a minute: 'All right, Aunty; I guess you can go in.' 'Don't yo' Aunty me!' say I; 'fo' Ise mighty p'tic'ler what kin' er folks I 'lows to claim kin wid me.' An', wid de people jes' hollerin' an' laughin', we went on in.

"Dark! I couldn't see my han' befo' me; an' de two chillen hung on to me lak snappin'-turtles, dey was so 'fraid er losin' me.

"'Right down dis way,' say some one, an' I kep' on walkin'. 'Hm!' say I to myself. 'What do dey kick up all dese bejections 'gainst cullud folks comin' in heah? 'cause der ain't no way er tellin' de white fum de black after youse once inside!' We kep' on feelin' ouah way 'long, an' mus' agone clean on up to de p'served seats, I reckon, when de voice say: 'Three seats right in heah!' An' we stop.

"I reach out an' grabbed holt of a man's haid by mistake. Den, befo' I could make any excusements, I sot right down on a lady's lap; an' fo' a minute dey was such a mixtry, what wid me an' de chillen tryin' to fin' ouah seats, an' dem people grumblin' at me an' sayin' all kin's er unpolite language, dat I was wishin' I nevah had come.

"By-an'-by we got all straight an' I look roun' fo' to spy de movin' pitchers; but dere was sumpin' goin' on up in front what extracted my 'tention an' I fo'got all 'bout de movin' pitchers an' looked at de place where de light was comin' fum an' folks was walkin' roun' in a room. Leas'ways dey look lak folks; yet dere was sumpin' curi's 'bout 'em what mek hit seem lak dey wan't folks.

"'Where's de movin' pitchers, Viney?' say Mary, snuggin' up to me. 'Sh-h-h!' say I. 'I don't know zackly jes' yet; but be still er we cain't hear 'em when dey do come.'

"Den I look at dem folks up to'd de front agin, an' try to mek out what dey was doin'. Hit was a ol' man an' woman, an' a young man—dey son, I reckon—all in a room togedder; an' hit look lak de son was beggin' de ol' man fo' sumpin' er othah; but he scowl an' shuck his haid an' mek a face lak a thundercloud. His lips was movin' but dere wan't a mossel er soun' come fum 'em. Dat was de curi's part. Den de son turn to his mammy—she look lak a feelin'-hearted ol' lady—an' ax her to ax de ol' man for whatever hit was he was after. De ol' lady look at de ol' man sorter pleadin'-lak an' say sumpin' to him; but he look madder'n ever. Den de boy an' his ma see hit 'tain't no use, an' dey goes on out er de room. At dat de ol' man sets down at his desk an' stahts to look ovah some papers what he gits outen a drawer. But firs' he looks to see dat dere ain't no one roun'. By-an'-by de do' opens slow an' de son slips in de room, tiptoes ovah behin' de ol' man, an' kabam! down he comes right on de ol' un's haid wid his fist; an' de ol' man drops ovah in de cheer widout makin' anudder move. De son grab de box er papers an' run out de room.

"At dat de whole place change befo' you could blink yo' eyelid, an' ef heah wan't a railroad track an' de room was gone as clean as ef hit nevah had been in dat place. Befo' I could study out how dey got de place all fix up so quick, heah come a man runnin' fast as a deer, an' way off yonder heah come a train—a shore-'nough train, Uncle Peter—true as yo' bawn! You could see de smoke an' heah dat injine acomin'—puff! puff! puff!—louder'n louder, an' closeter an' closeter. De chillen grab holt

Why do You Pay the Linen Price for Cotton Collars?

YOU wouldn't pay the solid oak price for an oak veneered piece of furniture, and there is no more reason why you should pay the linen price for cotton collars. But some people do. There is only one brand of Warranted Linen Collars selling 2 for 25c. All other 2 for 25c collars are cotton and not linen. When you pay the linen price, get linen.

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The Fownes gloves you may secure to-day at your haberdashers are really far superior in fit, in comfort and in stylish appearance to those we made for King George IV of England. Modern progress in the art of making good gloves is contemporaneous with the progress of the house of Fownes Brothers & Company, founded by John Fownes in 1777. Gloves worn then by princes of the blood would not equal the standard we set now even for the most inexpensive gloves in our line.

Photograph of one of a pair of gloves made for George IV. Originally Fownes Brothers & Co. Now preserved in the royal collection, Victoria and Albert Museum.

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As an example of a stylish and very durable street glove, we suggest an inspection of the Fownes glove for men selling at $2.00 a pair. Name in wrist and trade mark on clasp identifies the genuine.

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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
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er me an' commence whimp'in'. 'Lawdy,' say I; 'lemme git out er heah! Ise got charge er dese chillen an' Ise agwine carry 'em back safe to Mis' Fanny ef hit's de las' thing I lives to do.' Nearer an' nearer come dat injine. I wan't waitin' to ax any excusements. I tuck bofe dem chillen up in my ahms an', wid one jump, I busted thoo dem seats an' de folks in 'em, an' run fo' de do'! We was all three hollerin' as loud as we could holler. I ain't no sooner'n got into de aisle dan de whole place riz up an' started fo' de do'. I reckon dey had jes' come to dey senses an' was tryin' to git out er dat injine's way too; but I didn't have no time fo' to stop an' ax 'em 'bout hit. 'Lemme out er hean!' say I, shoutin' at de top er my lungs. 'Dese heah is Mis' Fanny's gran'chillen, an' Ise got to git 'em home!'

"Wid dat, I helt my haid down an' pushed thoo dat crowd wid hit, twel we knocked a openin' fo' to git out de do' an' on to de sidewalk. Heah come all de res', tumblin' out after us, as skeered as we was; but dey all got out in time an' dere wan't no one hurt, tho' some was kinder mussed up.

"'What's all dis crowd an 'noise 'bout?' say a man back er me; an' when I turn roun' dere stan's Mistah Frank. De chillen was still cryin' an' I was straightenin' 'em out; but when dey seen him dey bofe run up to him. 'Somebody hollered fire!' say a boy befo' I could answer Mistah Frank. 'Hit wan't no one hollerin' fire,' say I; 'hit was de chillen hollerin' "Viney!" dat dey must 'a' mistook fo' dat, Mistah Frank.'

"'So,' say Mistah Frank, lookin' at Robert an' Mary, 'you is de cause er all dis excitement!'

"'Hit was me!' say I, speakin' up sorter mad; 'cause I was dat outdid wid Mistah Frank fo' lettin' us go inside dat place. 'Hit was me! When I seen dat injine comin' smack dab at dese heah chillen I knowed dat wan't no place fo' us; an' I lit out fo' de do'.' At dat de crowd commence whoopin' an' laughin' twel hit look lak dey nevah was gwine to stop, but I couldn't see no joke; an' de mo' dey laugh de madder I got. Mistah Frank was chucklin' 'long wid de res' of 'em.

"'Come on, chillen,' say I; 'dis ain't no place fo' us!' An' we went on home. When I tol' Mis Fanny 'bout hit she carry on lak dem other folks did; an' den, when she finish laughin', she tol' me hit wan't no shore-'nough injine ner folks, but jes' pitchers of 'em. Den she try to splain a whole rigmaro' to me 'bout how hit was did; but I ain't understood none of hit. Dat was a shore-'nough injine! I seen de smoke an' heard hit comin' wid my own eyes an' ears, as plain as I seen you tie up dem pea vines, Uncle Peter," concluded Viney.

"White folks is pow'ful smaht—dey ain't no denyin' dat; an' dey knows how to fix up mo' curi's things in a minute dan us niggers could study out in a hun'red yeahs. But de nex' time Ise axed to movin' pitchers hit'll be when Mis' Fanny has housecleanin' an' gits me to take 'em off de wall, 'cause I ain't got no tas'e fo' de newfangled ones."

Brave But Cautious

FRANK SMITH, who pitched last season for Cincinnati in the National League, was reared at Tarboro, North Carolina, and began playing ball there. He became the baseball idol of his fellow Tarborians, and when George Leidy, now manager of the San Antonio team in the Texas League, came to the town to lure the young phenomenon into faster company, the whole community showed their resentment very decidedly.

"I was at the hotel," said Leidy, telling about it, "when a dozen husky, determined looking citizens walked in on me and began making threats. They told me that Frank Smith was going to stay right where he was and that if I wanted to go on living I'd better catch a train leaving at 7:30 o'clock that night."

"What did you say to that?" asked a listener.

"I told them," said Leidy, "to go to thunder. I told them that I was a free-born American citizen and that I would stay there a year if I wanted to. I told them in so many words that they couldn't bluff me, and that I would die in my tracks before I would show the white feather—but I was at the depot at a quarter of seven."

Here Is An Advertisement Nine Years Old

The magazine in which it was first printed is no longer published. The particular issue is out of print. But the cigar that was advertised in that issue is as good today as it ever was. The quality of the Shivers' Panatela and my unique selling offer have earned thousands of regular customers as an indorsement. Read this one advertisement, consider the merit of the proposition it presents, dispel your doubts, and accept my offer.

A customer of mine recently gave a cigar to a friend.

After lighting the cigar and smoking a while the friend remarked: "Say, [illegible] you smoke good cigars!"

"I [illegible]"

"I bet you a dollar I can name this cigar."

"Done."

"It is a —— Panatela," naming a well-known brand of imported cigar.

"You've lost. This cigar is made in Philadelphia and it costs me five dollars per hundred."

"Will you order fifty for me?"

"Yep."

And now the friend is my customer.

My business is manufacturing cigars, and I sell the entire product of my factory direct to smokers by the box at wholesale prices. It costs me something to sell a man his first order. After that he buys of his own volition. Consequently the cost of selling is practically eliminated, and so are the wholesalers' and retailers' and travelingmen's profits and salaries. Of these profits I can and do give the major portion to my customers.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

I have a new cigar at $5.00 per hundred—my Shivers' Club Special, four and [illegible] inches long, and about [illegible] as the Panatela, and [illegible]. It is for smokers who desire another cigar than the slim shapes give. It is hand made, of clear Havana filler and genuine Sumatra wrapper of the finest quality, and sold on my terms—smoke ten and return the remainder if you don't like them.

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

In ordering please use business stationery or give reference and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired. Also state whether you prefer the Panatela or the Club Special.

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None Genuine Without This Trade Mark

YOU *compliment* your taste with "LeMar" Cravats. You *supplement* your personality. In pattern they're *intensely individual* — in form and fashion they're *strikingly smart.*

MADE of pure silk, their lustre *lasts to the last.* The scarf won't pull, pucker or show pin-holes. Neckbands reinforced and glide-easy—aprons extra-hemmed—every detail radiates *refinement.*

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Your dealer has the Autumn Shapes and Shades—YOU ought to have our Scarf Book B. A postcard fetches it. Address

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Gillette
"Pocket-Edition"
Price $5.00

No Stropping No Honing

ADJUSTABLE SAFE SIMPLE DURABLE

THESE are six great points of the Gillette Safety Razor, each one of which has helped to make the Gillette famous and popularized self-shaving the world over

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

The STANDARD *of* SAFETY, EASE *and* COMFORT

You cannot appreciate the comfort of No Stropping—No Honing—the real pleasure of shaving yourself—until you use the Gillette. It is unique and distinctive in this respect.

The double edged flexible blade of the Gillette is adjustable to individual needs. A slight turn of the razor handle curves the blade and automatically adjusts the edge to the varying needs of individual beards.

The Gillette is simple to use. The double edge blade makes shaving easy with either hand in any direction. It improves the shave to use the Gillette with a diagonal stroke.

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The Gillette blade, made with recently improved machinery and processes, is a wonderful piece of edged steel—paper thin, flexible, hard, keen and durable. Packets of six blades (12 shaving edges), 50c; 12 blades (24 shaving edges), in nickelplated case, $1.00. Sold everywhere.

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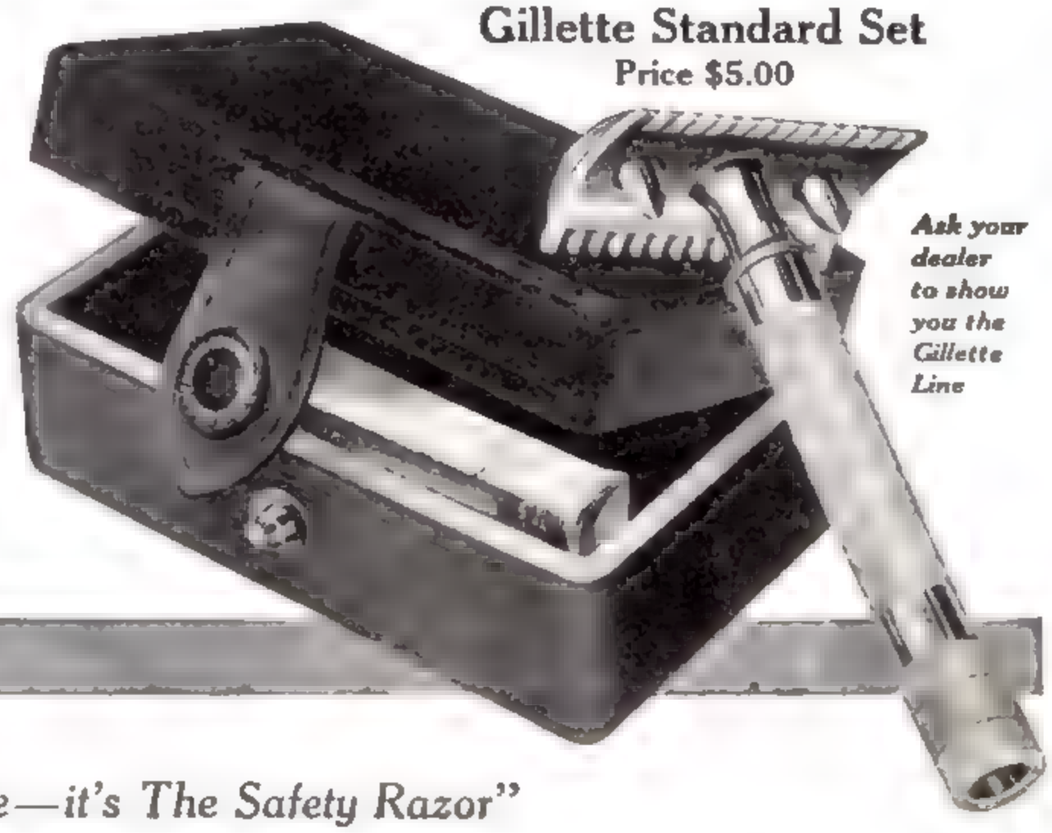

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MADE Gillette KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

King C. Gillette

"If it's a Gillette—it's The Safety Razor"

If you are not yet wearing *Interwoven* socks, the chances are that it's because you have not been told about them.

WE have never said much about them heretofore. Even at that we sold 10,000,000 pairs of Interwoven Socks in the past year.

* * *

It took us 50 years to perfect the Interwoven Process of knitting socks. Our idea was to make light-weight socks which will wear as well as or better than heavy, clumsy ones.

We proposed to *darn the socks before you bought them.*

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To accomplish this, we invented a wonderful machine.

It produces an Interwoven Sock at one operation, giving it the distinctive features which make it different from any other sock made.

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The distinctive Interwoven features are:

1. A wear-resisting fabric at EVERY point of wear—not at one or two points like most light-weight socks, but at every point: TOE, HEEL, SOLE AND ANKLE.

2. Perfect ANKLE FIT—not a temporary fit, but a PERMANENT HUG (secured by knitting to form) which cannot be washed out.

There is no other method of giving a sock these two distinctive Interwoven features.

And no other manufacturer can build or use the Interwoven patented machines. They are the only machines of their kind in existence.

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For these reasons, Interwovens are—

The LIGHT-WEIGHT socks that really WEAR;

The SEAMLESS socks that really FIT;

The only mill-brand socks of which 10,000,000 pairs a year are sold.

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You will wear Interwoven Socks when you know about them. One trial will convince you.

Sold direct from mill to retailer only. None sold by mail. You will find Interwoven Socks at the high-class haberdashers of practically every city or town in the United States and in many foreign countries.

All fashionable shades. 25c, 35c, 50c the pair.

Interwoven Stocking Company
New Brunswick, N. J.

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

(Concluded from Page 5)

You ring for your breakfast next—and they appear again, improvise a pretty table somewhere in your "drawing room," and you are served. After that comes for the landlady the most important moment of the day. She is old—seventy-odd. Her hair is white; she wears a green satin bodice with balloon sleeves, and a black-and-white muslin skirt. She is proud of her "figger," as she will tell you if you are friendly enough to engage her in conversation, because she is getting back her "stomick." She has been ill, and "fell away" until she was afraid she had lost it. She folds her old hands over it, looks you tremblingly in the eye and says:

"What will you 'ave for lunch?"

She is horribly afraid you will demand some foolish American delicacy that will cut down her profits. She gently wheedles you into choosing a lamb cutlet, though you are so tired of lamb you can hardly bear the sight of it. She makes the worst coffee in the world, and if you offer her an extra shilling to get a better grade of coffee she considers you a fool and goes on giving you the chicory you had before. She is the saddest, most put-upon woman in the world. Still, if you insist, she will run her old legs off to find what you want. She is always ready to gossip, and she takes it for granted that every American is interested in the "rilety," by which she means the king and queen. Therefore she will waken you at seven in the morning to say His Majesty is going to take the train at Victoria Station, and if you hurry and have breakfast you may get down there in time to see him do it. Our own landlady could never understand why Peggy and I were not sufficiently interested in this phenomenon to deprive ourselves of a morning nap.

As we traveled up and down through the fragrant land the thing that impressed me most was that England is a good place for grazing and for courting. It is like a cherished old garden, where lovers have walked for ages. This impression was verified by the flocks of sheep and the slow-moving scattered herds of cows in the meadows, and by the number of young men and women seen upon every winding road, between blossoming hedges, walking with their arms round each other. These were the sweethearts of the common people, the next of kin to the sheep and the kine, who do their lovemaking in the open. This of course must be embarrassing to that other class of higher society where the same thing is done privately behind the drawing-room shades! They are to be seen everywhere, these artless lovers; and I must admit that, for me, I could not get accustomed to sitting on top of a Piccadilly bus behind a nursemaid and her lover who kissed each other rapturously, unconscious of the people about them. This publicity courtship is said to be peculiar to the reserved English nation.

The Times, Stately and Archaic

"I have been all over Europe," said an Englishman, "and I have never seen such lovers anywhere else."

"Do they marry?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Whenever you see a man and a maid walking arm in arm in the Spring Gardens, or kissing on top of a bus, it is their style of announcing their engagement."

The quickest and easiest way for a stranger to orient herself in the Anglo-Saxon consciousness is to read the London Times. This paper is a daily interpretation of those qualities that make for permanency in the British character. It is written in the style of the Southern Literary Messenger of 1845. It is archaic; still, one may observe that most scriptural writings have this naïve and dignified simplicity. From the Times you will understand at once why an Englishman keeps a king and why his wife keeps a little dog. They are both sentimental. They have imaginations to which affections appeal most. And kings and dogs are two kinds of animals anybody can keep so long as they want them. I am not discrediting "rilety" with this classification, but I am explaining the nature of an Englishman. He takes a king for a keepsake, not to reign over him. He cherishes him, not because he is good or bad but because he likes to have one. A king is not a man to him, but an old and stately custom.

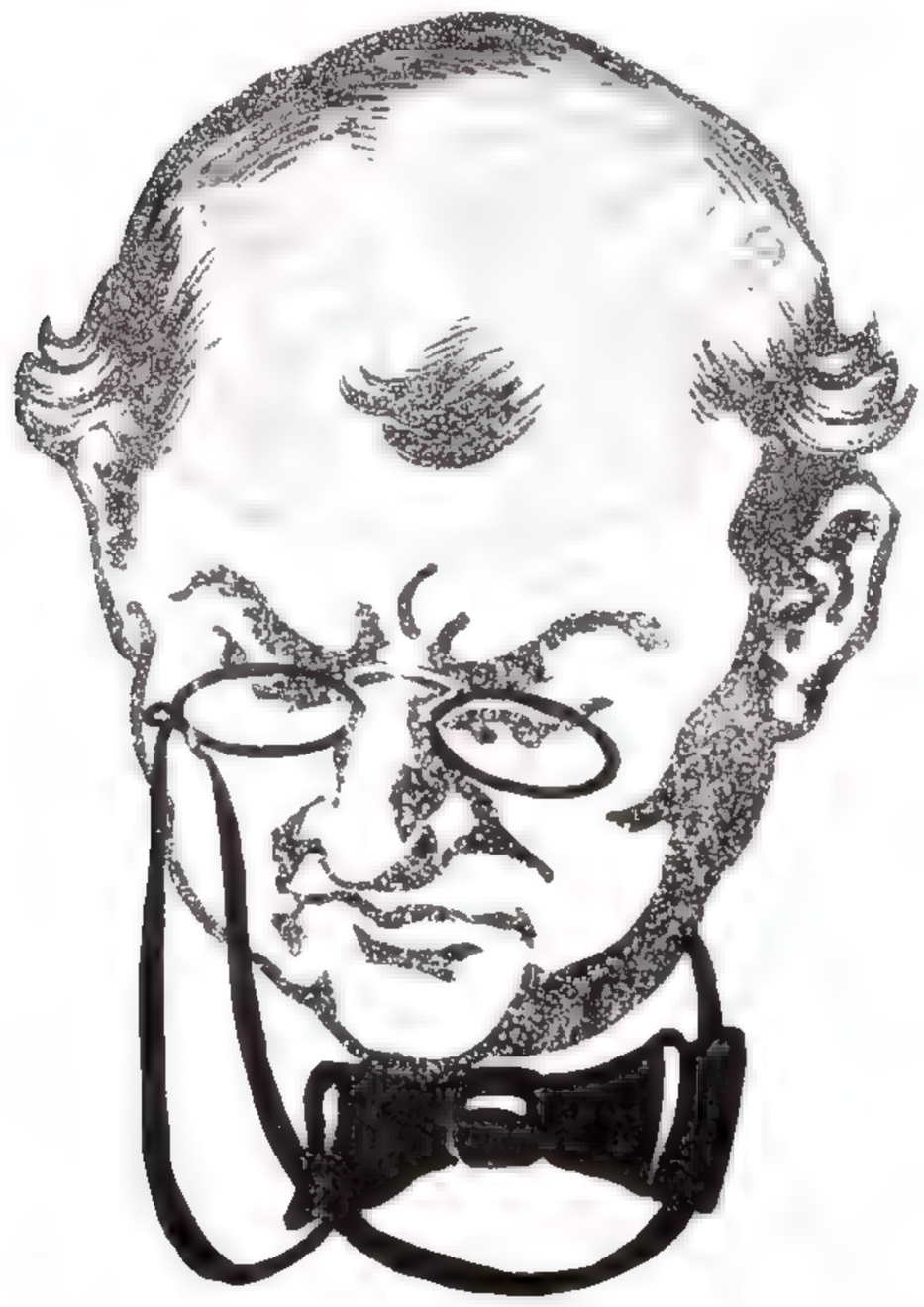
Another thing one learns from studying the Times is that England is a man's land—just as America is—well, a woman's. The Government is designed to preserve his liberties, his children's inheritances and the virtue of his women. He has a sense of dignity so exaggerated that it amounts to a kind of masculine piety—an awful reverence he has for himself! What we are accustomed to call his reserve is only his egotism, entrenched in the ancient walled town of his being. He does not say "I" so often as other men, because his intimate personal pronoun is so immense he cannot get it out of his mouth without making a tremendous effort. He is not a henpecked husband in the sense that most of our husbands are. One reason he objects so strenuously to the American woman, in spite of her attractiveness, is because he doubts if her peculiar nervous femininity would endure being smacked either literally or figuratively. The basis of his abiding contempt for American men is the weakness he thinks they show in humoring and spoiling their women. The reason he even protects his own is not because he respects them but because he respects himself. He will gossip about every other woman in the world freely. And a good deal was made of this to me when I came to England—that he never talked about his women, the implication being that his silence was due to a deeper reverence for the sex than our men have; but my own impression was, after observing him closely, that the Englishman does not talk about his women for the same reason that he would not discuss the small of his back in society.

The Sense of Water

If these women had as much sense as they ought to have they would resent his reticence instead of praising him for it, as they do. You should understand, of course, that I have not confounded him with the hatchet-faced, squirrel-mouthed Englishman who must belong to that lower branch of the race which has ceased to evolute. Your true Britisher has a jaw that continues to grow forward as long as he lives; a blue, choleric eye; a squatty, bulldog nose, and a mouth that gives him the appearance of holding on to the British Empire with his front teeth as if he never meant to let it go. Looking at him, one gathers the impression that the ancient Atlas must have been an Anglo-Saxon, and that some of the stalking grandeur of him is yet incarnate in these men—like, for example, the engineers in the foreign service, some of whom are now engaged in constructing a dam in India that shall make a lake sixty miles wide in a desert. It requires a sense of water to conceive a thing like that, which no man could do whose mythical ancestor had not balanced two oceans and two continents upon his shoulders.

And speaking of Englishmen brings me to mention one—not that he fits the description I have just written, but he was the only one we came to know very well. His name was Oatleigh. He met Peggy at a garden party and became quite attentive. I used to wish she would make herself more agreeable to him—I mean from the English point of view. He came often to call, and Peggy would sit up quite idle by the hour doing all the talking, performing like a little trick animal—the way our girls do at home; but the idleness, I am sure, made him hesitate. If he had once found her sitting in the garden with her lap full of sewing things, and stitching away, he would have proposed on the spot. The Englishman has been blinded so long, however, by this affectation of industry on the part of his women that Mr. Oatleigh could not risk a frankly idle one whose brains outworked his so fast he could not get in a word edgewise. Peggy either was or pretended to be oblivious of what was in his mind. I think she secretly enjoyed the situation, for he was the first man she had ever met who was afraid to make love to her. She felt perfectly safe, therefore, in showing all her gaits—the way any woman will when she is not interested, but wants to be amused.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Corra Harris. The second will appear in an early issue.



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His brain can't stand the strain—it's built to remember facts—not figures.

The human mind is never completely accurate

The National Cash Register thinks with a brain of steel.

It keeps track of every detail, of every sale—stops leaks and checks losses.

A store using a National Cash Register is a good store—it's run on system—it's bound to give you "money's worth."

Over One Million have been sold

"Get a Receipt"

The National Cash Register Company
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"Get a Receipt"

When the Children Come from School

THEIR first demand, "Give me something to eat," can be satisfied quickly and without trouble to yourself if you always keep handy a box of

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Just drop a Steero Cube into a cup and add boiling water. No trouble or cooking. The Steero Cube dissolves at once into wholesome and delicious Steero Bouillon that the children as well as grown-ups always like.

"A Cube Makes a Cup"

Prove how delicious and convenient Steero Cubes are.

Send for Free Samples

Buy Steero Cubes of grocers or druggists. If your dealer has none, send 35c for a box of 12 Cubes, postpaid; enough for 12 cups. Tins of 50 and 100 Cubes are more economical for household use

Distributed and Guaranteed by

Schieffelin & Co., 177 William St. New York

Under Pure Food Law Serial No. 1

FLEECING NEW COMPANIES

(Continued from Page 15)

So well had we played it up that the sales-manager was ready to advance the expenses of the trip, but the sum was so large, so out of the ordinary, that he felt obliged to consult the president, a canny old Scotchman whom we had neither of us met.

Nat talked and talked and talked. The president listened without a word. There came a pause, artfully left by Nat for the sales-manager to take his cue and ask for the money.

"Are y' crazy, mon?" demanded the president in a broad dialect. "Do y' think I'd send a pairfect stranger on so important a mission? I'll go mysel'."

. . . . . .

The fictitious prospect brought to the company's office, or shown as a means of inducing the company to advance funds, is one of the oldest tricks in the business, and has been and will be worked to yield large returns. The only requirement is that your accomplice be able to act his part sufficiently well to defy detection for a couple of interviews.

Two of the most successful men in the business are A. and B. They have worked New York for years and seem likely to keep on indefinitely. A. poses as a deputy sheriff; shows a badge. His talk is that he knows everybody in his neighborhood, they have confidence in him and will invest if he advises—and that he can sell quite a lot of stock in small amounts to tradespeople he has had dealings with. In particular he mentions one old gentleman, a retired roofer who has just sold out his business and has seventy-five thousand dollars cash to invest. This is B.

A. asks for about twenty dollars just to see what he can do with this old gentleman, whom he produces a couple of days later. B. is a fine-looking, white-haired, genial old Irishman, and so convincing in his acting that A. gets considerable sums of money to follow him on his supposed pleasure trips and close the deal. They are quick-get-away men, B. usually appearing only once and A. two or three times.

Persons in the Play

Playing up fake prospects, though it does not keep a man going long with a company, is on the whole safer than the stock subscription dodge; but the professional con man who is "in it" for a steady living aims to hang on for at least six weeks with every company, so he carries as large a repertoire of plays as an actor and works each company for what it will bear.

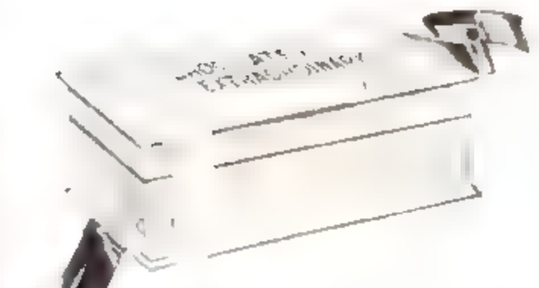
I therefore made myself master of the subscription game.

A small sea-coast town furnished just the territory I needed. Many of its permanent residents are plain old farmers and early settlers, who have grown rich through the increase of land values and own city blocks on their former farm sites. Besides these there are numerous summer resort and entertainment hall keepers—ready-cash people who presumably often don't know how to spend it when they get it.

My layout consisted of a hotel man affectionately known as Pop, and his widowed daughter; a pool hall keeper, two saloon men, a professional baseball player, a couple of retired farmers, a chef in one of the hotels and a real-estate man who knows everybody's standing and bank account and can drop enough gilt-edged talk to turn any promoter's head. Of course I pay for the work these people do for me, anything from half profits to a drink.

As I ask the company only thirty-five dollars advance money to let me try, I always get the assignment. In less than a week I am back at the office with a stock subscription, signed and witnessed, for a thousand dollars. This is dated to be taken up several weeks later. I give some plausible reason why the party cannot pay just now and request the manager to look him up and inquire into his financial standing. This is very generally done, to the entire satisfaction of the company.

The second week I present the company with two more future-date subscriptions in the same way and the third week with one. By the middle of the fourth week I plan



CHOCOLATES

"To Suit Every Taste"

Swiss Style Milk Chocolate Creams
Swiss Style Milk Chocolate Almonds
Original Dutch Bitter Sweets
Chocolates Extraordinary
T-R-I-A-D Chocolates
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If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send any of the above 80c or $1.00 packages, express prepaid, upon receipt of stamps or money order.

The better dealers everywhere sell Johnston's.

Sample Box

For five 2-cent stamps to pay postage and packing, we will send to your address a generous free sample box of any of the Johnston favorites.

Johnston's MILWAUKEE

Leading Epicures

In every country know and use

A Wonderful Appetizer.

Assists Digestion.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It tickles the palate as only a rarely good sauce can. For Soups, Fish, Roasts, Steaks, Game and Gravies it is an indispensable relish.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York

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Don't sell your Household Goods. Ship them at Reduced Rates in Through [illegible] Cars. Write today for colored maps and information.

TRANSCONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
504 Bedford Bldg., Chicago.
29 Broadway, New York

BUTTON BUTTON WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON · IT Guarantees All-Wool Fabrics ·

ALL WOOL MOORE

This Button is found only in Men's Clothing made of All-Wool MOORE Cloths

7 Rooms. Cost from $2700 to $3000

WHAT'S THE USE

[illegible] a house along the old fashioned, cigar [illegible] the same money you can build a home [illegible] some guaranteed sole to any [illegible]

"Practical Bungalows"

[illegible] 50 cents [illegible]

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
333 A, Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Largest Co-operative Building Company in the World

GUNN SECTIONAL BOOK CASES

You will save money by putting these bookcases in your home. The handsome designs, the rich finish, the removable non-binding doors, the absence of disfiguring iron bands, make them far better than the old fashioned kind.

Our prices are lower than others

and high quality is guaranteed. Write for our artistic catalogue M with colored illustrations showing Sanitary Clawfoot, Mission and Standard Styles. Sold by dealers or direct

GUNN OFFICE DESKS · WRITE FOR CATALOGUE ·

Gunn Furniture Company 9 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

PHOENIX MUFFLERS

Have you ever known the luxurious warmth and grateful comfort of the instantly adjustable snap muffler? Try it!

Dressy people know by experience that the exquisitely designed PHOENIX MUFFLER lends a touch of distinction. They know, too, that it serves the further purpose of keeping the collar clean.

There is a Phoenix Muffler for every specific wear—for street or evening dress or motoring.

Phoenix shapes and exclusive Phoenix effects satisfy fastidious folks and make a pleasing addition to any wardrobe.

50c, $1.00, $1.50 to $5.00

At Dry Goods Stores and Haberdashers

PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
210 Broadway _____ Milwaukee

Makers of the Famous
Phoenix Guaranteed Silk Hose

to have sold about eight thousand dollars' worth—on paper—and it looks pretty good to the company.

At this point I request the manager or other members of the company to go down with me and size up the proposition for themselves, and see if we can't get some other parties I've been working to come in now.

Well, the song and dance I give that manager is a caution. Believe me, he has one happy time!

We start in with Pop and his daughter. She is just selling a house for seventy-five hundred dollars. I explain all this to the manager, then I say: "Now *you* talk to her and get her to put in five thousand—she'll have it next week."

She looks at me archly. "Don't deceive him," she says. "I'm not going to put in more than two thousand, as I told you, and maybe only one."

Then Pop chimes in: "Put in only one is my advice, and you can put in more later if you want to. Don't keep all your eggs in one basket."

"Perhaps I'd better not put in any," she says, looking at her father.

This is the manager's cue—though he doesn't know it—to go on with his part, so he sails in and does his best.

At the end of half an hour she decides to subscribe for two thousand, payable in six weeks.

The instant she says the word I hand the manager a subscription blank, fumbling for my pen which I say I can't find. He whips his out.

The woman edges nearer to him. "Only two thousand, mind," she says, and he fills it in under her eye and she signs. Then he gallantly witnesses her signature and places the paper in his pocket case, where it feels just like cash.

In this way I and my crowd keep him going until he has spent thirty or forty dollars in entertaining—which looks cheap at the price, for we let him carry away eight or ten thousand dollars' worth of subscriptions—all written by himself—and he sees twenty, thirty or a hundred thousand more just round the corner, only needing me to get it ready for him to land.

The Manager Wakes Up

After our good time in that town the manager not only advises but urges me to keep on; raises my drawing account to fifty per; very likely pays a hotel bill for me to Pop—Pop always keeps one ready for the occasion and pockets the proceeds—and sets me down as their star salesman.

When my subscription has been dated far enough ahead I have frequently drawn advance money from the company to the amount of five or six hundred dollars before any one suspected that the whole thing would fall down. But the big test of my ability comes when it does fall—when the payments come due and aren't made. Some are put off for a month; some are flatly refused.

Then the manager wakes up!

A few times in my life I have met a dead game sport who never let me see that he knew he was stung. But most of them rave—call me and my friends every name they can think of—fraud, faker, con man, piker.

When my man begins to froth at the mouth I get cool. I tell him he is using strong and quite unwarranted language; that I kept on working at his request, after he had been over the ground and had seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. "If I remember rightly," I frigidly remark, "you wrote and witnessed the widow's subscription yourself, as well as all the others we got that day you were out with me. You accepted them, so I don't see how I am to blame. If there has been any fraud it seems to me you have been party to it."

When my man sees his dilemma he gets cold so suddenly you could run an ice plant in the office. Three out of five of the subscriptions are filled in by his own handwriting, making him party to fraud—if he claims there was any fraud. Not once has a manager suspected how easily we put up the trick on him. It is needless to say he stops talking of fraud.

Can the company collect on these subscriptions when they fall due? Not one cent under New York law or in any of the common law states, and many a company has learned through me—not from me, for I never let on—that a stock subscription,

Our "Bully" Last
Bench Work
White House Shoe
For Men

$5.00 and $6.00 According to Style and Materials

No. B-72.—Gun metal calf with a snappy cap of graceful design. The button fly has attractive lines. The military heel shows the Bench Work.

"Bench Work" because made by our most expert shoemakers and finished by the slow and careful hand method—in fact—"custom made."

The materials used in all "Bench Work" are the very best to be had, which, together with the hand finishing, results in a shoe expressing the latest style and the fine workmanship that are so evident and so very necessary to dressy shoes.

It was the cleverness in style treatment, however, that caused one of our style experts to exclaim "A Bully Last for Young Men." The name fitted the shoe and was made official.

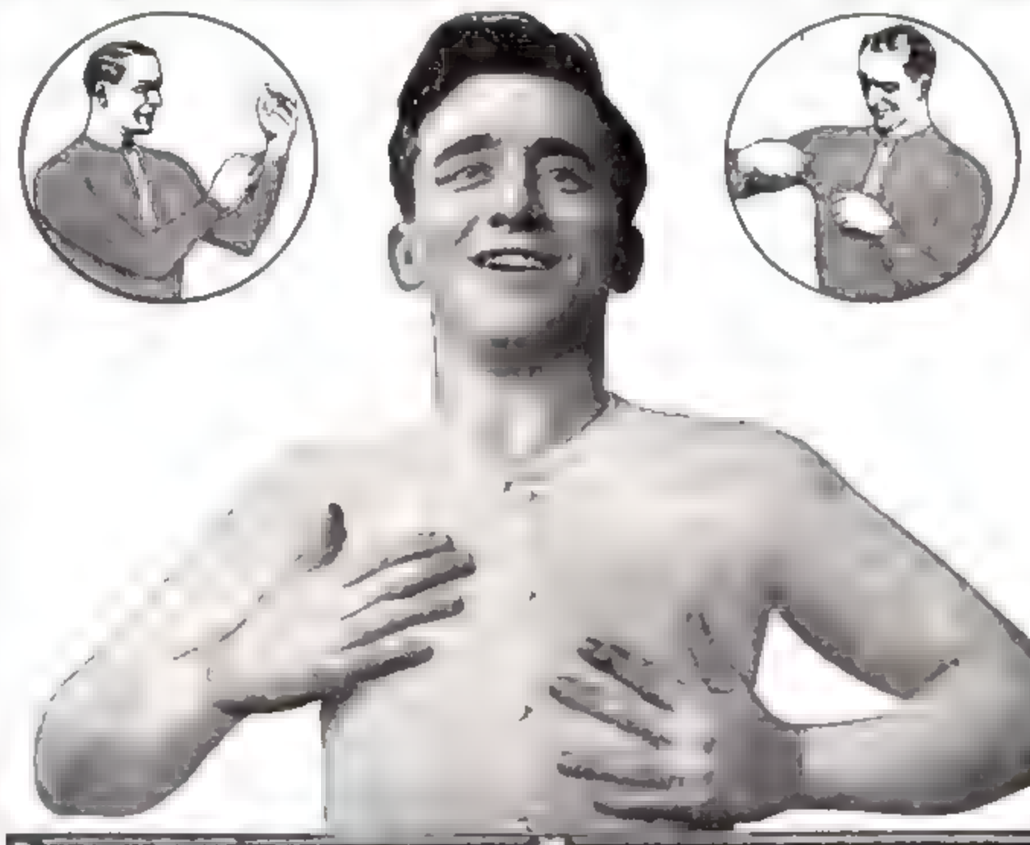
"You Can't Surpass WHITE HOUSE Class."

ASK YOUR DEALER—he has them or will get them. Or, write Dept. A for Style Book.

The Brown Shoe Co.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

P. S.—BUSTER BROWN SHOES will satisfy the desire of your boy or girl for a stylish shoe with "EXTRA WEAR IN EVERY PAIR."

BROWN'S 5 MARK MEANS QUALITY



Velvetrib
Oneita Knit Underwear

VELVETRIB has that *good* feeling. The soft caress of its warm, velvety fabric and its snug, easy fit are most gratifying. Its fine interwoven fabric is wonderfully durable. A *Velvetrib* garment is reinforced wherever strain comes. Each garment will give you two seasons of luxurious service. Ask your dealer.

ONEITA KNITTING MILLS, Mill No. 52, UTICA, N. Y.
Makers of famous Oneita Union Suits and other Oneita-Knit Underwear.

Velvetrib is Guaranteed not to irritate, shrink, rip, tear, bag—or money back. Medium and heavy weights.

Men's Separate Garments, $1 Union Suits . . . $2
Boys' Separate Garments, 50c Union Suits . . . $1

If your dealer doesn't sell *Velvetrib*, send us his name. We'll mail you booklet, sample of fabric, and see that you are supplied.

City Comforts for Your Country Home

GASOLINE ENGINES
with Storage Battery Plants

The OTTO Gas Engine Works
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Buy the Original
Zimmermann AUTOHARP

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MENTOR
Comfort Union Suits
Woolen Underwear that is Genuinely Comfortable

Wool is the best non-conductor of heat used in textile manufacture and consequently many men prefer flannels for Winter underwear.

Many have been unable, however, to obtain woolen garments that do not irritate the skin and have concluded they can not wear underwear of this material with comfort.

For such we are making three numbers of union suits of fine Australian Lambswool, with a slight admixture of cotton, which are exceedingly soft to the skin.

These suits retail at from $4.00 to $7.00 and represent highest quality in union suits for men. Samples of fabric on request.

With reasonable care in washing they will not shrink, and the last wearing will prove as comfortable as the first.

Mentor Suits for men combine the maximum of comfort and service—no drawers to slip down, no shirt to crawl up, no double thickness about the waist—perfect fit—perfect satisfaction.

Mentor Suits are sold everywhere. Buy from your home merchant who advertises them.

They are made in many weights and fabrics—Cotton, Wool, and Silk and Wool—and sell from $1.00 upward

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

As a Side Line

STOREKEEPERS: If there is no regular music store in your town, write for our great proposition. Put in a small stock of Strings, Sundries, etc. and secure valuable agency rights.

I will send valuable information, catalogs, etc., free. Write on your business letterhead.

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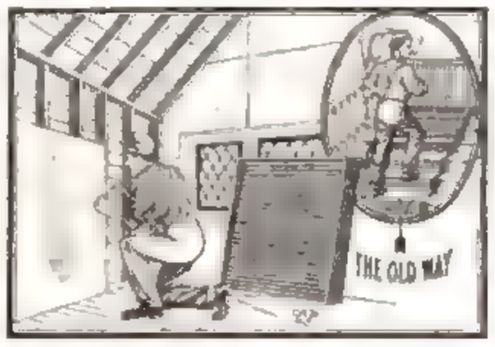
BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD

SAVES Money, Time and Labor. Cheaper and better than lath and plaster. The ONLY Wall Board combined with Asphalt Mastic. Laths are necessary in Wall Board just as they are in old fashioned plaster walls—to prevent warping and to insure solid, rigid, stiff, substantial



Walls and Ceilings

Bishopric Wall Board also is the only Wall Board with a waterproof body. The Asphalt Mastic in which the laths are imbedded is proof against dampness. Does away with all dirt and delays in building. Applied dry winter or summer. Easily nailed to studs. Ready for immediate use. Paints, paper or other decoration. Guaranteed not to buckle, warp or crack; also proof against dampness, heat, cold, sound and vermin. **Sold Under Our Money-Back Guarantee.** Used for finishing new buildings of every description, partitions in houses, stores, offices, garages, etc. It is the Original Wall Board, of construction patented.

T. W. Hanes, Carpenter and Contractor, Mt. [illegible], Ark., writes: "I prefer your Board to lath and plaster, as the waste could be put in a hat."

Dealers Write for Attractive Proposition.

Write today for prices, FREE booklet and sample of Bishopric Wall Board, also Bishopric Sheathing and Bishopric Ready Roofing

The Mastic Wall Board & Roofing Mfg. Co., 22 East Third Street, Cincinnati, O.

witnessed or otherwise, is only legally valid and collectable if at least ten per cent has been paid on its face value. That is where I get my innings for the whole game, and I must say it has been a matter of constant surprise to me to find the number of companies that don't know this simple legal fact.

And what can the company do to me? Nothing! You see I always have the company look up all my subscribers, and it is perfectly satisfied with them—at the time.

As for getting anything back from me, that is impossible. The company would have to prove fraud or intent to defraud, and what proof have they got? Not a thing that would stand in court. What I spent was given to me to spend.

The only way they can get me in a civil suit is to prove that I have been working for two or more companies at the same time and that the same people have signed subscriptions for all. And this is something I take care to prevent their finding out.

You must remember that no stock salesman ever guarantees results; he never promises that he will or can actually sell.

He only agrees to try to sell stock—at the company's expense—and to keep on trying as long as the company keeps on paying him. If the company fires him before he gets any cash returns it assumes the responsibility of his failure; for he will then claim that he only needed a little more time - which the company refused—to close his prospects; and who can prove the contrary?

The one way the company can really get a con man in this game is through the Post-office Department, on the charge of using the mails for the purposes of fraud. Letters answering the company's advertisement for a salesman have been held by the Federal Court to be "Come-ons." Two men I know in New York went up the river not long ago for a year through mailing their reply instead of carrying it to the newspaper office box.

Schedule K

HERE is a wonderful sight to see—a sight halfway from A to Z, or nearabout: it's full of stars and dashes, and figures and lines and bars; it's ornamented with sheep and lambs and puzzles and ciphers and cryptograms; it's fuller of signs than the weather charts, and no man knows where it ends or starts; and you may look, but you must not touch, for it mustn't be handled overmuch; and you may read it high and low, but the more you look the less you know; you may gaze from afar, but come not nigh, or the sheep will bleat and the wool will fly and the lambs will sicken and fade away—for this Marvelous Sight is Schedule K.

HERE are some Wise Men, old and gray, who are bent and bowed over Schedule K; who wrinkle their brows and worry and fret as they've done for years—and they're doing yet. They add, subtract and multiply, but they cannot solve it—how they try; they count the sheep and they reckon the lambs in squares and cubes and in milligrams; they weigh the wool and they mark each fleece; deduct, divide and then increase; extract square root and raise to *N*; advance, retreat—advance again; they put down one and carry two, and calculate as Wise Men do. The air is charged with gloom intense and the desk is strewn with rate per cents and ad valorems and cubic roots, and stockings and blankets and coats and suits. And this is the Permanent Tariff Board that has studied and reckoned and figured and pored, and [illegible] and quartered and doubled and dreamed, and bleached and combed and sheared and steamed, till the wool's pulled over their eyes someway as they grope through the jungles of Schedule K.

BUT it's all as simple as A, B, C, is this marvelous Schedule K to me: I merely add to the griefs I bear a half, three-quarters or double share: I multiply my ills, you see, divide my joys by two or three, subtract from my store of coats and hose, and wear odd fractions of old clothes; extract the cube roots of my frills and raise to *N* my tailor's bills; for Schedule K's the divisor end, my income is the dividend, and the quotient—small as it can be—well, that's my wardrobe, don't you see? And Schedule K in my income goes just half of once; so I cut my clothes to the lowest terms and you'll plainly see that there's very little left of me! —*J. W. Foley.*

Maish Laminated Cotton Down Comforts

[illegible]

Chas. A. Maish Co.
1102-1112 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

$10.00 and up

FLOOR your new home or re-floor your old one with hardwood at $10 and up per room, by the Colonial Method and save from $15 to $20 per room.

Colonial HARD WOOD Floors

are of beautiful hard quality Oak and [illegible] kiln dried to prevent shrinking, and [illegible] over new [illegible] or [illegible] by expert workmen. [illegible]

Simple and Economical

[illegible]

Materials sold FREIGHT PREPAID; safe delivery guaranteed, money refunded if not satisfactory

Write today for free sample [illegible] and descriptive booklet, all sent prepaid

THE COLONIAL HARDWOOD FLOOR CO.
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Sleep Out-Doors In Your Own Room

This FREE Book Tells You How

—you may receive the benefits of [illegible] while sleeping in your own room, by using the

Walsh Window Tent

[illegible] provided with awning and screen [illegible]

What Fresh Air Will Do
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LAW

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[illegible] Harvard, Chicago, Ill., Wis., Mich., Ia., Stanford, [illegible] others. We [illegible] years. Also in stress and [illegible]

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One Pair

Excelsior Boy Scouts

Equals Two

of Ordinary Shoes

You will be simply *amazed* at the length of time these boys' shoes will wear. Yet they are soft and fit like a glove. Material is genuine E.K. leather, tanned by our secret process. Soles are specially fastened, can't pull off, and will outwear two pairs of ordinary shoes. No linings. Greatest boys' shoes ever made.

the Real "E.S." **$2.00**

$2.50.

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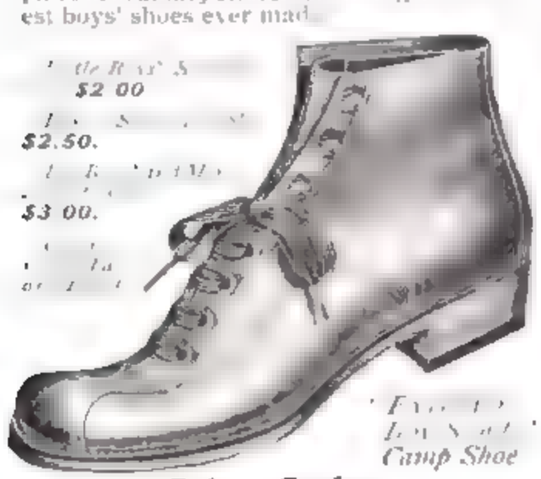

Excelsior Boy Scouts' Camp Shoe

Other Styles

"Excelsior Boy Scouts" shoes are also made [illegible] black, tan and gun-metal calf.

Ask Your Dealer

Your dealer should have a full line of "Excelsior Boy Scouts" shoes. If not, write us and we will see that you are supplied. We guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

Look for the "Good Luck" Charm

"Swastika" Good Luck [illegible] in every pair of "Excelsior Boy Scouts" shoes. Ask your boy about the charm. [illegible] Watch for [illegible] at ball games, etc.

Write today for booklet or name of dealer.

THE EXCELSIOR SHOE CO.

Dept. 20 Portsmouth, Ohio

Masterpiece TRADE MARK

Three-Fold Bill-Fold

and card-case combined. Unusually thin and exceed[illegible] very light. Made of genuine seal leather, [illegible] very soft and pliable. [illegible] price, $1.00 [illegible]

DEALERS Should stock the "Masterpiece" line of Men's Pocket Books for their best trade.

A. L. Steinweg & Co., 491 Broadway, New York

Marvelous Plant FREE

[illegible] after the [illegible] a Mexican Resurrection Plant [illegible]

Francis E. Lester Co. Dept. B 10 P Mesilla Park, New Mexico

Imported German

Canaries

$3.00 each

From [illegible] guaranteed songsters; price only $3. Make the home [illegible] Book. 25 [illegible] live arrival guarantee. All [illegible]

Iowa Bird Co., Dept. B, Des Moines, Iowa.

ONE HUNDRED IN THE DARK

(Continued from Page 7)

Suddenly she cut short the nervous outbreak of suggestions and in the same firm voice continued

"Every one take his place about the table. That's it. That will do."

The women, with the exception of the inscrutable Maude Lille, gazed hysterically from face to face while the men, compressing their fingers, locking them or grasping their chins, looked straight ahead fixedly at their hostess.

Mrs. Kildair, having calmly assured herself that all were ranged as she wished, blew out two of the three candles.

"I shall count one hundred, no more, no less," she said. "Either I get back that ring or every one in this room is to be searched, remember."

Leaning over, she blew out the remaining candle and snuffed it.

"One, two, three, four, five — "

She began to count with the inexorable regularity of a clock's ticking. In the room every sound was distinct, the rustle of a dress, the grinding of a shoe, the deep, slightly asthmatic breathing of a man.

"Twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three ——"

She continued to count, while in the methodic unvarying note of her voice there was a rasping reiteration that began to affect the company. A slight gasping breath, uncontrollable, almost on the verge of hysterics, was heard, and a man nervously clearing his throat.

"Forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven ——"

Still nothing had happened. Mrs. Kildair did not vary her measure the slightest only the sound became more metallic.

"Sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine and seventy "

Some one had sighed.

"Seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy-six, seventy-seven "

All at once, clear, unmistakable on the resounding plane of the table was heard a slight metallic note.

"The ring!"

It was Maude Lille's quick voice that had spoken. Mrs. Kildair continued to count.

"Eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one ——"

The tension became unbearable. Two or three voices protested against the needless prolonging of the torture.

"Ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine and one hundred."

A match sputtered in Mrs. Kildair's hand and on the instant the company craned forward. In the center of the table was the sparkling sapphire and diamond ring. Candles were lit, flaring up like searchlights on the white accusing faces.

"Mr. Cheever, you may give it to me," said Mrs. Kildair. She held out her hand without trembling, a smile of triumph on her face, which had in it for a moment an expression of positive cruelty.

Immediately she changed, contemplating with amusement the horror of her guests, staring blindly from one to another, seeing the indefinable glance of interrogation that passed from Cheever to Mrs. Cheever, from Mrs. Jackson to her husband, and then without emotion she said:

"Now that that is over we can have a very gay little supper."

. . . . . .

When Peters had pushed back his chair, satisfied as only a trained raconteur can be by the silence of a difficult audience, and had busied himself with a cigar, there was an instant outcry.

"I say, Peters, old boy, that is not all!"

"Absolutely."

"The story ends there?"

"That ends the story."

"But who took the ring?"

Peters extended his hands in an empty gesture.

"What! It was never found out?"

"Never."

"No clew?"

"None."

"I don't like the story," said De Gollver.

"It's no story at all," said Steingall.

"Permit me," said Quinny in a didactic way; "it is a story, and it is complete. In fact, I consider it unique because it has none of the banalities of a solution and leaves the problem even more confused than at the start."

"I don't see ——" began Rankin.

"Of course you don't, my dear man," said Quinny crushingly. "You do not see

It's the MOTOR that counts

The purpose of any car is travel. Of course you want your automobile to look well, but most any car can be made to meet this requirement. After all, it is the motor that will make your automobile satisfactory or otherwise. The car that carries.

THE RUTENBER MOTOR

(and a score of the representative makes of American cars do carry it) climbs hills and fords streams as easily and as surely as it negotiates the boulevards. It is obedient to the slightest touch at the throttle, leaping forward or coming to a dead stop at the will of the driver. It makes no noise, no fuss, no complaining whimper or labored [illegible]. It just goes and goes, carrying you over the ground with the strength of a giant and the freedom of the winds.

When you buy a car look well to its finish and style, but look even more carefully under the hood. If you find a Rutenber Motor there you may be confident that the car is essentially right. No other motor can give such prestige to a car.

You would be surprised to learn how many owners are [illegible] their cars with Rutenber Motors when as little as you began to have motor [illegible] you will save money and service [illegible] the same.

Send coupon today for our Booklet. Besides giving the names of the cars that carry Rutenber Motors, it will make you motor wise.

THE WESTERN MOTOR CO.

Dept. 2 Marion, Ind.

The Western Motor Co.
Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

Please send your booklet "Satisfaction Under the [illegible]"

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

Fashion Dictates

KNIT GOODS
Knit-right
GREAT WESTERN KNITTING CO. MILWAUKEE
(Guaranteed)

Caps for Fall and Winter

and rightly, for there is no head-wear as pretty, as neat, or as graceful. Made in all colors and combinations, over one hundred and fifty *Knit-right* (guaranteed) styles to select from. Ask your dealer to show you *Knit-right* (guaranteed) Caps, and insist on seeing the *Knit-right* (guaranteed) ticket. **Absolutely Guaranteed for Six Months.**

Every Cap is protected by a binding guarantee that entitles you to a New Cap if it does not give Six Months satisfactory service.

The Cap on the girl is No. 232, price $1.00. All Worsted Cap, very attractive design, rosettes on each side. Made in plain white or white with colored rosettes.

The Cap on the boy is No. 151, price $1.00. Our famous seamless Shaker-Knit made of heavy Worsted yarn, finished entirely by hand.

Above Styles Sent Postpaid on Receipt of Price.

Send for our booklet "Sensible Headwear" showing splendid "Knit-right" (guaranteed) styles in colors. Your name on a postal card is all that is necessary. Address Dept. J.

GREAT WESTERN KNITTING COMPANY

Established 1881 MILWAUKEE, WIS. New York Office—366 BROADWAY

Send a Postal

for the Sunshine Taste-Box containing five choice examples of delicious

Sunshine Specialties

When the box has been opened, imagine that you are going to taste the daintiest morsels that ever tickled your palate. Think of them as delicate, rich, appetizing, and at the same time thoroughly pure and wholesome. Then nibble a Clover Leaf, for example—you will not be disappointed. The trend of your thought will be, "I wonder how they are made. I wonder where I can buy them."

How does it taste?

Now try the others. You will find them entirely different, yet each is equally enticing. No taste can be so exacting that it will not delight in these unusual dainties

There are many Sunshine Specialties, all made in the lightest, brightest, and cleanest bakery that your imagination can picture. Literally baked in the Sunshine in the "Bakery with a Thousand Windows."

Send a Postal for the Sunshine Taste-Box

Simply write your name and address and that of your grocer and we will send you *Free* by return mail, postpaid, a package of Sunshine Specialties including Clover Leaves, Hydrox, and other toothsome morsels. Your grocer will then supply you with the kinds that you like best. For sale packed carefully and daintily in tins, also by the pound. Remember the name "Sunshine."

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO. 321 CAUSEWAY ST.
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits BOSTON, MASS.

that any solution would be commonplace, whereas no solution leaves an extraordinary intellectual problem."

"How so?"

"In the first place," said Quinny, preparing to annex the topic, "whether the situation actually happened or not, which is in itself a mere triviality, Peters has constructed it in a masterly way, the proof of which is that he has made *me* listen. Observe, each person present might have taken the ring Flanders, a broker, just come a cropper; Maude Lille, a woman on the ragged side of life in desperate means; either Mr. or Mrs. Cheever, suspected of being card sharps—very good touch that, Peters, when the husband and wife glanced involuntarily at each other at the end Mr. Enos Jackson, a sharp lawyer, or his wife about to be divorced; even Harris, concerning whom, very cleverly, Peters has said nothing at all to make him quite the most suspicious of all. There are, therefore, seven solutions, all possible and all logical. But beyond this is left a great intellectual problem."

"How so?"

"Was it a feminine or a masculine action to restore the ring when threatened with a search, knowing that Mrs. Kildair's clever expedient of throwing the room in the dark made detection impossible? Was it a woman who lacked the necessary courage to continue, or was it a man who repented his first impulse? Is a man or is a woman the greater natural criminal?"

"A woman took it, of course," said Rankin.

"On the contrary, it was a man," said Steingall, "for the second action was more difficult than the first."

"A man, certainly," said De Gollyer. "The restoration of the ring was a logical decision."

"You see," said Quinny triumphantly, "personally I incline to a woman for the reason that a weaker feminine nature is peculiarly susceptible to the domination of her own sex. There you are. We could meet and debate the subject year in and year out and never agree."

"I recognize most of the characters," said De Gollyer with a little confidential smile toward Peters. "Mrs. Kildair, of course, is all you say of her—an extraordinary woman. The story is quite characteristic of her. Flanders, I am not sure of, but I think I know him."

"Did it really happen?" asked Rankin, who always took the commonplace point of view.

"Exactly as I have told it," said Peters.

"The only one I don't recognize is Harris," said De Gollyer pensively.

"Your humble servant," said Peters, smiling.

The four looked up suddenly with a little start.

"What!" said Quinny, abruptly confused. "You—you were there?"

"I was there."

The four continued to look at him without speaking, each absorbed in his own thoughts, with a sudden ill ease.

A club attendant with a telephone slip on a tray stopped by Peters' side. He excused himself and went along the porch, nodding from table to table.

"Curious chap," said De Gollyer musingly.

"Extraordinary."

The word was like a murmur in the group of four, who continued watching Peters' trim disappearing figure in silence, without looking at one another—with a certain ill ease.

Long-Distance Nerve

THE city editor of one of the New York afternoon papers has a wonderful nose for news, but is lacking somewhat in a sense of humor. Once he sent a new reporter up to Harlem to put certain personal questions to a gentleman named Flannagan, whose wife had eloped with a grocery clerk. An hour passed and then the new reporter called up his city editor on the telephone, and in a trembling, shaken voice he said:

"Mr. Blank, I'm nearly killed. I told Flannagan what you told me to ask him, and he choked me and struck me and kicked me all the way down three flights of steps. And he says that if I dare to come back he will kill me."

"Look here," shouted the city editor; "you go back and find that man Flannagan and tell him he can't intimidate me!"

It is not necessary to wear glasses that are freakish in appearance just because you are obliged to wear double-vision lenses.

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have all the good qualities of the old-fashioned double-vision lenses and none of their faults. They look exactly like regular single-vision lenses, yet afford perfect vision for both far and near.

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Kryptok Lenses and best [illegible] style [illegible] quality of your old lenses.

Write for Descriptive Booklet

[illegible] Kryptok Lenses and [illegible] assistance to every person who wears glasses.

KRYPTOK COMPANY
105 East 23d Street New York City

Snap! goes the shoe lace

Of course, you're in a hurry! And likely you get angry and excited and say—

Never mind. Get a pair of

"N F 10" Shoe Laces

and you won't be troubled again.

Stand a strain of 200 lbs. to the foot without breaking. Patented fast-color tips that won't come off.

Guaranteed 6 months

10 cents per pair, but worth many times that price in the satisfaction [illegible] Black or tan [illegible] lengths for men's and women's high shoes. At shoe dry goods and men's furnishing stores. If your dealer hasn't them don't take a substitute—send 10 cents to us. Write for booklet showing complete line.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
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Ours is the largest factory of its kind in America. Established [illegible] years. [illegible] RUG [illegible] Free at Your Door

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[illegible] you want a money-maker? Here's one for you—in your district, the size of the town—and [illegible] bowling game with ten-ball [illegible] pins—and [illegible] plays. A healthy, manly game for men and women, boys and girls, old and young each [illegible] Many users of Ten-Pinnett always are making $100 to $500 a month on an original investment of $4.00 and no operating expenses other than rent. It's the game that pays for itself in a week. You have

Nothing to Do but Pocket the Money!

[illegible] are sighed [illegible] of interest to be in [illegible] and you sell. Grasp the opportunity now without the responsibilities of the everyday business man. Our guarantee [illegible] board [illegible] and [illegible] desire. It's waiting [illegible] eager money [illegible] one letter [illegible]

Ten-Pinnett Company
401 Draper St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Do Not Throw Away Your Old Safety Razor Blades
We will resharpen them for 2½ cents each. Your money back if we don't please you.
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Field Representatives Wanted in Every County
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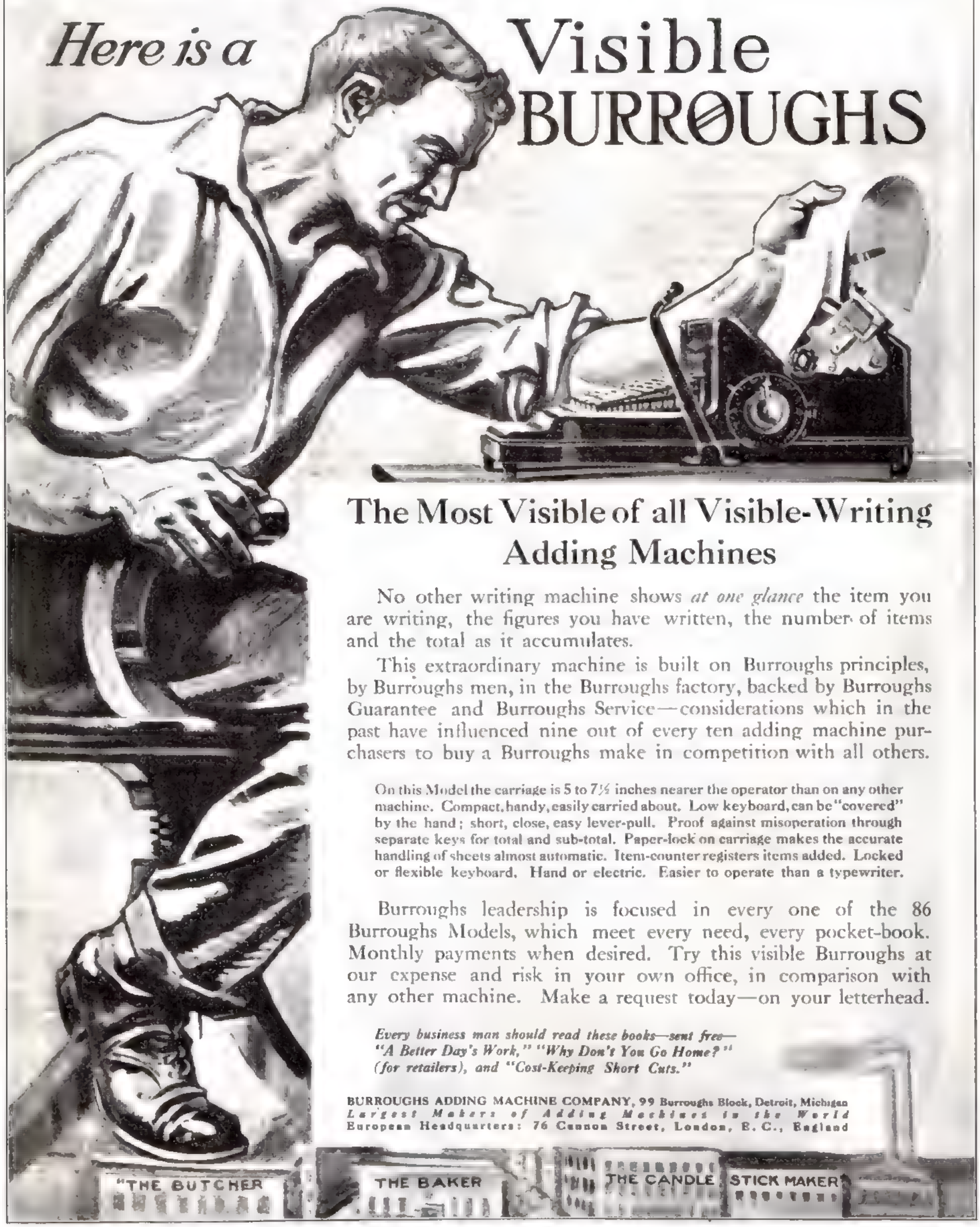

The Most Visible of all Visible-Writing Adding Machines

No other writing machine shows *at one glance* the item you are writing, the figures you have written, the number of items and the total as it accumulates.

This extraordinary machine is built on Burroughs principles, by Burroughs men, in the Burroughs factory, backed by Burroughs Guarantee and Burroughs Service—considerations which in the past have influenced nine out of every ten adding machine purchasers to buy a Burroughs make in competition with all others.

On this Model the carriage is 5 to 7½ inches nearer the operator than on any other machine. Compact, handy, easily carried about. Low keyboard, can be "covered" by the hand; short, close, easy lever-pull. Proof against misoperation through separate keys for total and sub-total. Paper-lock on carriage makes the accurate handling of sheets almost automatic. Item-counter registers items added. Locked or flexible keyboard. Hand or electric. Easier to operate than a typewriter.

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(for retailers), and "Cost-Keeping Short Cuts."

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Perfecto Extra

Why I make the Rigoletto Cigar in Cleveland instead of Tampa

The Rigoletto Cigar has been a well-known brand among smokers of good cigars for more than 8 years. I made it in Havana for 3 years, and then moved my factory to Tampa to escape the impossible conditions under the U. S. Tariff Laws.

For 4 years I made the Rigoletto Cigar in Tampa. I made good cigars and the brand was known throughout the U. S. More than a year ago I moved my factory to Cleveland. Now I am making and selling more Rigoletto Cigars than ever. I am making better cigars. I am making the best cigar it is possible to make. Yet I am able to sell it at 10 cents straight.

Why did I move from Tampa to Cleveland?

Why can I make a better cigar here than there, and make it to sell for a much smaller price? By cutting out unnecessary expenses in production.

I have found from actual experience that I can obtain as good skilled labor in Cleveland as in Tampa. I have employed the best at both places. The Rigoletto Cigar itself speaks for the quality of my labor here. A better cigar could not be rolled. It is sightly and free-burning, yet it costs me one-half as much to have a cigar made in Cleveland as it did in Tampa.

I have found conditions in Tampa wasteful of material and product. It is the custom for cigar makers to smoke at their work. They smoke their employer's cigars without paying for them. It is the custom to take cigars home in the evening, and the number of cigars consumed in this manner is amazing. Cigars circulate like currency in Tampa. By actual figures kept I know that cigars smoked and used by employees cost me more than $20,000 the last year I was in Tampa. I have saved all this unnecessary waste and expense by coming to Cleveland.

My employees here do not smoke at their work. They do not take cigars home with them. They are skillful, intelligent and well-paid. They make as good cigars as I could ever get labor in Havana and Tampa to make. I have a big, well-lighted factory on the shores of Lake Erie, with the finest of sanitary conditions.

This is why, Mr. Smoker, I am able to put more actual tobacco value into the Rigoletto Cigar.

I bring the very best tobacco from Cuba. And you know as well as I that you can make good cigars out of good tobacco in one place as well as another. No matter where a cigar is made, if right conditions exist, ***the very best cigar should not cost you more than 10 cents.***

I have gotten to the point, through my experience, where I have ideal conditions, and I can offer you the best cigar in the world. I can sell it for 10 cents and make a fair profit.

If you pay 10 cents or more for your cigars, you should know the Rigoletto by all means. I want you to know it, and that is why I am making this

Panetela

Extraordinary Introductory Offer

Send me $5.00, and I will send a box of 50 cigars along with a beautiful mahogany finished humidor with brass name-plate, lock and key. This humidor is solid and substantial. It has an exquisite, hand-rubbed, piano finish. It is equal to any you can buy for $3 or $4 at retail. Your name or initials will be engraved on the plate.

Send me $1.00 and I will send you 10 Rigoletto Cigars in any one of the 4 standard sizes, all of which sell regularly at 10 cents straight. With these cigars I will send you, as an introductory present, a seal leather cigar case which would retail for at least $1.00. Your name will be stamped on the flap in gold.

These offers are good in the United States only.

Now you understand, gentlemen, I can sell you only one box of cigars on these conditions, and then only if you mention the name of your dealer.

In the future the Rigoletto Cigar will be sold only through dealers. This is merely to get you acquainted with it quickly. Try the Rigoletto and you will understand what real value you can get in a cigar for 10 cents when the unnecessary expenses of making and handling it are eliminated

E. A. Kline

Notice to Dealers

Thousands of smokers are writing to us, wanting to know where they can buy Rigoletto Cigars. The Rigoletto is fast becoming the standard cigar of the country. Are you ready to supply it to your customers who demand it? Get in touch with your jobber at once, or write to us and we will see that you are supplied.

Elegante

Club House

E. A. KLINE & CO.
Cleveland, O.

Enclosed is $
for which you will please send
cigars and
cigar (case / (humidor) as described,
fully prepaid

Shape

Color

My dealer's name is

Address

My name is

Address

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

The Toe-Morrow—an exclusive Florsheim style. Many others as snappy—a complete line—extreme and conservative models.

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our *free* booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot Fitting," showing styles that are *different*

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago U. S. A.

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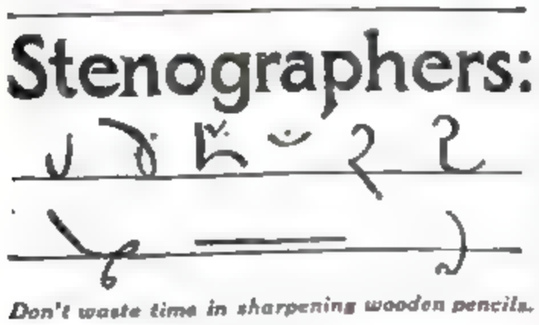

Don't waste time in sharpening wooden pencils.

Use

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

are the "shorthand" way of always having a perfect pencil point. They can be sharpened as much quicker than wooden pencils as shorthand is quicker than long hand. Simply nick the paper with a pin or a knife point, or even a pen, and pull off a strip of paper.

Blaisdell Pencil leads are as far superior to ordinary leads as the ease of sharpening is ahead of wooden pencils. They are smooth, even and gritless, made from imported Bavarian graphite.

Blaisdell Pencils can be had in any degree of hardness with or without rubber tips. 5c each, 2 for 5c, 3 for 5c and 10c each. We also make a complete line of "better erasers." If your stationer cannot supply you, write for one of our special offers.

Offer No. 1, 10c, 3 assorted 5c grade lead pencils. **Offer No. 2, 25c,** 3 assorted 10c grade pencils and 3 erasers. **Offer No. 3, 50c,** 6 assorted high grade pencils with extra thick leads and fancy assorted fancy colors.

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Sell Brandt's Newly Patented Automatic Razor Stropper. [illegible] gives a perfect edge [illegible] OLD style razors SAFETY [illegible] A new one [illegible] a year. Any one can use [illegible]

Sharpens and Keeps Sharp Any Razor in the World OLD Style or SAFETY

Harry Bart sold 40 strippers [illegible] Yes, so [illegible] well. No selling experience needed. It sells itself. Every man wants one. Be the first in your locality. Write for prices, terms and territory. Be quick.

A BRANDT CUTLERY CO 84 West Broadway, New York

ROCKEFELLER AND HIS STANDARD

(Concluded from Page 10)

What adequacy is, he has demonstrated. There are trusts for market profit and trusts for industrial development. American petroleum has occupied the civilized world and penetrated the uncivilized. Barbarous peoples have been educated, by the tank steamer and the five-gallon can, to the use of oil pumped in Pennsylvania, Ohio and California. In conflict with the largest and best vitalized capital of the Old World, at home with its greatest oilfields, American mineral oil has blazed its way, facing ignorance and prejudice apparently hopeless. The available world has been treated as one market. Profits scored in its interiors have been expended on and beyond the frontiers.

That American oil should be the house oil has been the one object kept in view, to which profits on sidelines were rigidly subordinated. Methods such as selling lamps in China and Japan for seven and a half cents which it has cost eleven cents to manufacture are only made possible by a synthesis of the powers of production. And the honor and consequent emolument of conceiving—even though the conception was gradual—and successfully proving the great, new business principle of concentration and combination belong to its founder. Consolidated wealth energizes large enterprises. His is the supremacy of that exceptional minority of commercial instincts that has created industrial revolutions that by massed millions make nations powerful; and in him resided an organizing and directive genius of an order that no other country has produced.

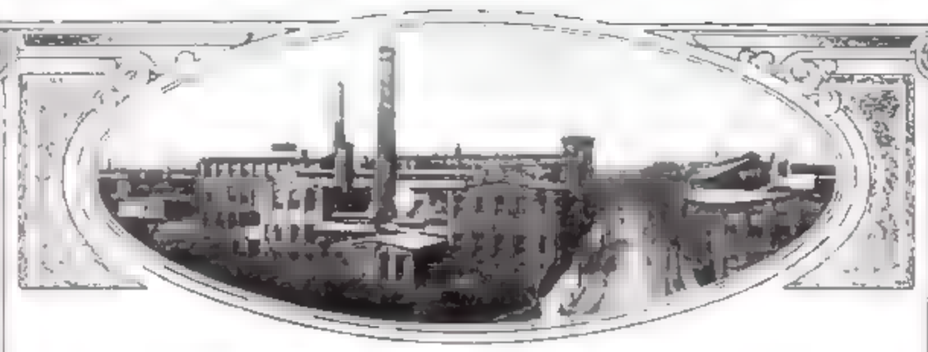
Rockefeller Like Emerson

The widely distant geographic depositories of the nation's oil wealth, the volume of capital employed and the prominence of petroleum and its related products in export trade constitute it a national industry. The Standard Oil Company's ascendency consists in a solidarity approached by no other commercial organization, creating a most completely fortified enterprise of production and distribution and in a system unprecedented in its effectiveness for building its own business and destroying that of others.

Rockefeller's transition from the world of getting to that of giving has been unique. Not only because of the channels through which came his accumulation but also because of his temperament, popular acclaim is slow to recognize the nobility of his well-doing. By disposition a humorless, even taciturn, man, without sympathy or emotion, his gifts have been an application of the same business principle that created the liquid capital that vivified them. Not the nourishing of competitive charities, the offspring of love and tenderness and local patriotism, but concentrated and cooperative giving to wisely selected or created institutions has conferred upon his philanthropy a national character. He has been not only a benefactor but a creator of benefactors where he has financially befriended.

Nevertheless, the public refuses to forget that thousands of individual industries were ruined to pay the bill.

These echoes of an episode must end. It has been my fortune to have had transient personal contact with our two greatest minds—Ralph Waldo Emerson and John Davison Rockefeller—both arctic personalities: one, the most noble, ethical force that has ever appeared on this continent; the other, a translator of ethics into institutions that tend to revolutionize philanthropy—the founder of a most complex and formidable business aggregation and the originator of the most effectual commercial resolvent in the history of the world—who wrought among stupendous material difficulties with the certainty of a perfect mechanism.



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During the 25 years that J-M Asbestos Roofing has been on plant of The Johns-Pratt Co., Hartford, Conn., (above illustrated), they never painted this roofing or gave it the slightest attention.

J-M ASBESTOS ROOFING

"The Standard of Quality"
Fire-proof—Weather-proof—Acid-proof

Keeps buildings warm in Winter and cool in Summer. Sold by most dealers; or sold direct if not at your dealer's.

Write for specimen of curious Asbestos rock and illustrated Book No. U 49.

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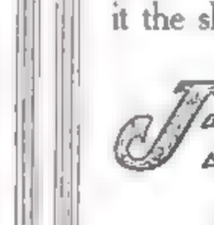

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Send postal for 1912 Book illustrating over **2000 Burnt Wood Designs FREE**
—a complete variety of novel, artistic patterns for pyrography also information on a new [illegible] to beautify wood, preserving the natural wood effect. Complete outfits for carving work. We save you 50%
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Address all inquiries to The Sherwin-Williams Co., 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio

The gracious art of entertaining knows this invariable rule—

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

should be served

Like the last delicate touches of the painter's brush, they add charm, delight, completion.

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

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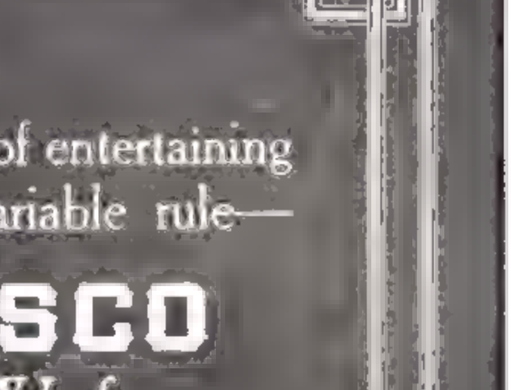


The Higher Education

Professor Newton Flinders burned his cerebrum to cinders with the oil of midnight study, and was haggard, thin and wan;
The degrees that he appended to his name were hardly ended when you'd used up all the letters and the alphabet was gone;
His distinctions would bedazzle, he was learned to a frazzle, and the learning he possessed was more than any man could need.
He was Concentrated Knowledge—he was Quintessence of College, he was Saturated Extract of the Information Seed;
He was Wisdom Sublimated, Clarified, Precipitated, till a grain of him would leaven near a whole community;
He was Quadruply Extracted, Boiled, Concentrated, Reacted, Double-Tinctured Oil of Midnight—there was no such man as he.

Now Professor Mike McCarty was likewise a learned party, but his knowledge was of muscles, and he had it and to spare;
But just as to which professor was the greater or the lesser I shall not debate, for truly it is none of my affair.
This Professor Mike McCarty ran a School-to-Make-You-Hearty, and he advertised extensively in papers far and near;
So Professor Newton Flinders, with his cerebrum in cinders, sought his brother-educator for the summer of one year.
And celebrities uncounted he discovered who amounted to as much in worlds of matter as he did in that of mind;
For he found Fistic Aggressors who were just as much professors in the world that he had come to as the one he left behind.
Professor Pat McGuire bade him hold his fists up higher and then sent a stream of crimson down by getting through his guard;
Professor Dan O'Grady took him out where it was shady and then locked a Nelson on him and upset him rather hard.

Professor Mickey Dooley found his pins to be unruly; so he set him the example of a thousand skips of rope.
Professor Shamus Slattery, the star of some old battery, hurled baseballs fiercely at him and declared it "Just the dope!"
Professor Tim McSwatter was his tutor in the water, and he left him—wet and gasping—wrecked and stranded on the shore;
And they slapped him and they rubbed him, and they steamed him and they scrubbed him, till his brain was quite forgotten, since his muscles were so sore.
Professor Mike McCarty, dean of all this learned party, and emeritus professor of the Manly Art of Swings,
Would clinch and uppercut him, would cross-counter him and butt him, and teach him how to lead and duck, and other brutal things;
And when the day was dying they would leave him somewhere lying in the grass, where winds might blow on him and showers on him fall.
And when he had partaken weeks of cabbage, beans and bacon, he began straightway forgetting that he had a mind at all.

In September or October came a giant man and sober to the Flinders chair in college, and his voice was fierce and bold;
He had such a breadth of shoulders as would awe student beholders, and his class in mathematics was not like the class of old:
"Uppercut it, Jenks!" he shouted. "Get a Nelson lock about it! Duck that swing—it's making at you—Hit it right between the eyes!"
"Jones, you're breaking ground—now quit it! Step up close and hit it! Hit it! Cross-counter now, and lead your left and take it by surprise!"
"Smith, grab that first equation and hang on like all creation! Now lift it by the leg, Old Boy, and pin its shoulders down!"
"O'Malley, stand up closer! Hit that X right in the nose, sir; then land on Y with your left glove! Now—strangle-hold it, Brown!"
For, signed by Prof. McCarty, of the School-to-Make-You-Hearty, he had an ornate diploma, framed in some such words as these:
"Passed by McGuire, McNalley, Dooley, Grady and O'Malley—McCarty's Hearty Faculty—with honors and degrees!"

Daintily Dutch

Holland Rusk is unique in foods. The idea comes from Holland—the land of the best bakers. And it's the tastiest thing Holland's best bakers ever conceived.

HOLLAND RUSK

are good a hundred different ways or more. Try them as they come or with butter, jam or jelly—with poached eggs, soups, salads, Welsh Rarebit. Every new way is a delightful surprise. Buy a package from your grocer today. 12 golden disks for 10 cents. Serve this daintily Dutch Delicacy tomorrow SURE.

Holland Rusk Co., Holland, Mich.

A Negligee need not be expensive to be beautiful

Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

MERRIMACK DUCKLING FLEECE

though very inexpensive, is soft and delightful to wear. Made in most beautiful colorings and designs suitable for every age and complexion. It's ideal for dressing sacques, kimonos and bathrobes.

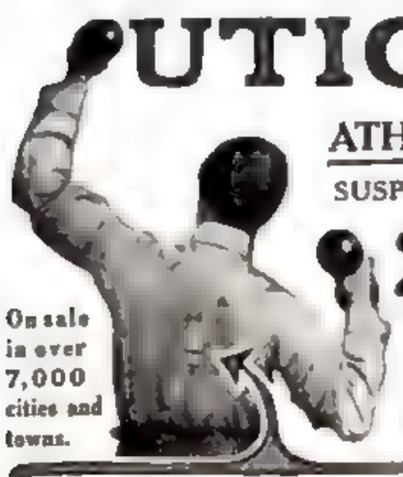
Never more than 15c a yard
27 inches wide

Be sure you get the genuine Duckling Fleece. Ask to see the name Merrimack Duckling Fleece and the duckling on the back of the selvage.

If your dealer hasn't it, write us.

MERRIMACK MFG. CO.
12 Dutton Street Lowell, Mass.

UTICA
ATHLETIC
SUSPENDERS
25c a pair



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GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR

THESE suspenders are so *strain-free* and *back-easy*, that wearing them, you feel *suspenderless*. They move with a velvety ease—never bind—stay put!

For the price of one pair of fifty-cent suspenders you can buy two pairs of "UTICA ATHLETIC" SUSPENDERS. And—they're guaranteed for a year. Sent by mail on receipt of price, if your dealer hasn't them.

UTICA SUSPENDER CO., 341 Columbia St., Utica, N.Y.
Canadian Mfrs.: Imperial Glove Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

After Shaving
Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM Toilet Powder

and insist upon your barber using it also. It is antiseptic and will assist in preventing many of the skin diseases often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c.

Sample box for 4c stamp
Trade Mark Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

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Here is the engine to do your work. Uses only a gallon of gasoline a day. Pumps all the water the average home asks, for a cent a day.

A hundred or more other uses in your everyday work will suggest themselves when you see it.

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A [illegible] guarantee to [illegible] your money back if you are not entirely satisfied with the work. I have taught [illegible] years and have trained many [illegible] to [illegible] positions. Address

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The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

Makes temperatures right [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible] saving the coal. With [illegible] you have [illegible] control of temperature [illegible]

Applied to Hot Water, Hot Air, Steam or Natural Gas Heating.

The standard for 28 years. Sold by the heating trade everywhere under positive guarantee of satisfaction. Send for booklet. WM. R. SWEATT, Sec'y

General Offices, 705 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Factor of Illumination in Producing Profits

is larger than most managers realize. Also in producing losses. In fact, good or poor light might even make the difference between a profitable and a losing business.

Good light enables employees to work better—which is the dollar saved. Enables customers to buy better—which is the dollar earned. And it makes everybody feel better—which has a dollars-and-cents value that cannot be measured.

Good light means more product, better product—with less waste; more sales, better sales—with less complaint and less expense of doing business.

Poor light means blunders; accidents; "rejects"; "seconds"; payroll loaded down by sick-absences; patrons uncomfortable and going somewhere else where the light is good, though hardly conscious that the light is the cause.

Registered U. S. Patent Office

Good Lighting not Common

The reason is: people haven't got 'round to it. Even in the great public libraries a large part of the illumination is designed to be seen and not to see by. The magnificent and handsome, but wretchedly lighted, New York Public Library, only recently finished, is a conspicuous example of this fact.

Twenty years ago the business value of good ventilation and scientific heating was not appreciated. At the present time every well-managed establishment is both well ventilated and well heated. Now that they have applied scientific principles to other parts of their business, some managers are beginning to realize that there is such a thing as scientific illumination; that it is absurd to use profit-consuming light when profit-producing light doesn't cost any more—may even cost less.

Scientific Illumination

The subject is new and there is very little printed information on the matter except such as trained scientific minds can understand. Most people do not know where to begin thinking. They need help.

To give everyone an easy grasp of the subject our Illuminating Engineering Department has prepared an easy book on "Scientific Illumination". This elementary but complete book covers the fundamental points of perfect lighting: wiring, lamps, glass, etc.—without prejudice or favor to any lamp, or method, or system, or glass. It helps you to start thinking right about your light problem. It is interesting as well as practical.

Why should we do this—publish a book on illumination when our business is making glass?

Importance of Glass

Because our business is illumination—glass is a most important part of illumination. The right glass distributes light effectively and without waste. The wrong glass destroys efficiency.

We want every user of illumination to think correctly about glass and we are willing to take our chances on his coming 'round some time to using ours; for although we make every kind of glass, we make one kind—Alba—that on the whole is the best general glass for illumination. And where Alba is not the best glass for the purpose we have the glass that is.

Send for "Scientific Illumination". Put it in your pocket, and read it at your leisure. You will read it again. You will fill out the blank that we send you with it enabling you to tell us the facts about your own illumination problem, and mail it to our Illuminating Engineering Department in Pittsburgh.

We will give you such information or advice as will strengthen your good light and your profits, and root out your poor light and your losses.

This applies to everybody—big and little—homes, hotels, stores, restaurants, railroad stations, factories, public buildings, office buildings, individual offices, libraries, and the Capitol at Washington.

MACBETH-EVANS GLASS COMPANY PITTSBURGH

Our Engineering Department is at Pittsburgh. You can see Macbeth-Evans globes and shades at dealers or any of our show-rooms:

NEW YORK: UPTOWN, 19 WEST 30TH STREET
DOWNTOWN, 1 HUDSON STREET, CORNER CHAMBERS

BOSTON: 30 OLIVER STREET CHICAGO: 112 WEST LAKE STREET PHILADELPHIA: 42 SOUTH 8TH STREET TORONTO: 70 KING STREET, WEST

But the Engineering Department is at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Moulding Troubles Into Comforts

YEARS AGO financial disaster and about eight years of invalidism pushed this man into long and exhaustive study of food and beverage better for human health. His own need taught the need of others.

He said: "Thanks for the experience."

Every obstacle in human life is for a purpose.

Overcoming obstacles strengthens character, and, rightly viewed, they can be turned into blessings.

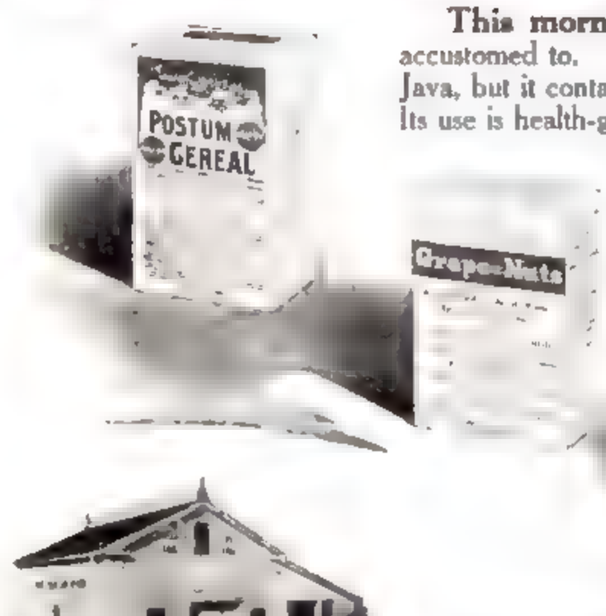
Nature's way to strength of body and mind is through trials and toughening experience.

Take your "bumps" with a smile (even if a bit grim at times) and extract the essence. This man's experience gave to the world better food and drink for the healthful welfare of millions.

The world repaid him a hundredfold. So the world will repay each one who rides down obstacles and considers them as strength-giving experiences for future attainment.

The foods were worked out from years of skillful training, each for a purpose, and hence the world-famous phrase,

"There's a Reason"



This morning beverage was perfected for those who are unfavorably affected by the breakfast drink they have been accustomed to. Postum, when well brewed, has the deep seal brown of coffee and a flavour very like the milder brands of pure Java, but it contains absolutely no ingredients except the nourishing parts of wheat and New Orleans molasses (in small proportion). Its use is health-giving to a marked degree.

Grape-Nuts was made to supply a nourishing food partly digested in the process of making. It contains the most vital properties Nature demands from which to rebuild the nerve centers, brain and solar plexus, and is wonderfully easy of digestion.

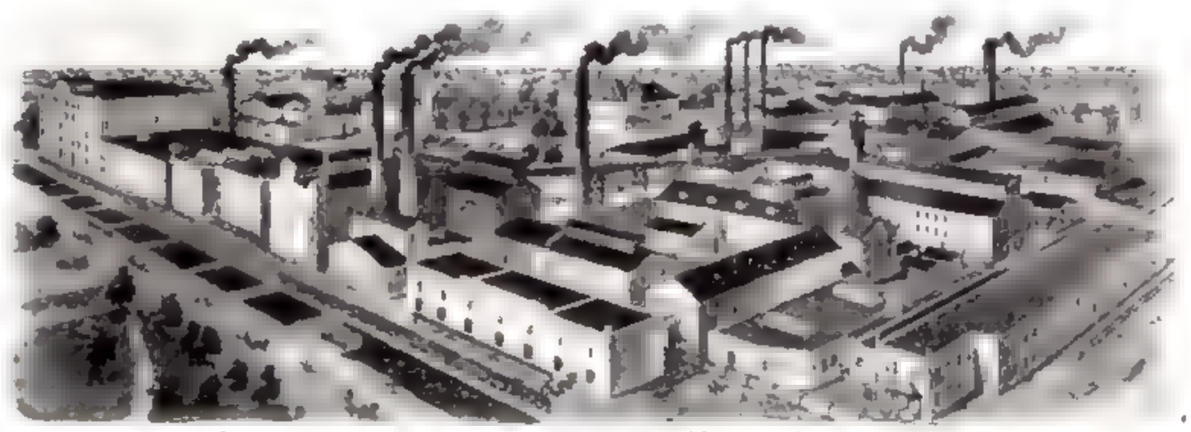
Post Toasties are made of thinly rolled bits of white corn toasted to a delicate brown, and present one of the most pleasing foods that the palate is called upon to criticise. The nourishing properties of Indian Corn are sufficiently well known to require no further comment.

"Little White Barn" where the Manufacture of Postum was Started Jan. 1, 1895

Postum was first made in the little white barn still preserved in the midst of the great group of factories now composing the famous pure-food works at Battle Creek.

The growth from the humble beginning to the present mammoth plant is another illustration of "There's a Reason."

A profusely illustrated book showing the processes will be sent to mail inquirers who ask for "The Door Unbolted."



Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Factories at Battle Creek, Michigan, As They Are Today

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A. Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ontario, Canada

A Game That Gives Pleasure to Everyone

There is no more exhilarating or interesting home entertainment than a family game of Pool or Billiards. With a

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

parents and children will find mutual interest and recreation. It is wonderful how it enlivens the home atmosphere by adding a new and absorbing interest, in which the whole family can participate

$1.00 DOWN

Prices, $6, $15, $25, $35, $45, $55, $75, etc. Terms, $1.00 or more down and a small amount each month, depending upon style and size of Table selected

Burrowes Tables are made in a variety of styles

E. T. BURROWES CO. 803 Center St. Portland Me

Put a
BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table in your Home

It's risky!

You can't tell by looking at it, how soon an unnamed tooth-brush will betray your confidence.

Sometimes it will sting you with loose bristles the first chance it gets.

Go to your dealer and say "Brisco-Kleanwell"—the toothbrush with the fine flexible Russian bristles that stay and stay and stay.

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Toothbrush

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Hang Your Pictures

Moore Push-Pins

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., 1110 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SERVICES RENDERED

Continued from Page 17

toward the triangle dominated by the gothic spire of Peace Hall. The crush in which the motor had been caught began to extricate itself by degrees. He heard his wife's voice as she leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur, but he did not hear what she said. The machine shuddered in its vitals, honked a brazen warning and began to draw skilfully out of the ruck. The next moment it had started at full speed in the direction of the triangle. It reached the gracious shadows of Peace Hall just as the end of the procession was vanishing into the great entrance. There the car stopped.

"Go right ahead, George!" Bennington ordered sharply.

The chauffeur half turned uneasily in his seat, confused by the conflict of orders. It was Helen who answered with the calm manner of a woman who knows what she wants and is in the act of getting it:

"We're going in, Bion."

"I—I couldn't, Helen."

"Why not?"

"Because—because I don't belong," he protested under his breath.

"Please—please, Bion! Remember; you've promised me!"

It occurred to him with the suddenness of a revelation that, above all things in the world, he would like to be with that "company of scholars" within those brick walls. Yet he dreaded to take the step which would constitute a reversal of the habit of half a lifetime. The pressure of events was becoming strong, however. The chauffeur had opened the door. Helen had risen and was holding out her hand to be helped down. He lifted himself heavily from his seat and the next moment he had passed with her into the cool cathedral gloom of Peace Hall.

"Oh, Bion, isn't it lovely!"

He discerned, by a subtle sense of intuition, that the exclamation sounded hollow on her lips. For a moment he wondered what had caused her air of strange preoccupation. She seemed to be glancing about her with uncertain, furtive nervousness as they moved slowly with the crowd through the great groined-ceiled hall, with the solemn glory of stained-glass windows casting mellow rays upon the marble panels that bore the university's roster of special honor—the names of her sons who had died that their country might remain one and indivisible. Suddenly he saw a faint, frightened smile upon Helen's face. Out of the crush at the entrance to the theater came the frock-coated figure of Hartley Hammond, marshal's baton in hand. He pushed his way deftly straight toward them.

"Why, Bion, I'm delighted—delighted!" And he thrust the baton under his arm and stretched out both hands in welcome. "Better hurry," he added urgently. "I'm afraid the seats are all taken."

At the door he paused with an air of uncertainty, looked round, turned to Bennington and whispered in a stage aside:

"By Jove! old man, I don't see for the life of me how I'm going to seat you."

Bennington did not notice the look of reassurance that traveled swiftly from Hammond's eyes to Helen's, nor yet the happy content that glowed in her face in response. He heard the secretary's dark foreboding with a sense of relief. Chance was working in his favor. There were no seats to be had; therefore he could withdraw gracefully and go his way. Suddenly the secretary spoke again with resonant buoyancy:

"Hold on—the very thing!"

He nodded commandingly and led the way to two vacant places at the end of the first row of seats facing the platform.

"My, but you were lucky! So long, old man—see you later," he concluded cheerfully as he moved away with the pressing air of a man who had important business elsewhere.

Bennington sank to the oaken bench with a sense of coldness—a quick, troubled flutter in his breast. His breath seemed to come hard. He fervently wished himself miles away—as far as the width of the continent—from this assemblage to which he felt himself a stranger; for this was the festival of the Cherishing Mother whom he had renounced, the feast of learning to which he had come on false pretenses.

He felt the moisture springing to his forehead. It seemed to him that the gaze of

It is Like a Lash Across a Woman's Face: Said a Man When He Read Mr. Kipling's New Poem

It is a "woman's poem," called "The Female of the Species."

With a sting that fairly bites, Mr. Kipling lashes a type of woman: the female of a species that, he says, "is more deadly than the male," and puts on record a poem that will make thousands of women uncomfortable and will take a place all its own in the modern feminine unrest.

As a direct contribution to the "Votes for Women" agitation, the poem is a masterpiece.

In no other American periodical will this new poem by Rudyard Kipling appear save in the November *Ladies' Home Journal*.

For Sale Everywhere at 15 Cents

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Two Words That Every Woman Should Remember

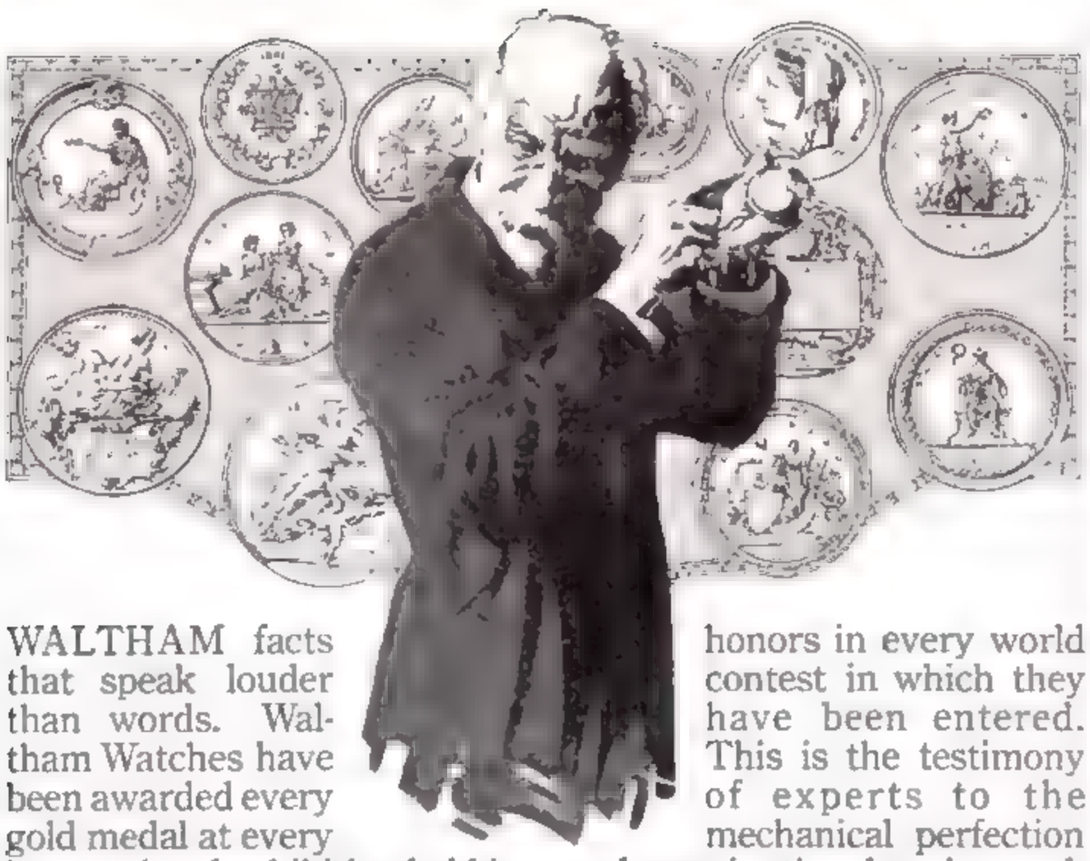
A noted woman-doctor tells what is "the greatest enemy that a woman has": what women do to fight it, and how thousands of women bring about heart-failure and death by doing just the wrong thing. And all a woman, to avoid danger, has to do is to remember two words and keep her eyes open for them.

It is really an actual instance where two words might save the sufferings and deaths of thousands of women.

Every woman should read this article. Husbands, too, for that matter, to help their wives remember.

It is in the November *Ladies' Home Journal*.

15 Cents Everywhere



WALTHAM facts that speak louder than words. Waltham Watches have been awarded every gold medal at every international exhibition held in the U. S. since 1876, and highest honors in every world contest in which they have been entered. This is the testimony of experts to the mechanical perfection and superior time-keeping qualities of the WALTHAM Watch.

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More conclusive still is the record of over eighteen million Waltham Watches in use throughout the world. The favorite of three generations, Waltham still stands for the highest expression of the watchmaker's art. High grade Waltham movements up to the *Premier Maximus* at $250.00—the finest watch ever made—are named. *Riverside,* for instance, on the movement, offers you a model of exquisite design and workmanship and a timekeeper of highest accuracy.

Send for free Booklet descriptive of various Waltham movements and full of valuable watch lore. Your jeweler will assist you in selecting the movement best suited to your needs.

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With 12 Blades $1

THE best shave of your life. Our guarantee is the limit of liberality The complete 12-bladed outfit $1.00 is sold by dealers everywhere. Extra "Ever-Ready" blades 10 for 50c

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You can easily do it after taking a course in Higher Accountancy or Business Law. Our graduates are uniformly successful. Send today for prospectus.

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2 Journal Bldg. Detroit Mich

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOG OF
CLASS PINS
The D. L. Auld Co., Dept. S, Columbus, Ohio

many eyes—hostile eyes—was concentrated upon the back of his head. His ears caught a subdued comment, emerging with odd clearness out of the muted hum: "Is that Lemon Bennington? I'll be hanged if I should have known him!"

Then came silence, as the distinguished figure of the president, with the red facings of Oxford on his gown, rose on the platform. The multitude burst into applause. The president held up his hand and brought back silence—a silence broken only by the faint rustling of gowns and the crepitant creaking of fans. The president's voice rolled out sonorously as the exercises were opened. The yearly honors accorded by the university were being announced.

Bennington heard the name of a man who in the course of the twelvemonth had negotiated a treaty between nations that had forestalled a conflict and hastened the march of civilization. The designation of the achievements for which the degree of Doctor of Laws was being conferred followed in classic terms—a gem of pure Latinity, a model of condensed and faultless diction. A distinguished gowned figure rose upon the platform and stood beside the president. The vast assemblage flooded the theater with a spontaneous, upspringing round of plaudits that lasted many minutes. Other names were proclaimed for academic honors and new billows of applause surged and mounted to the roof. There came a slight pause in the proceedings. Bennington heard an announcement in Latin and smiled with satisfaction at the ease with which he turned it into English:

"Master of Arts, for services rendered."

Then his breath almost stopped - for he heard his own name uttered:

"Biton Jordemon Bennington."

He became aware that Helen's hand had stolen to his and was pressing it with tremulous fingers. The concise, cleancut phrases of the appreciation beat upon his ears like the roll of drums in a chamber of death:

"Beautifier of cities; dispeller of ugliness and squalor; improver of the dwellings of the poor and enricher of life in his day; a man of learning and distinction in his generation, whom we delight to receive into this company of scholars."

He struggled for breath; stared about him with alarmed unbelief, and a cry of derision out of the past rang through his numbed brain: "'Rah for Lemon Bennington! We want Lemon Bennington!" The early scene seemed to reconstruct itself with convincing vividness. He glanced down apprehensively at his ill-fitting store clothes.

A touch on the elbow roused him. Hammond was standing at his side, urging him forward with pressing insistence. "Come on, old man; he's waiting for you!" he was saying. Bennington saw the president bending toward him from the platform. He arose slowly to his feet. He heard Hammond whispering in his ear as they parted at the steps to the platform:

"That's the way the class feels about you, Bennington."

The next moment the beautifier of cities stood upon the platform with an odd sense of detachment, as if some one else were standing in his shoes and he were staring at him curiously. He felt the grasp of the president's hand as a crash of applause burst from the audience and tore to the gothic beams of the ceiling with a rending roar. It seemed to last for the length of a lifetime, to ring louder and mount higher into dizzy heights of exultation.

He sought his wife's face—and found it. He could see the tears trickling down her cheeks through a smile as radiant as the glorious day. His only wish was that it might soon be over—that he might soon take her in his arms and tell her how happy he was to be enrolled in this "company of scholars."

Toujours la Politesse

MR. MACTAVISH attended a christening where the hospitality of the host knew no bounds except the several capacities of the guests. In the midst of the celebration Mr. MacTavish rose up and made the rounds of the company, bidding each a profound farewell.

"But, Sandy, mon," objected the host; "ye're not goin' yet with the evenin' just started?"

"Nay," said the prudent MacTavish "I'm no' goin' yet. But I'm tellin' ye good night while I know ye."

Union Suits for Well-Dressed Men

For "tailored" fit. For seams that lie flat. For Elastic, spring-needle knitting. For added wear and real comfort.

No one need pay a fabulous price for really fine union suits. We sell them at popular prices.

Here is underwear at $1.00 a suit as good as most people want. We sell suits of silk with better materials but no better fit for $3.50 a suit. The difference is in the materials. All LEWIS UNION SUITS represent our forty years of experience. LEWIS SUITS have perfect crotch and seat adjustments. No one knows better than we how to make union suits, for we made the first that were sold

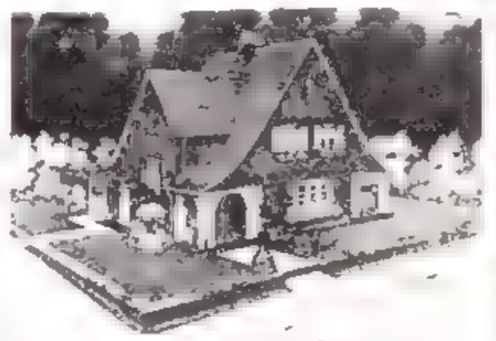
LEWIS (Elastic Knit) Underwear

LEWIS SUITS are the utmost in underwear

Don't buy underwear till you see LEWIS SUITS

LEWIS KNITTING COMPANY
Dept. S, Janesville, Wisconsin

Learn About Brick



Every one admires a brick house. Few realize its low cost and economy.

Learn the Facts Free Books

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A House of Brick for $10,000

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THE BUILDING BRICK ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
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AWAY WITH CHILL!

HERE'S A WARM WELCOME FOR WINTER

B—r—r—r—r!

Here is cheer for chattering teeth, blue noses, numb fingers, goose flesh and shivering spines.

Here is a snug welcome for frosty mornings, drafty rooms and chilly corners—a warm greeting from the Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater.

It's a sort of portable fireplace—a real heater.

Blue enamel or plain steel drum, with nickel trimmings.

The wick can't be turned up to the smoking point. The patented burner prevents.

Just strike a match and light the wick. There you are! The Perfection is all aglow in a minute.

Good-by chill!

Away goes Jack Frost before the radiating warmth.

The Perfection is ready night and day. It never grumbles. It gets busy quick. And it keeps busy—giving out cheer and comfort till you say the word.

It is portable, too—easily carried from room to room.

Just put this lively Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in your house. Then—

Bring on the cold snaps!

Bring on the icy blasts!

Bring on the frosty mornings!

Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in Bedrooms

Did you ever envy the fellow whose bedroom had a stove-pipe running through it? Now, instead, you can have a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater right near your bed. What a welcome sight on shivery mornings when you peek out from under the covers. Lit in a second. Warms up in a moment.

Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in Nurseries

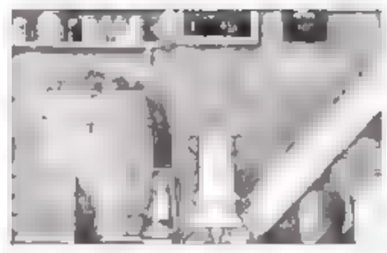
When you were a youngster, remember how you used to make a tent of the bedclothes on winter mornings and dress underneath? It's hard for the little folks to hop out of a warm bed into a cold room. And they catch many a cold by it. With a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater you can take the chill out of the air in a few minutes. Then the kiddies can dress in comfort and safety.

Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in Bathrooms

Don't shave with cold water! Put a pan of water on top of a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in the bathroom. Three minutes later: Chill gone—bathroom comfy—warm fingers—pleasant shave. Makes it nice for the rest of the family, too.

Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in Dining Rooms

Feels like furs and ear-muffs in the dining room on frosty mornings. Somehow, breakfast time always comes before the furnace "gets a-going." But what's the use of eating the first meal of the day in discomfort? Light up the Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater and make things cosy in a jiffy.



Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in Cellars

To get water in the old days on the farm you had to go out in the morning and break the ice with an axe. That was no worse than thawing out frozen pipes. On extra cold nights place a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater near the pipes in the cellar. That will keep the water running. It will keep fruit and vegetables from freezing, too.

Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in Attics

No wonder you can't solve the servant problem if your maid has to sleep in a cold attic room. That's enough to make anybody discontented. Give her a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater. By lighting it for a few minutes night and morning she can make her room comfortable and herself happy.

PERFECTION

Smokeless Oil Heater

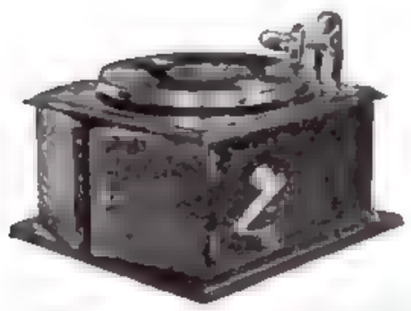
The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is 25 inches high and weighs only 11½ pounds. The low price will surprise you. Get one now. Have it all winter.

Sold wherever good stoves are sold. Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater. Be sure it's a PERFECTION. If your dealer shouldn't have it, write us. We will see that you are supplied. Address our nearest agency.

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

Victor-Victrola



Victor-Victrola IV, $15

Victor-Victrola VI, $25

There isn't a home anywhere that wouldn't be the better for having a Victor.

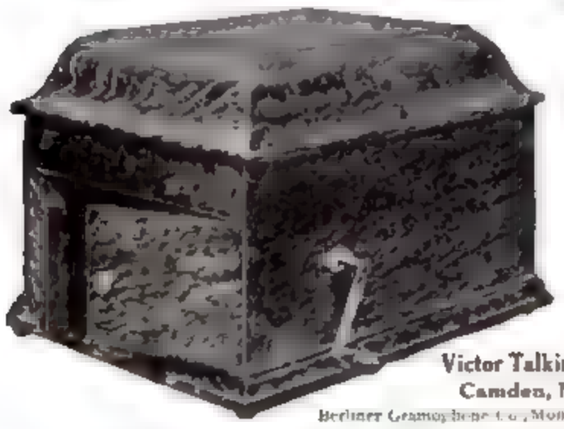
Good music brightens every home, and with a Victor or Victor-Victrola you can readily satisfy your every musical taste hear whatever music you wish, whenever you wish.

These three new popular-priced instruments make it easy for every one to own a *genuine* Victor-Victrola.

And if you will go to any music store or any Victor dealer's and hear your favorite selection on the Victor or Victor-Victrola, you will wonder how you have managed to satisfy your love of music without it.

Victor-Victrola VIII, $40

All the important patented Victor-Victrola features including Exhibition sound box, tapering tone arm, "goose neck," sound-box tube, and concealed speaking [illegible] are incorporated in these new instruments



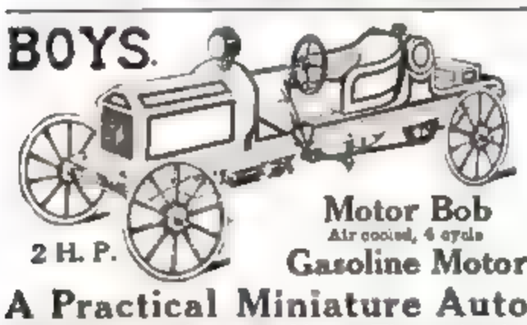
Other styles of the Victor-Victrola $50 to $150

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

BOYS.



Motor Bob
Air cooled, 4 cycle
2 H. P. Gasoline Motor

A Practical Miniature Auto

propelled by a simple gasoline Motor. The greatest instructive, mechanical device ever invented. Boys are wild over the celebrated Motor Bobs. Any boy of twelve years and upwards can build and operate the Motor Bob. Send 25c. for complete instruction booklet, "How to Build a Motor Bob," which contains simple drawings, diagrams, full sizes, instructions for building and operating, and list of parts.

Dept. 10 MOTOR BOB MFG. CO., Main & Amherst Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$8,500 offered for one invention. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send us a sketch or model and description of your invention and we will tell you our opinion free whether it is probably patentable. Our fees payable when patent is allowed. We assist inventors to sell their inventions. Patent Obtained or Fee Returned.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys
Established 15 Years
963 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

THE BEST LIGHT

makes and burns its own gas. Costs 3c a week to operate. No dirt, grease nor odor. A pure white light, more brilliant than electricity or acetylene. None other so cheap or effective. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue and prices.

THE BEST LIGHT CO
BEST BY TEST 5-25 E. 5th Street Canton, O.

A Problem Solved By Holstein Cows' Milk.

Wishing others to profit by her experience, a grateful mother writes:

"I weighed my baby this morning and she weighs 21 pounds. Up to the time we started on Holstein Milk, I never had a night's rest and you should see her nose. You would never realize that a little over three months ago she weighed only 8½ pounds.

"I have sat for hours thinking and worrying over her and her food and the problem was so simply solved after all. I feel confident that if mothers with poorly nourished children or children with weak stomachs would only give Holstein Milk a trial, they would think as much of it as I do. Many friends are surprised at her progress and they have now a tendency in telling me that they felt sure we would never raise her."

Your milkman should be able to supply Purebred Holstein Milk, but if he cannot, send us his name and address, and we will help you get it. Our free booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk," is full of useful information. Send for it.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION
10-B American Building, Brattleboro, Vermont

MARVEL SOLDER

INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS

In all kinds of household utensils—enameled, tin, iron, copper, brass, etc. *Solders While at Heat.* Just squeeze from tube and spread over hole or crack with fingers. Hardening. It makes solid [illegible] Patches all [illegible] Every family [illegible] motorists. Send 10c for trial tube.

AGENTS WANTED
QUICK SALES BIG PROFITS

MARVEL SOLDER CO.
1937 Broadway, Dept. 9, New York

THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 25)

"Well, a young man in that line of business helped me put it together," Addison replied with equal modesty. "I thought that was a very good little touch—you and your brother working nights over the forge when you first got the idea of making stoves. Reminds people of Lincoln, you see."

"I cast my first vote for Lincoln," said the old gentleman half absently as his eye lingered along the page. "Yes, sir—I don't say, Addison, that it ain't a danged good article—a danged good article for young men to read —— Oh, what's this here? What does 'Inc.' mean?"

He frowned as he asked the question and his voice again showed irritation. He was pointing to the article, where it said: "Address H. & A. Weeks, Inc., Five Oaks."

"Oh, that!" Addison replied as though dismissing a trivial subject. "No doubt 'Inc.' stands for 'Incorporated.' I suppose the young man put that on to give it a more up-to-date sound."

"I'm not particular about having up-to-date sounds round my shop," the manufacturer grumbled.

"Don't you think he did pretty well with that incident about your creditors offering to double your credit after the fire?" Addison inquired.

"He did first-rate with that," the old gentleman confessed. "That was really the turning point. You see ——" Mr. Weeks retold the episode in detail, and at the conclusion of the interview he patted the young man paternally on the shoulder and bade him in the future to avoid dealing with grafters.

Leaving the works, Addison went directly to the leading hotel and found his way to room 228, where he knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" inquired a nervous voice from the other side.

When the inventor gave his name the door opened a few inches and Arthur Weeks, Junior, peered cautiously out. Being assured it was Mr. Humphrey, he admitted him and promptly locked the door behind him. Addison had urged him by telephone to sit in his office with the door open and overhear the conversation with Uncle Henry; but Arthur had preferred to be absent from the plant when that interview took place. To see even a fish or game bird he mangled and bleeding made him sick at the stomach. He now listened with relief and astonishment while Addison assured him that Henry Weeks was at that moment in an eminently peaceful and contented frame of mind.

The relief, however, was short-lived.

"This deceit is awful!" he complained miserably as he wiped his damp brow. "I'm deceiving my mother. She asked me if it didn't cost something, and I told her—I told her it did cost a little something. She supposes it's about five dollars a page. If she and Uncle Henry could see those bills they'd fall dead!"

"That's all the more reason, Arthur, why they shouldn't see the bills," Addison replied convincingly. "Why, this money that you're spending is your own, to all intents and purposes. It would be a pity if you couldn't spend your own money to keep the house from going to smash! Just keep cool, Arthur, and leave it to me. You must keep cool now, because you're in it up to your neck and you'd get into an awful mess with Uncle Henry if you spilled over," he added consolingly. "Just keep your eye on the mail and see that Uncle Henry isn't bothered about 'Inc.'"

Having heartened, admonished and got rid of the unhappy young man, Addison went down to the hotel writing room and composed a long telegram to Mr. Munson in the cipher with which that up-to-date person had furnished him.

The cipher was contained in a convenient little book that one could slip in a vest pocket. Addison had occasion to use it a good many times in the next three weeks; for, under application of Mr. Munson's abounding energy, the gasoline-stove trust was rapidly taking shape.

Sitting in his modest office at Vale nearly a month after returning from Five Oaks, the inventor got out his cipher book and translated a wire from Mr. Munson, in New York, which had just been handed him. The translation ran:

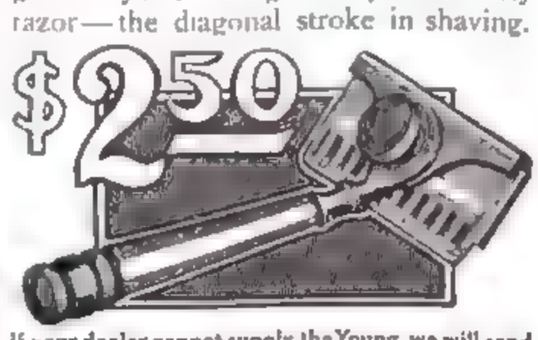
"Luderberg wants to see you about Weeks. Come immediately. Wire when you will be here."

THERE is no greater satisfaction than the knowledge that you have in your home ready for instant use a razor that will give you a perfect shave without demanding from you a barber's experience and ability. You get this satisfaction from the

Young SAFETY Razor

"The any-angle razor"

It is the one Safety Razor that gives the *diagonal stroke.* It has the safety feature of all safety razors; it has blades of the finest quality—blades with as keen cutting edges as the careful grinding, honing and stropping by an expert can give them. It is light, handy and nicely balanced, and above all, is so constructed that you get what you cannot get in any other safety razor—the diagonal stroke in shaving.



If your dealer cannot supply the Young, we will send it direct. Money refunded if you want it after a 30 days trial. Price of razor complete, $2.50. Extra blades, 75c. for 12.

YOUNG SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
1709 Germantown Avenue. Philadelphia, Pa.

TRADE E. & W. MARK

Shirts for *Autumn Wear*

Our semi-stiff plaited bosom shirt is entirely a new feature. The color combinations have many of them never before been shown. No labels.

EARL & WILSON.

"Wildwood"—a new "Red-Man collar."

You should wear "SUPERBA" Cravats
SUPERBA Combination Sets for gifts consisting of bow, four in hand and handkerchief dyed to match perfectly at all good stores. If not at your dealer's, write direct to
H. C. COHN & CO.
Rochester, N. Y.
SUPERBA
H.C.COHN&CO.
ROCHESTER
N.Y.

LET THIS BOOK BE YOUR GUIDE IN BUYING BUSINESS STATIONERY.

It is the key to the door of efficient business paper.

It will do more in ten minutes to put you on the right road to good stationery than our advertising could do in ten months.

It is a snappy, handsome little book full of unsolicited opinions from Doctors, Lawyers, Merchants, and Chiefs—in the business world.

It is "Their Opinion" of

COUPON BOND

Fac-simile Water-mark

The De Luxe Business Paper

To further augment this book it would be well to have our portfolio of Specimen Business Forms—Printed, Lithographed and Die-stamped on the White and Seven Attractive Colors of COUPON BOND.

Send for both today. In writing please use your business letter-head.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO.
27 Main Street Holyoke, Mass.

Luderberg & Company was the Wall Street house that Mr. Munson had enlisted to finance his gasoline-stove combination. Addison might have reached New York and satisfied Mr. Luderberg's curiosity on Wednesday; but he replied that he would arrive Thursday, meeting Mr. Munson in Luderberg & Company's office at ten o'clock.

The office was on Nassau Street, and the inventor found it—though this was his first visit to the metropolis—with almost no difficulty, only having to ask his way three times. Mr. Munson and Mr. Luderberg were awaiting him in the latter's private room. Addison found the financier to be a short, plump, middle-aged gentleman with a reddish-golden, curly beard and red hair. His manner was usually quiet; but he seemed, this particular morning, to have something annoying on his mind. Mr. Munson's manner was seldom quiet and this morning he was obviously ill-natured.

"In the first place," he began abruptly, glowering at the inventor, "we'd like to know what this means."

"This"—indicated by the promoter's leveled forefinger—was a popular magazine, issued that day, which lay upon the table with its pages opened so as to display a fine two-page advertisement that began: "Forty-One Years of Success! Forever Independent of All Trusts and Combinations!"

Seating himself at the table, Addison took up the magazine and surveyed the two pages with an air of critical satisfaction.

"This," he explained simply, "is an advertisement of Weeks stoves and Humphrey ovens."

Mr. Luderberg made an impatient gesture with both his short arms and Mr. Munson glared, demanding:

"But how does that affect us? 'Forever independent of all trusts and combinations!'" he repeated bitterly. "And look at that!"

His finger indicated a line in bold type running across both pages and reading: "We can do business successfully without violating the anti-trust laws!"

"Well," Addison confessed candidly, "I suppose that might be sort of awkward for you?"

Mr. Munson contained himself with difficulty.

"See here!" he demanded savagely. "Just where do I stand?—I mean regarding Weeks. Just what have I paid a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for."

"Why, if you don't know yourself, Mr. Munson," the inventor replied pleasantly, "of course I'll tell you."

Mr. Luderberg, who had been pacing the floor, paused and listened with deep interest.

"H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated," Addison explained, "is a duly organized corporation. A half-interest in that corporation stands in the name of Henrietta Weeks and her son, Arthur Weeks, of Five Oaks. The young man represents his mother by virtue of an unlimited power of attorney. I believe you took the trouble to satisfy yourself on that point. Now, you offered to pay me a commission of fifty thousand dollars if I'd get you an option on Henrietta and Arthur Weeks' half-interest in H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated; and you offered to pay seventy-five thousand dollars for the option itself. Those two sums—fifty thousand commission to me and seventy-five thousand to young Mr. Weeks for the option—make up the hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars which you mention."

Mr. Munson was about to interrupt explosively; but Addison held up a deprecating forefinger and continued:

"You paid over the money like a man; and the shares of stock, representing a half-interest in H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated, have been duly forwarded to a bank in New York, according to your instructions. If you want 'em all you have to do is to step into the bank and pay the remainder of the purchase price."

"But Luderberg's lawyers have been looking it up," said Mr. Munson with the facial expression of one suffering from colic. "They can't find that this H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated, owns anything. The stove works have never been deeded over."

"Oh, the stove works!" said Addison. "Of course the stove works are owned by H. & A. Weeks, which is simply a partnership. H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated, has nothing to do with the stove works."

"Listen, Humphrey—listen!" said Mr. Munson, striving to speak coherently. "You led me to believe that H. & A. Weeks,

KNOX
PURE, PLAIN, SPARKLING
GELATINE

Dessert Book FREE

Our recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," illustrated in colors, showing just how the dishes look, and giving over 100 recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Cream, Candies, etc., will be sent you, FREE, for your grocer's name. If he doesn't keep Knox Gelatine, send 2c stamp for pint sample, or 15c for 2-quart package.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
323 Knox Ave.
Johnstown, N. Y.

Let Me Send You the Rapid
At Factory Price

Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Saves 80 per cent on fuel, time and work. Pays for itself [illegible]. GENUINE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS WITHOUT EXTRA COST. Also metal [illegible]. Heat Radiators can't break or crack. Send for free book and 125 splendid recipes today.

FIRELESS COOKER
On 30 Days' Trial

WM. CAMPBELL CO.
Dept. 14 Detroit, Mich.

The BELL Tailors OF NEW YORK

Thanksgiving Special
$20 SUIT or OVERCOAT to your measure $13.50

$6.50 in your pocket, and a handsome $20.00 suit or overcoat on your back will make a pretty fine sauce to go with your Thanksgiving turkey.

And that is precisely what the Bell Tailor offer means. It gives you a real $20.00 suit made to your own measure, in the latest New York styles, from cloth you yourself select, for $13.50—a direct saving to you of $6.50. We can make this extraordinary offer

Because We Sell You Direct

We don't hire agents or sell through local tailors. Consequently, we do not have to add commission to every suit we sell. That's *one* big saving. We are the biggest mail order tailoring concern in America; buy our fabrics direct from the mill at mill prices, save you the jobber's profit; that's another big saving. We also own our own big factories, do our own designing, cutting and tailoring under one roof, saving you the contractor's profit—another big saving. Because of these tremendous savings, every [illegible] suit from us is of the very best. We buy only the choicest fabrics for our clothes and hire only the most experienced and expert tailors to make them. We have to do this because

We guarantee every garment we sell

[illegible]

Send for Our Fall and Winter Style Book

It is free. It [illegible]. It contains [illegible]. A postal will bring this handsome style book. Send today.

BELL TAILORS OF NEW YORK
137 139 Walker St., New York, N. Y.

Write to-day for Free Style Book and Samples

"Try it"

Sample Free

Try it on your floor—if it is either waxed, varnished or shellacked—or on your furniture. It cleans, polishes and renews like magic but never injures (important).

Brightener

Saves 2 to 3 times its cost by making the floor and furniture finish last that much longer.

Quickly and easily applied with a soft cloth. 1 quart (75c) lasts a home 6 months.

Ask for FREE BOOK, "Beautiful Floors," and the Free Sample.

A. S. BOYLE & CO.
2201 West 8th Street, Cincinnati, O.

Files of Known Quality

Why take any chances when by taking your dealer for the

Liveright
GOLD ★ MEDAL
Files and Rasps

you are sure of getting the very best. Perfect in temper, sharpest in cutting and finer in quality than any other file made. Known everywhere as

"The File that Files"

If not at your dealer's, write us direct.

Liveright Brothers
Not in the Trust Philadelphia, Pa.

Where is Edison?

[illegible]

Electro Importing Co., 129 Fulton St., New York
"Everything for the Experimenter"

Go In Business For Yourself

IF YOU want to be master of your own income, let us hear from you. You can devote all of your time to work or just profitably utilize your leisure hours. We want a representative in every town in the country to look after the subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and *The Country Gentleman*, and for this work we pay a salary and commission. If you are interested, let us hear from you.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

Breathing is the Vital Force of Life

A deep breather always has Health, Endurance and a Sound Constitution

Learn to Breathe—Develop Your Chest

Send for [illegible] page illustrated book, Lung and Muscle Culture. Contains [illegible] breathing exercises [illegible] diagrams, also contains [illegible] of other points of valuable information. 300,000 sold. Price 10c. coin or stamps.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN
1390 Terminal Bldg., Park Ave. and 41st St., New York

Make $25 to $50 Weekly

selling the Automatic Combination Tool to your home county. A Fence Builder's Tool, Post Puller, Lifting Jack, Vise, Wrench, etc. Used by Farmers, Teamsters, Engineers, Mule Miners, etc. Weight 24 lbs. Costs $5 Less. No experience necessary. Free instruction. Write for special offer to live agents. Send no money. Name county where you live.

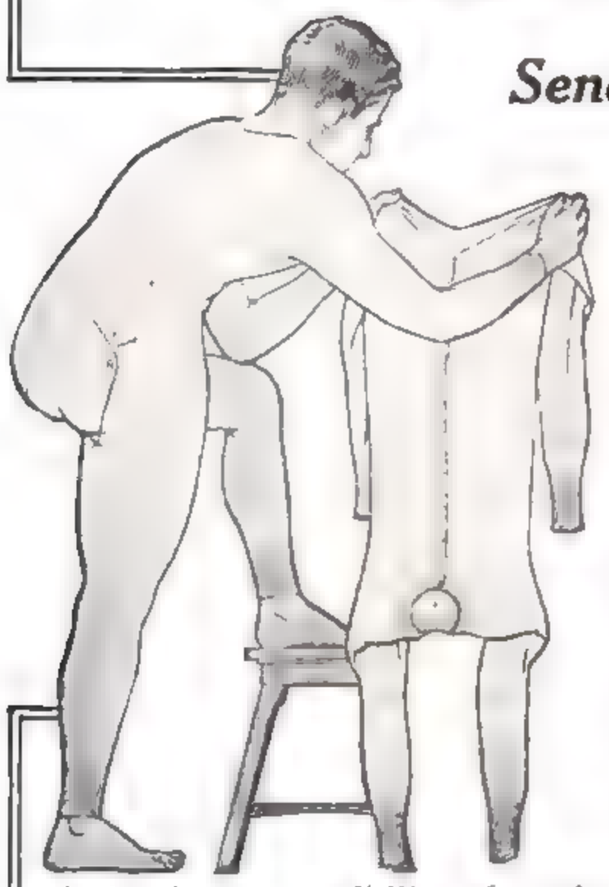
AUTOMATIC JACK COMPANY
Box 65 Bloomfield, Ind.

White Cat

Klosed-Krotch

(Trade Mark)

Union Suit



Send for Samples of this Sure-Selling Union Suit

Dealers throughout the country are learning that the White Cat Klosed-Krotch Union Suit is an amazingly easy seller. The closed crotch (patented) feature gives it all the advantages of both the union suit and old-style drawers.

Smooth, elastic, comfortable as the skin itself—it meets the needs of men. The crotch is knitted—no possibility of gaping or chafing.

Men are recognizing that this is the perfect, absolutely satisfactory union suit. Be sure to save a place in your stock for this union suit that is slipping over thousands of counters like hot cakes.

Write for particulars and samples.

COOPER UNDERWEAR CO., Kenosha, Wis.

Incorporated, had succeeded the firm—or was about to succeed. Why, their advertisements are signed, 'H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated.' You can see that for yourself right there!" He pointed to the magazine page and at the same time turned appealingly to Mr. Luderberg. "Why in blazes would they form a corporation unless it was going to succeed the firm and take over the stove business? What would any reasonable man in my position conclude from the circumstances?" Mr. Luderberg, however, impolitely turned his back upon this appeal.

Staring wildly at the financier's turned back, Mr. Munson continued:

"He let me think there was a row on in the family—and the old lady and her son were anxious to sell out and quit. He told me it was a delicate situation. He said I'd spoil everything unless I kept my hands off and left everything to him."

"Of course I don't know what you may have been thinking," Addison interposed modestly. "I believe it's a universal rule that when business men make an agreement and put it in writing the written document is supposed to express exactly what they mean. If you'll look at our little contract and at the correspondence relating to it you'll see it always mentions H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated. Who would suppose," he added innocently, addressing Mr. Luderberg, "that John Wesley Munson signed a contract and paid out a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars without knowing what he was about?"

"But what is this H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated?" Mr. Luderberg inquired. "Where does it come in? What is it for?"

"Why, it's just an advertising concern," Addison replied frankly. "You see, there was a peculiar situation. Mr. Munson's tactics made it necessary for H. & A. Weeks to advertise. Otherwise Mr. Munson would have broken down their trade position and formed his trust without them—and then eaten them up. But Henry Weeks wouldn't spend a penny for advertising. So what would be more reasonable or natural than to look to Mr. Munson for the advertising money? The hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, I assure you, all goes for advertising."

"I'll prosecute him, Luderberg! I'll prosecute him!" cried Mr. Munson.

"Tush! Nonsense!" said Mr. Luderberg pettishly with a contemptuous wave of his arms. "You'd only advertise yourself for a blockhead! Nice mess you've led me into. I've placed all the underwriting. I've notified everybody we were all ready to close the deal. I've told every man from A to Z that we had an option on a half-interest in H. & A. Weeks. Now out comes this advertisement—'No trusts and combinations; no violations of the anti-trust laws.' That'll alarm everybody. They'll all be down on my neck to know what it means. And, after all, you have no option at all. The whole thing falls through. Nice mess you've got me into! You've hurt the prestige of my house! You've made me look like a fool! You've muddled this thing from start to finish, Munson," he concluded hotly. "You've let this man string you along as though you were a farm-hand going to town with your first five-dollar bill! A promoter! Bah!"

"What have you got to complain about?" Mr. Munson retorted passionately. "I've put in a good year's work on this combine. I've spent two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of my own money. I've told all the manufacturers I had an option on Weeks. What about my prestige? Why didn't you and your fool lawyers look up this option? Nice mess you've got me into!"

Mr. Luderberg's reply consisted of a scornful gesture and three disconnected words—to wit:

"Bah! Nonsense! Blockhead!"

"We're going to come out with a swell ad next month," Addison murmured.

"See here, you!" said Mr. Luderberg, abruptly and impolitely addressing the inventor. "Can you get me an option on a half-interest in the Weeks stove works?"

"Out of the question, Mr. Luderberg—out of the question!" Addison assured him pleasantly. "I don't believe anybody can promote a gasoline-stove trust just now. Anyhow, I'm pretty sure Mr. Munson can't."

"Munson!" Mr. Luderberg exclaimed in affected surprise—"Munson? Why, he couldn't promote an old ladies' Bible class!"

Editor's Note—This is the seventh in a series of stories by Will Payne. The eighth and last will appear next week.

That's convenience for you! Fold your umbrella and put it in your suitcase.

Beehler Folding Umbrella

The handiest umbrella—and the strongest and longest-wearing.

The reinforced construction of the folding end makes the Beehler solid and strong at the ferrule where non-folding umbrellas are weak and easily snap off.

The ribs are crucible steel, fastened in their sockets so they can't work loose or rattle and they can't rust because they are rubber enameled.

There's a patent catch for raising and lowering—no pinching fingers or tearing gloves.

And guaranteed cover fabrics—absolutely waterproof and won't crack, rip, fade or run.

NAME ON [illegible] Beehler for-[illegible] of the [illegible] guaranteed [illegible] Beehler Folding Umbrella [illegible] more than the non-folding kind.

$1, $2, $3 up to $25—make your own selection and handle and cover fabric from the new [illegible]

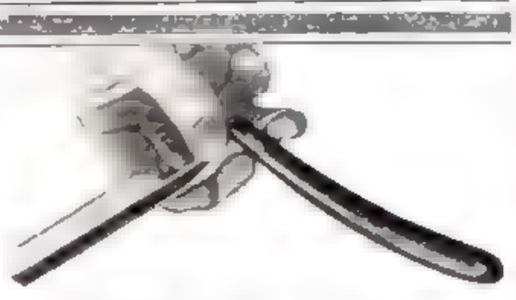
WILLIAM BEEHLER, Baltimore, Md.

Founded 1838

Oldest umbrella house in America

Packard

$500 tells the story. It's the fair price of the piano you'll enjoy most in your home—the splendid standard Packard, style FF. The better dealers everywhere sell Packard pianos and player pianos—on terms. Get catalogue BB from The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana—to-day.



A Man's Complexion

is extremely dependent on the razor with which he shaves.

Torrey Razors

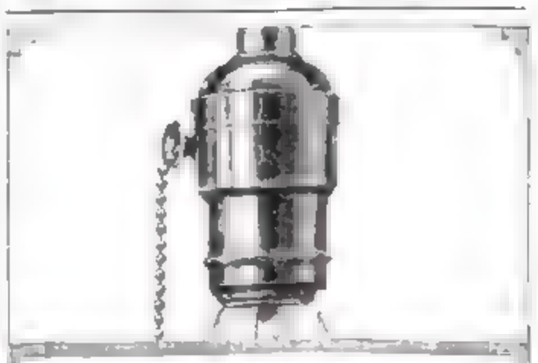
never irritate the skin or disposition. They are wonderful for their beautiful sharpness and exquisite temper. It is the one razor with which to shave and thereby enjoy a smooth, velvety, healthy skin.

If your dealer hasn't the Torrey Razor, write us and we will see that you are supplied. Write for our free booklet on how to choose and care for a razor. Dealers should write for our special introductory offer.

The new Torrey Honing Strop has no equal

THE J. R. TORREY RAZOR COMPANY

Dept. Y, Worcester, Mass.



Why grope for the key? Modern electric light fixtures have "New Wrinkle" Pull Sockets. Chain within easy reach. A pull turns light on. Another turns it off.

Never get loose as ordinary key sockets do. Last a lifetime. Easier on tungsten lamps. Positive in action. Can be installed on old fixtures by any electrical dealer for the price of a good tungsten lamp per socket.

Bryant

"New Wrinkle" Pull Sockets

are made by the largest manufacturer of "quality" wiring devices. Bryant makes an "underwriters approved" device for every electrical requirement.

Before buying new fixtures send for "Pull Socket" booklet P. Shows some of the up-to-date styles. Send for it anyway. Write now.

Bryant Electric Company

Bridgeport, Conn.

Chicago **San Francisco**

Kaleidophane

Makes art glass out of plain glass

It is a thin, translucent material, easily applied to any pane of glass without removing it. Reproduces perfectly all the rich coloring and beautiful designs found in stained glass at a fraction of the cost. Will not fade from light or washing. Made in many patterns, appropriate for homes, hotels, cafés and other business places. Also churches, clubs and public buildings. Use Kaleidophane wherever privacy is desired. Shades the view but admits the light. More economical than curtains or shades for [illegible] offices or [illegible] Easily put on. Any one can do it. Write today for free samples.

Kaninaki Art Co., Dept. B, St. Louis Mo.

20,000 $18 BENNETT Typewriters In Use

$18 in U.S.A.

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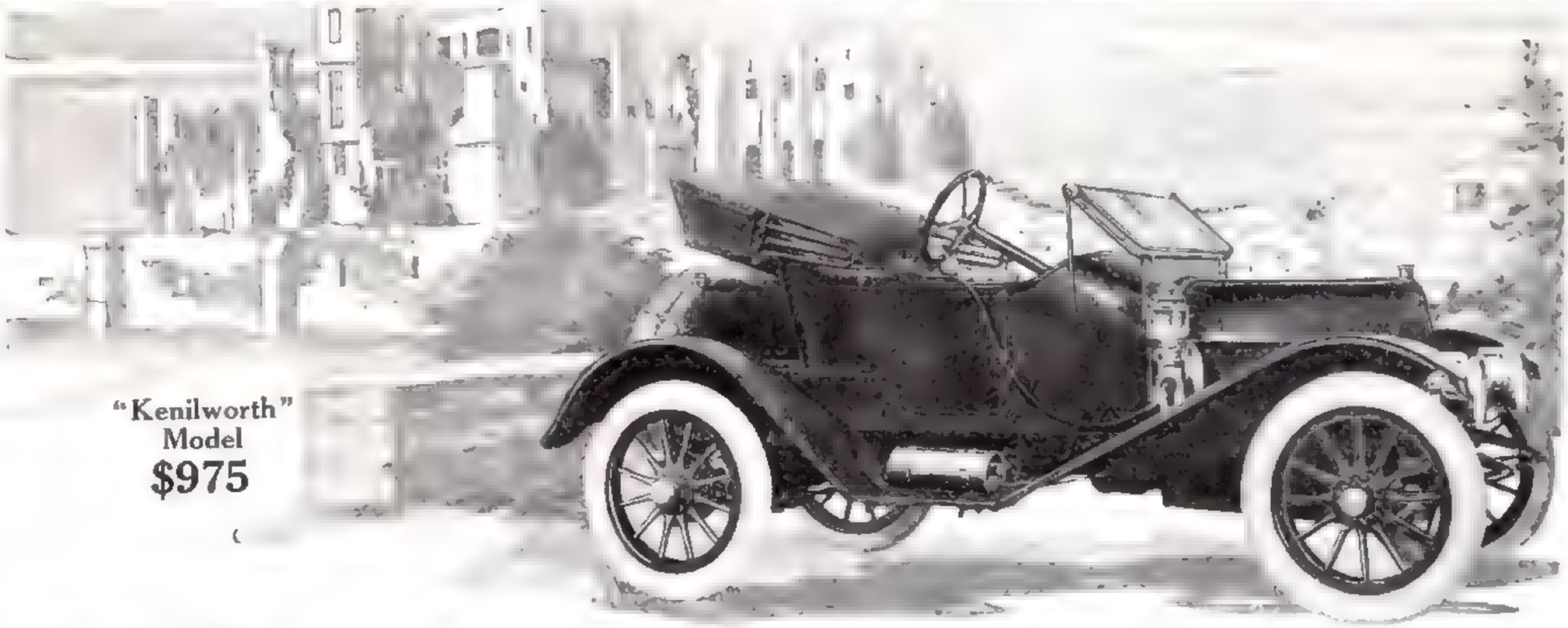

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THE PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO., 262 Twenty-first Street, Detroit, Michigan

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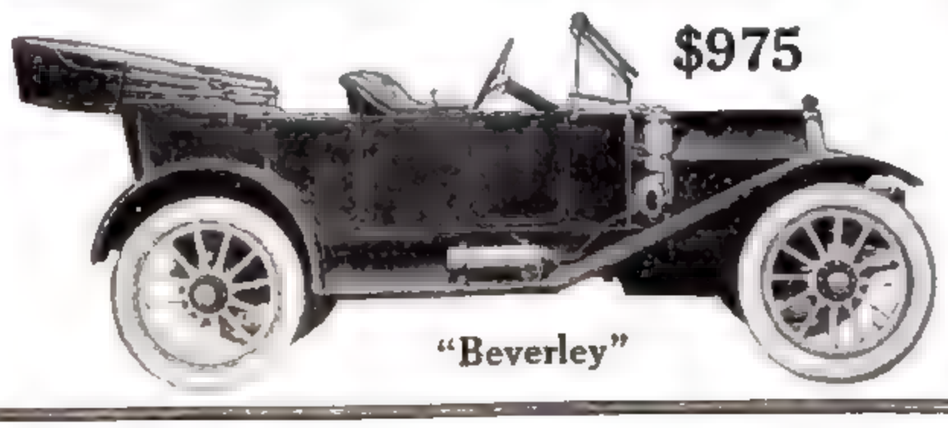

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Every Radiator Bears This Trade Mark

$1,600

"La Marquise"

"I Dearly Love a Bargain"

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Macey
Book Cabinets
SECTIONAL

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

Continued from Page 23

from you! If there's ever any trouble comes out of this you'll get your share of it, and don't you forget it! You've had me lay attachments against the Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company on forged notes. Since I had nothing, Johnny paid them, because he was square. The last attachment, though—for fifty thousand—he held off until I got that Slosher Apartment scheme in my own name, and turned it against me; and you had to pay it, because you had stood good for me."

"What difference does that make to you?" demanded Gresham. "It was my own money and I got it back."

"It makes just this much difference," explained Collaton: "Gamble and Loring are busy tracing all these transactions; and when they find out anything it will be fastened on me, for you never figure in the deals. You even try to avoid acknowledging to me that you have anything to do with it."

"You get all the money," Gresham reminded him.

"That's why I know you're framing it up to let me wear the iron bracelets if anything comes off. Now you play square with me or I'll hand you a jolt that you won't forget! There's a girl responsible for your crazy desire to put my old partner on the toboggan—and that was the girl. You see I happen to know all about it."

Gresham considered the matter in silence for some time, and Collaton let him think without interruption. They sat down now at one of the little tables and Collaton curtly ordered some drinks.

"It's a very simple matter," Gresham finally stated. "My father was to have married Miss Joy's aunt, but did not. When the aunt came to die she left Miss Joy a million dollars, but coupled with it the provision that she must marry me. That's all."

"It's enough," laughed Collaton. "I understand now why Johnny Gamble wants to make a million dollars. As soon as he gets it he'll propose to Miss Joy, she'll accept him and let the million slide. Who gets it?"

"Charity."

"Why, Gresham; I'm ashamed of you!" Collaton mocked. "The descendant of a noble English house is making as sordid an affair of this as if he were a cheesedealer! I have the gift of second sight and I can tell you just what's going to happen. Johnny Gamble will make his million dollars and I'm for him. He'll marry Miss Joy—and I'm for her. That other million will go to charity—and I'm for it. I hope they all win!"

"You're foolish," returned Gresham, holding his temper through the superiority that had always nettled Collaton. "You like money and I'm showing you a way to get it from Johnny Gamble."

The waiter brought the drinks. Collaton paid for them, tossed off his own and arose.

"I've had all of that money I want," he declared. "Whatever schemes you have in the future you will have to work yourself, and whatever trouble comes of it you may also enjoy alone—because I'll throw you."

"You would find difficulty in doing that," Gresham observed with a smile. "I fancy that, if I were to send the missing books of the defunct Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company to Mr. Gamble, you would be too busy explaining things on your account to bother with my affairs to any extent."

"I was in jail once," Collaton told him with quiet intensity. "If I ever go again the man who puts me there will have to go along, so that I will know where to find him when I get out. Goodby."

"Wait a minute," said Gresham. "Your digestion is bad or else you made a recent winning in your favorite bucketshop. Now listen to me: Whatever Johnny Gamble's doing at the present time is of no consequence. Let him go through with the deal he has on and think he has scared you off. I'll only ask you to make one more attempt against him. That's all that will be necessary, for it will break him and at the same time destroy Miss Joy's confidence in him. He has over a third of a million dollars. We can get it all."

"Excuse me," refused Collaton. "If I ran across Johnny Gamble's pocketbook in a dark alley I'd walk square around it without stopping to look for the string to it."

Gresham arose.

"Then you won't take any part of the enterprise?"

"Not any," Collaton assured him with a wave of negation. "If Johnny will let me alone I'll let him alone, and be glad of the chance."

Later, Gresham saw Johnny come back and speak to Heinrich Schnitt; but he had no curiosity about it. Whatever affairs Johnny had in hand just now he might carry through unmolested, for Gresham was busy with larger plans for his future undoing.

VII

JOHNNY GAMBLE was waiting at the store when Louis Ersten came down the next morning. Mr. Ersten walked in with a portentous frown upon his brow and began to take off his coat as he strode back toward the cutting room. He frowned still more deeply as Johnny confronted him.

"Again!" he exclaimed, looking about him in angry despair as if he had some wild idea of calling a porter. "First it's Lofty; then it's some slick real-estate schemer; then it's you! I will not sell the lease!"

"I won't say lease this time," Johnny hastily assured him.

"Then that is good," gruffly assented Ersten with a trace of a sarcastic snarl.

"Heinrich Schnitt," remarked Johnny.

That name was an open sesame. Louis Ersten stopped immediately with his coat half off.

"So-o-o!" he ejaculated, surprised into a German exclamation that he had long since deliberately laid aside. "What is it about Heinrich?"

"I saw him at Coney Island last night. He don't look well."

"He don't work. It makes him sick!" Ersten's voice was as gruff as ever; but Johnny, watching narrowly, saw that he was concerned, nevertheless.

"His eyes are bad," went on Johnny; "but I think he would like to come back to work."

"Did he say it?" asked Ersten with a haste that betrayed the eagerness he did not want to show.

"Not exactly," admitted Johnny; "but if he knew that he could have a workroom where there is a better light I know he would like to come. His eyes are bad, you know."

"I said it makes him sick not to work," insisted Ersten. "If he wants to come he knows the way."

"His job's waiting for him, isn't it?"

"In this place, yes. In no other place. I don't move my shop to please my coat-cutter—even if he is the best in New York and a boy that come over from the old country with me in the same ship, and his word as good as gold money. It's like I told Heinrich when he left: If he comes back to me he comes back here—in this place. Is his eyes very bad?"

"Not very," judged Johnny. "He must take care of them though."

"Sure he must," agreed Ersten. "We're getting old. Thirty-seven years we worked together. I stood up for Heinrich at his wedding and he stood up for me at mine. He's a stubborn old man!"

"That's the trouble," mused Johnny. "He said he wouldn't work in this shop any more."

"Here must he come—in this place!" reiterated Ersten, instantly stern; and he walked sturdily away, removing his coat.

Johnny found Heinrich Schnitt weeding onions, picking out each weed with minute care and petting the tender young bulbs through their covering of soft earth as he went along. Mamma Schnitt, divided into two bulges by an apron-string and wearing a man's broadbrimmed straw hat, stood placidly at the end of the row for company.

"Good morning, Mr. Schnitt," said Johnny cheerfully. "I have just come from Ersten's. He wants you to come back."

"Did he say it?" asked Heinrich with no disguise of his eagerness.

"Not exactly," admitted Johnny; "but he said that you are the best coat-cutter in New York and that your job's waiting for you."

"I know it," asserted Heinrich. "Is he going to move?"

"Not just yet," was the diplomatic return. "He will after you go back to work, I think."

(From an unretouched photograph taken by Prest-O-Lite at night)

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"I never work in that place again," announced the old man with a sigh. "I said it."

"That shop isn't light enough, is it?" suggested the messenger.

"There is no light and no room," agreed Heinrich.

"Your eyes began to give out on you, didn't they?"

Heinrich straightened himself and his waxen-white face turned a delicate pink with indignation.

"My eyes are like a young man's yet!" he stoutly maintained.

"You don't read much any more," charged Mamma Schnitt.

"My glasses don't fit," he retorted to that.

"You changed them last winter," she insisted. "Now, papa, don't be foolish! You know your eyes got bad in Louis Ersten's dark workroom. You never tell lies. Say it!"

Heinrich struggled for a moment between his pride and his honesty.

"Well, maybe they ain't just so good as they was," he admitted.

"That's what I told Ersten," stated Johnny. "He's worried stiff about it! I think he'll move so you have a lighter workroom if you go back."

"When he moves I come."

"He won't move till you do."

"Then there is nothing," concluded Schnitt resignedly, and stooped over to pull another weed. "Mamma, maybe Mr. Gamble likes some of that wine Carrie's husband made the year he died."

"*Ja roll*," assented Mamma Schnitt heartily, and toddled away to get it

"I'll fix it for you," offered Johnny. "You go to Ersten and say you will come back; then Ersten will get a new place before you start to work."

Heinrich straightened up with alacrity this time, his face fairly shining with pleasure.

"I do that much," he agreed.

"Good!" approved Johnny. "You want to be careful what you say, though, for Ersten is stubborn."

"He is one stubborn man," Schnitt pointed out with sober gravity.

"You must say you have come back to work in that place."

"I never do it!" indignantly declared Heinrich, his face lengthening.

"Certainly not," agreed Johnny hurriedly. "You tell him you want a month to rest up your eyes."

"I don't need it!" protested Heinrich.

"You only say that so you won't have to work in that shop; but, never mind, I'll fix it so he offers it," patiently explained Johnny, and proceeded to make it perfectly plain. "You say that you have come back to work. Don't say another word."

"I have come back to work," repeated Schnitt.

"Then Ersten will ask you: 'In this place?' You say: 'Yes.'"

Heinrich began to shake his head vigorously, but Johnny gave him no chance to refuse.

"You say: 'Yes'!" he emphatically insisted. "Ersten will tell you to take a month off to rest your eyes."

Again Heinrich started to shake his head, and again Johnny hurried on.

"You say: 'Thank you,'" he directed; "then you go away. Before your month is up, Ersten will send for you in a new shop!"

"Will he promise it?"

"No," confessed Johnny. "I promise it; but Ersten will do it."

Heinrich pondered the matter long and soberly.

"All right; I try it," he agreed.

"Three cheers!" said Johnny with a huge sigh of relief. "I'll be back after you in about an hour." And he reluctantly paused long enough to drink some of the wine which Carrie's husband helped to make. It was probably good wine.

Ersten was in the cutting room when Johnny again arrived at the store, and a clerk took his name up very dubiously. The clerk returned, smiling with extreme graciousness, and informed the caller that he was to walk straight back. Johnny found Ersten in spectacles and apron, with a tapeline round his neck and a piece of chalk in his hand, and wearing a very worried look, while all the workmen in the room appeared subdued but highly nervous.

"Did you see him?" Ersten asked immediately.

"He is anxious to come back," Johnny was happy to state.

"When?" This very eagerly.

"Today."

Ersten took off his apron and tape and threw them on a table with a slam.

"I invite you to have a glass of *Rheinthranen*," he offered.

"Thanks," returned Johnny carelessly, not quite appreciating the priceless honor. "I'll have Mr. Schnitt here in an hour, but you must be careful what you say to him. He is stubborn."

"Sure, I know it," impetuously agreed Ersten. "He is an old rascal. What is to be said?" Johnny could feel the nervous tension of the room lighten as Ersten walked out with him.

"It will be like this," Johnny explained: "Schnitt will come in with me and say: 'I have come back to work.'"

"In this place?" demanded Ersten.

"Ask him that. He will say: 'Yes.'"

"Will he?" cried Ersten, unable to believe his ears.

"That's what he will say—but he won't do it."

"What is it?" exploded the shocked Ersten. "You say he says he will come back to work in this place, but he won't do it! That is foolishness!"

"No, it isn't," insisted Johnny. "Now listen carefully. Schnitt says: 'I have come back to work.' You say: 'In this place?' Schnitt says: 'Yes.' Then you tell him that he must take a month to rest up his eyes."

"But must I do his coat-cutting for a month yet?" protested the abused Ersten. "Nobody can do it in New York for my customers but Heinrich Schnitt and me."

"It may not be a month. Just now he might take some of your more important work home, where the light is better. That would be working for you in this place."

"Well, maybe," admitted Ersten, puffing out his cheeks in frowning consideration.

Johnny held his breath as he approached the crucial observation.

"By the time his eyes are rested you may have a better shop for the old man to work in."

Ersten fixed him with a burning glare.

"I see it!" he ejaculated. "You put this job up to make me sell my lease!"

Johnny looked him in the eye with a frank smile.

"Of course I did," he confessed. "I didn't know either you or Schnitt until yesterday."

Ersten knit his bristling brows, but presently grinned.

"You're a smart young man," he complimented. "But I don't promise Schnitt I move."

"Certainly not," agreed the smart young man, and mopped his brow. The fight was won! "Here is exactly what you must say"—and he went patiently over the entire dialogue again, word by word.

Ersten listened carefully with frowns at some parts.

"Well, I try it," he dubiously promised.

They were in front of Schoppenvoll's now; and Johnny, noting Ersten's fretfulness, proved himself a keen student of psychology by suggesting:

"I'm thirsty for that special drink of yours, Ersten; but suppose we put it off till after I've brought Schnitt."

"Oh, well, if you say so," returned Ersten with poorly assumed indifference.

"It's as fine as a frog's feather!" Johnny assured Heinrich Schnitt half an hour later.

"Will he move?" asked Heinrich.

"Yes; but you mustn't say anything about it."

"Well, I like to know it," returned Heinrich with proper caution.

"I have his promise," asserted Johnny.

"Then he moves," declared Heinrich, fully satisfied.

The mediator conveyed Heinrich to Ersten's with much the same feeling that he would have endured in carrying a full plate of soup and he had that feeling all through the conference.

"Hello, Heinrich!" greeted Ersten with indifference.

"Hello, Louis'" returned Schnitt with equal nonchalance; then he assumed a rigid pose and recited:

"I have come back to work."

"In this place?" asked Ersten, with parrotlike perfection.

A lump came into Heinrich Schnitt's throat. He struggled with that lump, but the simple word "Yes" would not come.

"I say yes; but I don't ——"

Johnny jerked him violently by the sleeve.

"He said 'Yes,'" he informed Ersten.

"Well, maybe," Ersten was decent enough to admit.

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There was an uncomfortable pause in which the two men evinced a slight disposition to glare at each other.

"Mr. Schnitt's eyes are bad," suggested Johnny hopefully.

"My eyes are like a young man's!" asserted Schnitt, his pride coming uppermost.

"He needs a month to rest them," insisted the buffer, becoming a trifle panic-stricken; and he tapped the sole of Ersten's shoe with his foot.

"Must it take a month, Heinrich?" implored Ersten, taking the cue.

"Well, how soon you move?" inquired Schnitt.

"I don't promise I move!" flared Ersten. "I never come back "

"Till his eyes are better," hastily interrupted Johnny. "Look here, you fellows! You're balling up this rehearsal! Now let's get together. Schnitt, you'll come back to work in this place, won't you?"

"Well, I say it anyhow," admitted Schnitt reluctantly.

"Ersten, you offer him a month to rest his eyes, don't you?"

"I don't promise him I move!" bristled Ersten.

"We understand that," soothed Johnny, "all of us. Schnitt, you'll take some of Mr. Ersten's work home with you from this place, won't you?"

"Sure, I do that," consented Schnitt eagerly. "Louis, what is in the shop?"

Ersten had a struggle of his own.

"All what was in when you left," he bravely confessed. "That coat for Mrs. Follison gives me trouble for a week!"

"She's got funny shoulders," commented Schnitt with professional impersonality. "It's the left one. You cut it —— Let me see it."

There was a sibilant sound as of many suppressed sighs of relief when Heinrich walked into the cutting room, but no man grinned or gave more than a curt nod of greeting—for the forbidding eye of Louis Ersten glared fiercely upon them. He strode across to the table held sacred to himself and spread down a piece of cloth, bounded by many curves. Heinrich Schnitt gave it but one comprehensive glance.

"*Na, na, na!*" he shrilly commented. "Here it is wrong!" And, grabbing up a slice of chalk, he made a deft swoop toward the material. Suddenly his arm stayed in midair and he laid down the chalk with a muscular effort. "I think I take this home," he firmly announced.

"Heinrich, you come back after the work. Just now we go with Mr. Gamble and have a glass of *Rheinthränen!*" Ersten said.

"The *Rheinthränen!*" repeated Heinrich in awe; and for the first time his eyes moistened. "Louis, we was always friends!" And they shook hands.

Johnny Gamble, keen as he was, did not quite understand it; but, nevertheless, he had penetration enough to stroll nonchalantly out into the showroom, where Louis and Heinrich presently joined him, chattering like a *Kaffeklatsch;* and they all walked round to Schoppenvoll's.

While Schnitt thanked Johnny for his interference until that modest young man blushed, Ersten argued seriously in whispers with Schoppenvoll to secure a bottle of the precious wine that only he and Schoppenvoll and Kurzerhosen had a right to purchase. Johnny drank his with dull wonder. It tasted just like Rhine wine!

While Heinrich Schnitt was back in the cutting room, carefully selecting every coat in the shop to take home with him, Ersten drew Johnny near the door.

"I fool that man!" he announced with grinning cuteness. "I move right away. You get my lease for the best price what that smart-Aleck Lofty offered me. And another word: Whenever you want a favor you come to me!"

VIII

JOHNNY GAMBLE walked into the Lofty establishment with the feeling of a Napoleon. "How much will you give me for the Ersten lease?" he suggested out of a clear sky.

Young Willis Lofty sighed in sympathy with his bank account.

"Have you really secured it?" he asked.

"I'm the winner," Johnny cheerfully assured him.

"If it's too much I'll build that tunnel," warned Lofty.

"Make me an offer."

"A hundred and twenty-five thousand."

"Nothing doing," stated Johnny with a smile. "There's no use fussing up our time though. I can tell you, to the cent, how much I must have. At four o'clock today I shall be nineteen hours behind my schedule, and I want a day for a fresh start, which makes it twenty-six. At five thousand an hour, that makes a hundred and thirty thousand dollars. I paid Ersten a hundred thousand. Grand total: two hundred and thirty thousand."

"I don't understand your figures," protested Lofty.

"It's a private code," laughed the leaseholder; "but that's the price."

"I won't pay it," threatened the young merchant.

"Build your tunnel then," returned Johnny—but pleasantly, nevertheless. "Don't let's be nervous, Lofty. I might ask you a lot more, but that's the exact amount the system I'm playing calls for. I don't want any more and I won't take any less!"

Lofty studied his face contemplatively for a moment and rang for his treasurer.

"How did you get Ersten?" he was curious to know; and Johnny told him, to their mutual enjoyment.

At the nearest drug store Johnny called up Constance.

"Heinrich Schnitt is fixing your coat!" he announced.

"*Danke!*" she cried. "Did you get the lease?"

"Yes, and sold it to Lofty," he enthusiastically informed her. "The schedule is paid up until four o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"Oh!" she gasped. "Wait a minute." He held the 'phone while she consulted the schedule and did some figuring. "That makes five hundred thousand of your million! Just half! Do we have another dinner?"

A daring impulse came to Johnny.

"Just for two—unchaperoned!" he declared, his breast thumping at his own temerity. "Will you come?"

"At Coney?" she answered, laughing.

"It's the finest place in the world!" he stoutly asserted, and it occurred to him they would take a ride in the Canals of Venice!

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester. The fifth will appear next week.

The Travail of Grouch

Ol' Grouch is afeard when it rains fer a spell
Thet th' hull of his crop's goin' t' rot;
An' ef she don't rain, it's quite easy t' tell
She'll all shrivel fr'm bein' too hot.
She burns ef it's dry an' she rots ef it's wet,
Till it's jest one continual fight,
An' they ain't any weather they've diskivered yet
Thet ever jest suited him quite.

Ol' Grouch is afeard ef we have a wet spring
Thet he can't git his seed in th' field;
An' ef she's too dry it won't sprout anything,
An' he won't git no average yield.
Ef' th' fall sh'd turn wet grain'll rot in th' stack,
Er mildew, er else purty near;
An' ef th' fall's dry then his chances is slack
Fer gettin' a big crop next year.

Ol' Grouch says when weather is good fer th' corn
Thet it's knockin' th' tar outen wheat,
An' he says thet no feller was ever yet born
Who's got this mixed farmin' game beat.
Ef he's got a big crop, then th' market ain't right
An' all of th' prices has fell,
An' when things are soarin' clear up out o' sight,
Why, he ain't got nothin' t' sell.

Ol' Grouch says it ain't his real natur' t' scold,
He's nachelly peart as a snipe;
But when th' hull summer's onusual cold,
How's anything goin' t' git ripe?
An' ef it turns hot, like some summers'll do,
With wind like a blast furnace breath,
How's any green thing goin' t' weather it through
Without bein' blistered t' death?

Ol' Grouch says sometimes he is tempted t' sell
His hull farm out jest fer a song,
But jest when thet notion gits fixed purty well
Th' don't come no buyers along.
An' some days when buyers is thicker'n fleas
T' pay any price thet he said,
It's one of them days thet's nigh perfect—like these,
An' th' notion's gone outen his head.

—*J. W. Foley*

How about your evenings?

What are *you* going to do this evening? One can't *always* "go out"—it gets *tiresome*. Not much "news" in the papers. Talk with the folks? It's all been said before, anyway; so what's the use? How *do* you spend your evenings? What does your *family* do?

If you only had a player piano—an Apollo, for instance! *Then*, instead of thumbing over magazine ads, for lack of something better to do, you could be enjoying the *best kind* of piano music—refreshing your brain and entertaining the family at the same time.

You'll soon get so you'll look forward to homecoming and the Apollo. You'll see the influence the Apollo Player Piano will have on the musical development of your children. You'll realize that in all these years you've been without a player piano you've been missing the *biggest* thing that ever came into your life. When you begin to get the habit of slipping a new roll of music into your pocket occasionally you'll find that your Apollo Player Piano never gets to be an "old story"—that, just as long as old music is played and new music written, your enjoyment of the Apollo will ripen with the years that pass.

See the Apollo. Learn about it. The time you spend will be worth while. Find out why the direct, downward touch of the Apollo on the keys produces human-struck notes. Investigate the SOLOTHEME Device, which accents the melody or omits it altogether, playing only the accompaniment and playing that accompaniment in any one of eight different keys to harmonize with the voice or with other instruments

We want to tell you, too, about the Metronome Motor, which will run through and rewind a roll of music without pedaling. You should know of the TEMPOGRAPH Device, which insures artistic interpretation of the tempo, or time. Send along your name. We'll send back literature that can't help but *interest* you.

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Most for your money

Apollo music duplicates the manual playing of music masters because it is produced in *exactly* the same way.

Basic U. S. patents cover the Apollo features which enable it to play *human* music. As a result, no other manufacturer is *permitted* to build a player piano which plays *correctly* before Melville Clark's patents expire.

We could increase the selling price of the Apollo on the strength of the added value of our exclusive patented features and *still* give money's worth—but we're satisfied to sell the Apollo at actual manufacturing cost, plus a reasonable merchandising profit—to take our profit on volume rather than individual sales. Our wonderful business development has proven this policy *right*.

When you're buying a player piano, you're purchasing music. The Apollo offers you best possible music at no more than others ask for *ordinary* kinds. Hear the Apollo play. Listen to what users say and you'll understand what we mean

Send for these two books—

Reading them is the next best thing to hearing the Apollo play. Proof that we were the first manufacturers in the world to make an 88-note player will accompany the books. Write us TODAY

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Another Goodyear Invention

The Utmost in Non-Skid Treads

We knew that you wanted a Non-Skid tread. Our experts have worked on it since 1908. We have tried out some 24,000 tires in our efforts to meet your requirements.

But tire users expect a Goodyear device to be utterly perfect—the very best of its kind. So we have waited three years to know that we had it. Now we offer you an ideal Non-Skid tread—a fitting addition to No-Rim-Cut tires.

The Double Tread

This Non-Skid tread is almost as thick as our regular tread. It is vulcanized onto our regular tread, giving double thickness to the part that wears.

Think what that means. Instead of cutting these projections in our regular tread, we add another tread of the toughest sort of rubber. A rubber tread can never be made more impervious to wear. When it does wear off you still have left our regular smooth-tread tire.

Another result is that you get a tire which is almost puncture-proof.

Deep-Cut Blocks

This extra-thick tread permits deep-cut blocks, and these blocks widen out at the bottom, so the load is spread over as wide a surface as it is with the smooth tread tire. Note how we set them—so the edges and angles grasp the road surface in every direction.

The grooves between keep clean. They don't fill up. And the swish of the air through them keeps the tire cool, avoiding the damage done by friction heat.

This tire tread is white. Its white, diamond-shaped blocks form the handsomest tread on the market.

Thus we do away forever with the need for ruinous chains. Metal projections are made utterly needless. Rubber and metal never combine, and the friction between them quickly ruins a tire.

Thus we do away with the small, soft projections which wear such a little time. No non-skid device ever invented before can stand comparison with this.

Non-Skid tires are essential in winter. The risk of going without them is too great to take. We consider this tread durable, effective and economical as one of the greatest contributions we have made to this industry. Our No-Rim-Cut tire with this Non-Skid tread forms the greatest winter tire in existence.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

The Tires That Cut Tire Bills in Two—700,000 Sold

The greatest sensation ever known in tire history has been the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

The control of this tire has multiplied our tire sales six times over in the past two years. Its sales to date exceed 700,000 tires. And we are equipping ourselves for next year to make 3,800 per day.

Every motor car owner who studies the subject is bound to adopt these tires.

23% Are Rim-Cut

We have examined thousands of ruined clincher tires. And 23 per cent, by actual count, have been rim-cut. Out of 700,000 No-Rim-Cut tires there has never been an instance of rim-cutting.

A clincher tire, if punctured, may be wrecked in a single block. No-Rim-Cut tires have been run deflated as far as 20 miles.

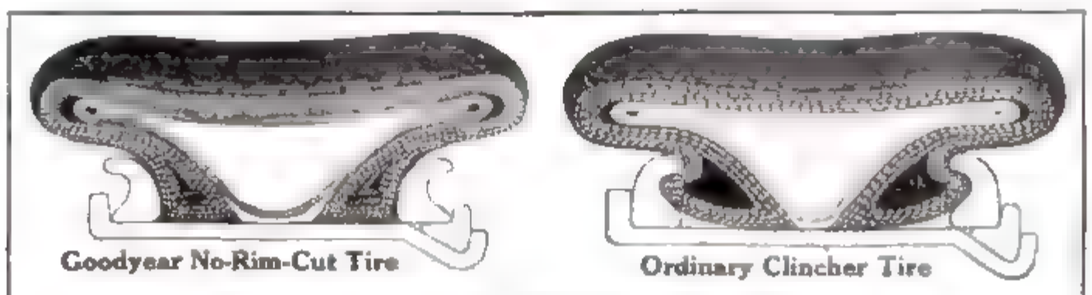
According to our figures, this avoidance of rim-cutting saves nearly one-fourth on tires.

10% Oversize

In addition to this, No-Rim-Cut tires are 10 per cent over the rated size. The extra flare, when the rim flanges curve outward, makes this extra size possible without misfit to the rim.

That means 10 per cent more air. 10 per cent added carrying capacity—without any extra cost. With the average car this increased capacity adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions, cut tire bills in two. Yet No-Rim-Cut tires now cost the same as other standard tires. The saving is entirely clear.



Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire — Ordinary Clincher Tire

Both on the same rim. The removable rim flanges are simply reversed to use the No-Rim-Cut type.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

No Hooks—No Bolts

No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. No bolts are needed to hold them on. Through the tire base on each side run three flat bands of 126 braided wires. These bands make the tire base unstretchable, so nothing can force the tire off of the rim. When the tire is inflated it is held to the rim by 134 pounds to the inch.

So your removable rim flanges, when you use this tire, are simply reversed. They are set to curve outward, instead of inward, so the tire comes against a rounded edge. About 90 per cent of the rims that are made—quick-detachable or demountable—take No-Rim-Cut tires.

This braided wire feature which makes this type possible is controlled by our patents. With any other device this type of tire is not practicable. And the old clincher tire is doomed. That is why the demand has lately centered so largely on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires.

Our latest Tire Book, based on 12 years of tire making, is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

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THE WILD TRAIN

Continued from Page 13

"The Gineral Superintindint nades no promise av mine in a matther like this," he answers, and this time Dour pauses, for though Tam makes not a move there is a scent av danger near him.

"A lion is loose in this car and must be captured befoore we can transfer the other cages," he says; "are ye man enough to take hould with me and help on the business av the road?" He slides back the door and strikes the side av the car with his club.

A terrible roaring drowns the voices outside. The ould lion's head is thrust through with wan claw striking out, and Tam slips the door shut upon his neck, houlding him fast as in a trap.

Tam luks for Dour; he has disappeared; but on the track above, leaning over with clasped hands, he sees Kitty Flanders instead. Tam does not greet her, nor think further av Dour. Raising the club, he calculates the weight av the blow, strikes and thin stoops to watch as the lion's eyes close and the paw falls. Only the section boss who loves a joke is close at hand.

"Take hould," says Tam, and together they draw out the brute's limp body, dragging it to the edge av the car. "To the baggage car," says Tam, and up the bank they climb with the yellow carcass across their shoulders. The passingers flee, the crew makes way; only wan person follows closely, though Dour, wild with ixcitement, wud hould her back from danger. Reaching the passinger thrain, they thrust the body through the open door av the baggage car and follow afther.

"A dead lion," ixclaims the baggageman, clapping his hands. "I will tell ye the joke," says the boss, his fut on the body.

Tam springs the locks on the ind doors, slams the side wans shut, and nixt moment the boss and baggageman stagger, yelling and half fainting, down the car. "It is alive," they tell him; "what shall we do with him?" Tam opens the ind door, and afther wan luk behint they do not wait his judgmint.

The yellow carcass gathers with a rumbling growl and two pairs av eyes glitter into aich other. "Ye British bluff!" says Tam, and enjoying the answering roar to the last echo he closes the door.

Tam tells the conducthor: "Now go ahead, and clear the line so I can run behint the switch and pick up the circus thrain."

And Dour standing by says not a wur-rd as the section-men pry off the roof av the lion car and run the unbroken cages up the bank. Thin Tam, backing up the main track with the Farm Wagon, pulls the siding from the upper ind, and in a few minutes the circus thrain is standing beside the wreck where the passinger had stud befoore.

The flat carloads are rearranged so that the big cages will ride crosswise afther being run up on gang-planks. The small cages are passed by hand and loaded wherever there is room.

Wance more Tam takes O'Rang afther the ilyphant, and with some persuasion and a pitchfork brings him up to the Farm Wagon which, av coorse, is now on the rear av the thrain, and standing on the tender he throws a rope about his neck.

"I do not know how fast an ilypaant can walk," says Tam, "but I will try to kape ahead av him," and he ties Selim to the footboard, while all the men wonder at the spectacle.

Luckily there were no bridges in the valley, and by stretching Selim's neck like a giraffe's Tam kept him on card time, arriving in Smelter by daybreak with Barney on watch in the yard.

Now, up and down the thrack in the lower yard at Smelter that morning, walked a man with head bowed and his hands gripped behint his back; he had arrived the avening befoore from the southeast by way av the Mid-Continental, which also ran into Smelter.

And during all that trip over the M. C. this man had lost in spirit while watching the wur-rkings av that great system. The track and rolling stock were fairly good: the buildings were not fine, but they were clean. There was no litter along the right-av-way, the mileposts were white as ghosts, the yar-rds swept clear. So whin he compared it in his mind with the Air Line the man groaned and his spirits went down as in a weather-glass.

"I have ingines and cars on wheels," says the man; "and rails that they will stay on—most av the time. Yet it is hard to put business over. What makes the difference?"

He tuk to watching the imployees av the M. C.—thrainmen and agints; he had his car set out betwane thrains and visited the shops. There was a hum av life iverywhere, an open way av talking company matthers; but wheriver a man found fault he was thrying to correct the fault himself. The system av the M. C. was not much stronger than the Air Line, but where the machine was weak men threw in themselves as wheels and bolts, without waiting for instructions, and the whole wur-rks seemed to skip as lightly as a lady's watch.

And so, afther the private car was delivered at Smelter and switched to his own yards, Gineral Superintindint Doolin had a bad night.

"But I have touched the spot on the M. C.," he tells himself; "the spot which discharges all this current av lightning to the tips av the system and kapes it tingling from ind to ind. It is this: Aich man is partly a superintindint, a masther mechanic or a gineral-traffic official. He does not run to headquarthers over a handcar in the ditch or a washout and does not ask for a rate till afther he had secured the business.

"It is men av brains I need, who are not afraid. I will be a boss av bosses, and though the machine jumps at first I will jam it into a groove at last with aich part knowing, ahead av instructions, what it is to do. But have I the men?" he ixclaims, and being so roused and eager he leaves the car at daybreak to walk up and down the thrack. "Men, brains, courage to act against myself and my own rules," he mutthers a thousand times, "where will I find ye?"

At the lower ind av the yards he pauses to listen; the Farm Wagon is approaching like a concertina, poking her megaphone around the very curve he stands on with O'Rang on the head car giving him high signs.

Doolin rubs his eyes and comes to himsilf barely in time to step aside, with the ape cursing him from the head ind.

As the thrain creeps past like a funeral av snails Doolin himsilf begins to curse with all his heart. Here is the spirit av the Air Line.

"Oh, I have the slashing, dashing runners," he says: "the men who seize on business and jam it through. And a circus thrain tail ind first, hours lute; av all business the worst to fall down with!"

He breaks into a kind av cursing chant: "Kicks, claims, damages and a tale av grief on the Air Line, the length and breadth av the counthry," he snarls.

Thin pass the cars with cages loaded on top; crawls up the Farm Wagon, and marches solemnly behint the ilyphant with his neck stretched to the rope. The thrain stops; the ilyphant does not.

Tam goes back over the tender with the pitchfork: "Stand, ye sassenach," he bawls, "or ye will step on the ingine!"

Doolin, black and gasping with rage, raises his fist: "Git off the ingine befoore I drag ye off; git off the right-of-way, the earth. Ye craven loonatic, ye are hred ——"

"Sure, I know it since three hours agone," answers Tam. There is a shrill cry, the flash av a little body around the ingine and Tam swings Barney to his shoulders.

"Ye were not afraid; I knew ye wud not be late," cries the boy like a song av triumph.

"I will give ye wur-rd av this business befoore I go," says Tam to Doolin, spaking quickly. "We got into the ditch, but we pulled the circus through by pulling it out av the cars and out av the cages. There is a lion in a baggage car somewhere about. The performers' cars were set in the passinger thrain; and here is a pointer for ye: I do not see any av the circus crew about yet; aven the canvas-backs are on the tent car, which also came by the passinger. As they suppose they came on the regular circus thrain they will niver belave there has been a wreck. A section gang can unload these loose cages down here in the yard; ye can say the missing cars were sent to the local shops to be repaired against breaking down again. And it is an aisy matther to pick those wrecked cars out av the ditch today and have thim ready to load by night, with maybe a new truck or

A Gas Stove with the Cheery Glow of a Fireplace

To have mentioned a cheery gas stove a few years ago would have sounded as ridiculous as if you had spoken of a cheery steam radiator, or hot air register.

If a Reznor Gas Stove had no other feature to recommend it than the one fact that it radiated into the room a bright, cheerful glow, it would quickly replace the sombre blue flame stove of the past.

Not only is light reflected into the room, but all of the heat generated is directed downward to the floor and outward into the room instead of up to the ceiling, as was the case in the old-fashioned heaters. There is, consequently, no waste heat, and most of the time that the Reznor is in use it can be turned down low and still give sufficient heat for the ordinary room. The

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Your dealer will be glad to demonstrate the Reznor for you. If you do not know who he is, we will furnish you his name upon request.

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This is the new individual ice-cold container—size holding ½ gal., enough for a large family.

This is the Dealer's Blue and White Porcelain Sales Refrigerator.

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Moreover, it enables you to get your choice of the world's best oysters—just as you buy your choice in cuts of meat.

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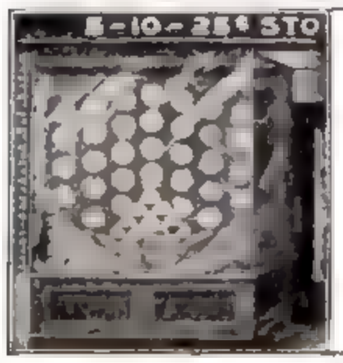


An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200-page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago

two. Hustle a new ind in the ilyphant car and put back the old roof on the lion car."

Doolin is dazed, but he takes in ivery wur-rd.

"The cage av the lion is on a flat car yonder," calls Tam over his shoulder. "Ye can say it was damaged while unloading; but I belave it can be straightened out by show-time."

Doolin shouted afther him, but Tam did not turn back or give a luk, and the Gineral Superintindint ran his hands through his hair. "Not aven a crew," he says.

His green eyes begin to glitter: "Bad cess to ye, O'Scatter," he says in the tone av filing steel; "ye have left me the jobs av Division Superintindint, masther mechanic, section-boss and lion-tamer; but by the Lord av Railroads I am all av thim, as ivery Air Line man shall be from this day."

Fifteen minutes afther he strikes the office the yards are alive with men, and from that hour till the fall av dusk there is a cyclone busy on that division, with thousands av dry bones in the air.

Tam and Barney have walked up the yard till they reach the car where the small cages are stacked.

"Wan moment here," says Barney; "I thought I saw a name I recognized while they were loading by lantern light."

So the two climb aboord, and afther reading the signs on a number av cages Tam comes to this wan:

"Great Sloth. The Slowest Thing on Earth."

"Now I know," says Tam, and goes away in deep thought.

He will not let his discharge affect his spirits; "nor shall Kitty Flanders aither," he tells himself, and he takes Barney to the p'rade and afterward to the circus.

There is the ould lion in wan twisted cage and the monkeys in another, O'Rang having thim all closeted in a corner while he tells av his adventures and the new scheme av blaming mischief on the moon.

It is thin that Kitty Flanders, with the young lady she has come to visit, touches him on the arm.

"I saw ye back him over the car last night," she tells him; "'twas a brave thing, though I screamed whin he lashed out with his trunk."

"I wud have screamed if I cud," says Tam; "'twas only a question av whether him or meself was scared the wur-rst."

"'Tis modest av ye to say so. And the wild lion—ah, I shall niver forget it."

"I cannot humble meself again by showing my love for her," he thinks. So with a bow he walks on; but Kitty is by his side in a moment.

"Now I have learned what ye meant," says Tam, pointing, and the girl reads the name av the baste in front av her.

"The Slowest Thing on Earth," says Tam bittherly.

For a moment the girl hesitates and thin spakes up with a quick and angry blush.

"And so ye are," she says sharply.

For the moment they luk hard at aich other and then Tam shakes hands politely.

"I will bid ye goodby," he says; "as I was discharged last night by Dour and this morning by Doolin for being slow, I will be going away tomorry."

And this time he turns his back so squarely that she cannot walk with him if she has a mind to. Yet all that afthernoon she is angry with her friend and on laving the tent goes straight to the station in search av Doolin.

Next morning Tam's trunk is on the platfoorm and he is ready to boord the thrain, whin a windey upstairs in the depot is thrown open.

His name is called, and turning to face Doolin he spakes as usual.

"Come up here," says the Gineral Superintindint shortly.

"I will miss the thrain," answers Tam politely.

"Hold it tin minutes for O'Scatter," Doolin says to the conducthor. So Tam climbs the stairs, lading Barney by the hand.

"I wud not have ye hope to be reinstated," says Doolin, as he enters the room; "but I wish to commend ye for flagging 24 last night. The conducthor of your thrain must have been scared out av his wits."

Tam nodded.

"Enough av that subject," says Doolin. "I am tould ye made a wrecker av the ilyphant. I will pass that, too; and ye tuk no orders av Dour, who was afraid av the club—and with good reason. Is that your respect for officials?"

"He wud have kept me from getting through on the run," ixplains Tam.

"Why were ye so anxious to get through this particular time?"

"An ilyphant is perishable freight."

"They say he has lived about wan hundred and fifty years without perishing. We will pass that too. But, O'Scatter, answer this: What wud ye have done if that lion had come to life on your shoulders?"

"I tell ye, Doolin," says he suddenly; "wan av the two—that ould lion or O'Scatter—was coming here in the baggage car."

Doolin, who has been pacing the room, halts to hear this.

"Yet ye are the man who was afraid av the high places," he says.

"Sure, it is cruel av him to let Barney hear this," thinks Tam, and luks at the boy with such care and hunger in his eyes that light breaks on Doolin's mind.

"Ye have not had him long," he says prisintly; "I felt that way at first with me own family responsibilities."

"Thin ye understand?" asks Tam.

"I understand ivery point but wan," answers Doolin; "why were ye brave in this case and fearful in the other?"

"The boy was waiting for me to bring in the circus," ixplains Tam.

"I will not let that pass; it is no answer."

Tam studies again. "I tell ye, Doolin," he spakes up suddenly; "it was because I had a lion to fight."

Again Doolin stops pacing. "Ah-h," he grates with his iron luk; "that is the truth! O'Scatter, I will give ye lions to fight.

"Now we will take the thrain," he says, and puts on his hat.

"I will be asking ye first," says Tam, "what is 'poltroon'?"

The other repates the wur-rd. "Poltroon," he answers, "manes iverything in the wur-rld that ye are not."

"Thin I will not luk it up," says Tam.

At the ind av the yard the thrain picks up Doolin's car.

"Go back," says the Gineral Superintindint, "and I will join ye later and bring the boy."

So, still wondering at his courthesy, Tam enters the private car, and there it is Miss Kitty Flanders who rises to resave him.

Doolin does not join thim for over an hour, and whin he does smiles wance at the blushes av Kitty, though Tam sits across talking quietly.

"Goodby for the time," he says, shaking hands with O'Scatter.

"Are ye laving us?"

"No," answers Doolin, "ye are the wan to lave—at Division Station. Ye can come on later for Kitty Flanders whin ye have made good as Superintindint av the Cañon Division."

"Superintindint! Me! But Dour ——"

"We are done with Dour; he is gone with the Farm Wagon."

The girl's face blazes, and Tam, startled into an agony av hope, houlds out his hands indifferent to the others.

"Kitty," he stammers.

"What!" cries Doolin, "have I been too forward? I say it again, O'Scatter, ye are a poltroon."

"Kitty said I was a great sloth," says Tam; "ye will take it back ——"

"Niver," she cries desperately, to the laughter av Doolin.

Suddenly the blushes, the laughter and Doolin's wur-rds fling Tam up to a reckless humor.

"Shall I go afther her and bring her back to us, Barney?" he asks.

"Ye must," urges the boy.

"Thin I will do so on time, for I will niver have ye belave me afraid or running late."

The thrain stops, and in spite av his good humor Doolin says in a stern, bantering way:

"'Tis here I pit ye against the lions."

"Bah," answers Tam, "I will outdare thim all," and he kisses Kitty goodby.

"There is no resisting him in his humor," ixplains she.

"I have heard av it," answers Doolin.

"Ye understand that railroads must be run in this way," ixplains Tam to Barney, as they stand a moment on the platfoorm; "on wan day a man must be set down for not running fast enough, and on another day, being Wednesday night, he must be set up again for letting a circus p'rade kape up with him. 'Twas not fast," he says, "and yet, Barney, 'twas the wildest special which iver walked on any railroad. My only regret," he says, as they climb the stair to the office, "is that O'Rang bit the conducthor—but wance."

Marion
1912

This Car Created Its Own Class

The real superiority of Marion construction is not confined to any one feature, but is uniform throughout

The predominating efficiency inherent in the Marion mechanical construction is again emphasized in the steel foredoor body—a classic in coach building—designed and constructed along those precise and exact lines conceded by engineers and master coach builders alike to be not only correct, but standard. The body frame work is reinforced with stout ribbing, which retains the shape of the steel indefinitely and is a guarantee against sagging foredoors.

The sheet steel used in motor car body building is a prey to rust. *Paint will cover rust over, but will not efface it; if all rust is not effectively cut off before the paint is applied it will in time show through and mar the polished surface.* Every Marion body is subjected to a rigid sand blast before being painted—the sand blast permanently removes all rust and mill scale. Metal expands in hot weather and contracts in cold—the use of elastic colors permits the paint to yield with the metal body without cracking. The Marion hot room process prevents the paint from peeling. The fenders are double enameled and double baked at a temperature of 320°. The body is finished in Marion Blue; wheels in French Gray; all bright parts in black enamel and brass. The upholstering is in selected full hides of hand buffed black leather over genuine curled hair and deep coil springs.

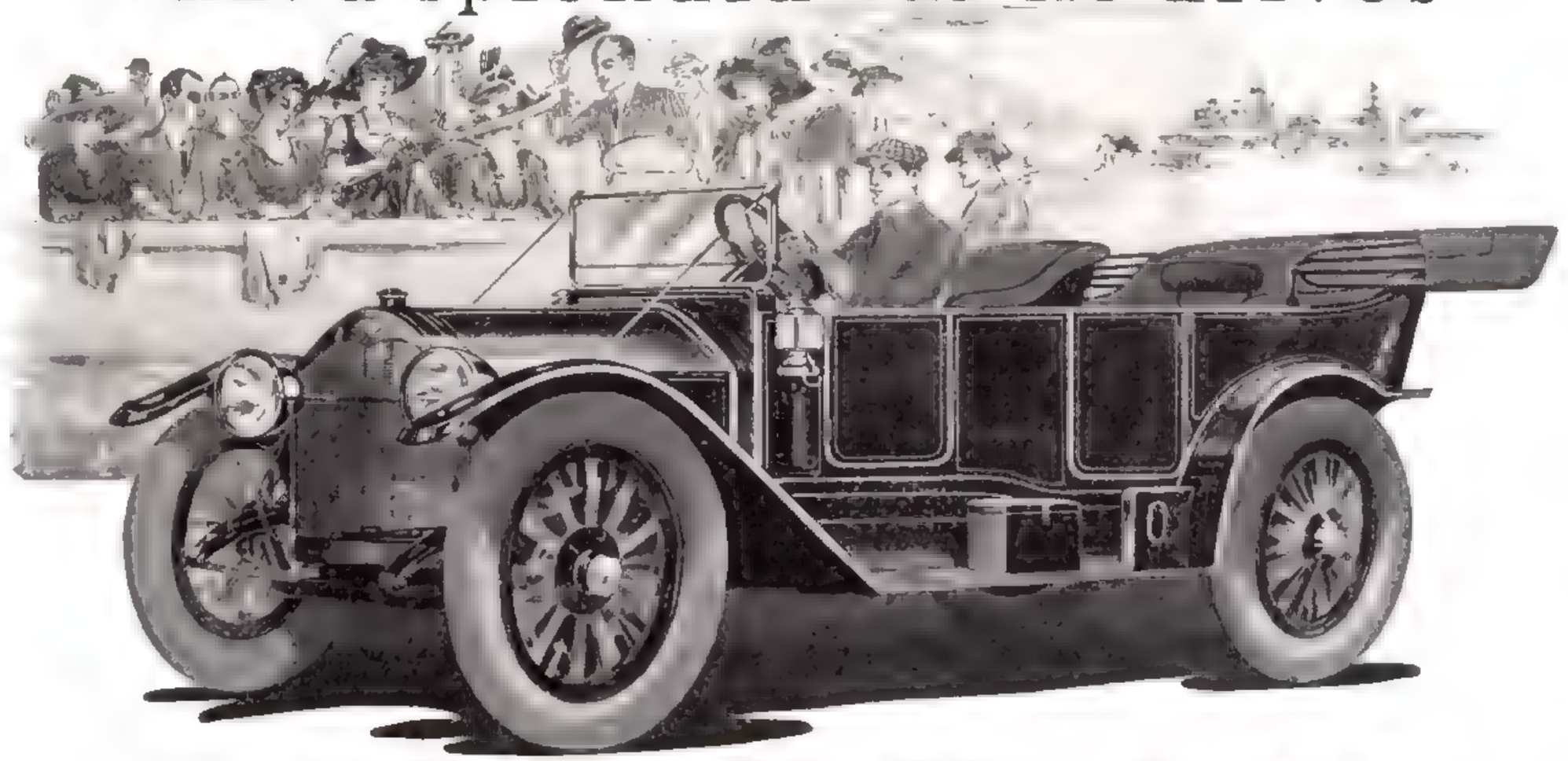
The 1912 Marion is a distinct advance over all pre-existing American motor car values. In our new non-technical Advance Catalog we have aimed to tell briefly just what these values are. Send for the Catalog or call on our dealer in your locality; a demonstration of the Marion car will clinch the Marion argument and establish a criterion by which you will judge other values in the course of your prospecting for a new motor car.

The Marion created its own class and exclusively maintains it

THE MARION SALES COMPANY, Indianapolis, Indiana

The Thirty Five
$1285

"What a splendid car he drives"



Abbott-Detroit "44" 7 Passenger Touring Car, Price $1800

Read this letter—It is written by the owner of the first 1912 Abbott-Detroit "44"—
Such enthusiasm is characteristic of Abbott-Detroit ownership

THE CUDAHY PACKING COMPANY
12 & 14 Terminal Office Bldg.

The Abbott Motor Co., Detroit, Mich. Pittsburg, Pa. 9 12 '11

Gentlemen:

The writer being the first individual owner of your new model "44", and inasmuch as I personally drove this car right out of your factory a straight 800 miles, I consider that it is nothing more than right to advise you of my trip, and how well pleased I am with the car. I made the entire trip in [illegible] and I never had to touch the engine. I have at [illegible] to keep down the [illegible] and I cannot recommend it too highly. In view of the fact that over 150 miles of it was made in a very heavy rain and mostly up grade, the road being very [illegible]

Since returning to Pittsburg, I have tested it [illegible] in every way possible, and it is by far the best high speed car I have ever driven. It will [illegible] with the greatest ease, and I am positive that I can run it more than [illegible] miles per hour. It will climb any hill we have, which are pretty hard to beat on account of the roughness and steepness, going up each one on high gear with five passengers and [illegible], all of which speaks extra efficiency.

You are at liberty to use this letter in any way you see fit, as I am very much pleased with the car, and I am ready to say that I never saw a more satisfactory car than my friend's was. [illegible]

Wishing you success in your new enterprise, I am,

Yours very truly,
A. F. HARRISON.

Send for Our Beautiful Art Catalogue—ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY, 601 Waterloo Street, Detroit, Mich.

The Stevens Apex Spectacle is designed for comfort, as the illustration shows. The curved ends of the temples or bows are wound with a gold protected wire. This gives the spiral spring effect which is the secret of their easy bearing and perfect fit. Remember the name "STEVENS APEX"—do not be deceived by substitutes.

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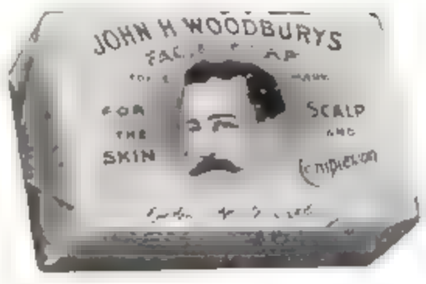
Est. 1869 223 South Wabash Ave. Chicago

For over a third of a century, Woodbury's has been the skin soap.



Softens the cuticle

Soak the nails for five minutes in a hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Its lather softens the hard skin around the nails. Then it is easy to push it back gently with a *towel*. This obviates the use of any steel, which is what causes white spots, by injury to the base of the nails.

People who use this treatment find it a simple matter to keep the skin around the nail smooth and in perfect condition, absolutely free from hangnails.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin to get its benefits. Woodbury's Facial Soap is 25c a cake but no one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.*

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. For a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp and samples of the Woodbury preparations. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2045 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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THE difference in cost between ordinary pencils and Dixon pencils is small. The difference in quality is great. Many styles and many grades of lead for many uses in

DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

Send now for Dixon's Guide for pencil users. It will tell you all about the proper selection of pencils, and it's free.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY, Jersey City, N. J.

There is a refreshing charm and delicacy of flavor found in

·U-ALL-NO·
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Sold only in tin boxes. Never in bulk.

If not at your dealer's send 10c for a box.

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Send [illegible]

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449 N. 12th St., Philadelphia

BUSINESS HELPS

THAT one may find profit in apparently worthless waste, and that profit may be made out of even the most astute corporations—corporations supposed to be of such shrewdness that no one could possibly get the better of them—was shown so markedly by an amusing occurrence in the early years of coal-oil refining that the story really ought to be told. The moral of it—the lesson of it—is so pertinent, so relevant to eternal business conditions, that the story is as good today as when the thing happened, especially as the company that was bested has always been looked upon as the shrewdest in the world.

"But we didn't care to talk about this at the time it happened," said the corporation official who told me the tale; and he added with a chuckle: "It didn't seem so funny to us at the time as it does to look back on it!"

I am setting the story down, however, not because of its humor, but because of its practical application.

When the Standard Oil Company began refining oil on a large scale it was greatly hampered by the necessity of disposing of a product called gasoline, that was considered practically worthless. It was so explosive, so inflammable, that it could not merely be thrown out to evaporate - it had to be carried carefully away from their plant and from all houses. If piped to running water it would be a menace on the surface of the stream and would also be sure to get the company into trouble with the Fish Commission. In short, it was a trouble, an expense, a problem and an incubus.

One day, into the main office of the company, which was then in Cleveland, there walked a tall Pennsylvanian who drawlingly remarked that he had an idea he might be able to get rid of that dangerous and worthless product. Whereupon he was welcomed with open arms and a contract was swiftly made. For a long time afterward the department manager who made the contract was openly envied for having sold, at half a cent a gallon, a great proportion of all the gasoline produced within the next two years—and the department manager himself visibly swelled with triumphunt importance.

The Big Deal in Gasoline

The information bureau of the Standard was then only in an embryonic stage, instead of being the perfect machine that it afterward became; and so the company did not know that the drawling Pennsylvanian was the owner of some wells that produced in large quantity a particularly heavy kind of oil.

The product of his well was, in fact, unnecessarily rich. It had no volatile oils and possessed no gasoline; yet, not being himself a refiner, he was under the necessity of selling to the Standard and was unable to get a price for his oil that was at all commensurate with its superior value. He had a treasure, but could not sell it as treasure! Hence his quiet and puzzling deal for the gasoline.

He got the gasoline for the purpose of mixing it with his oil! He pumped his oil and poured into it the gasoline, thus successfully lightening a superior product to the customary gauge. He barreled it—and then actually supplied the Standard people, at regular market rates, with crude oil of the specific gravity to which they were accustomed. The scheme worked out so successfully that the gasoline they sold him for half a cent a gallon was repurchased by them at an average price of three and a half or four cents a gallon!

Nor was this paying over of a modest profit of eight hundred per cent the end; for, after buying back the gasoline at his rate, the Standard had to stand the expense of refining it all out! In fact, the story sets forth admirably not only that the right kind of man can be as clever as the cleverest company, but and this is more important that there is always likely to be some use for even the most worthless-seeming product; though, in most cases, one does not need to best a corporation in finding and applying the use.

. . . . . .

As every one knows, it was not very long before the Standard itself began to find gasoline valuable, though it was impossible for even the most optimistic and imaginative to dream that this supposedly worthless by-product of oil was to become of more importance to the company than the oil itself; in fact, the oil business has become entirely revolutionized through the tremendous demand for this once waste product for stoves, engines and automobiles. One is almost tempted to believe that the time is not so very distant when the reverse of position will be so complete that the oil itself will become the by-product—the waste—for which some profitable disposal will be sought. In modern business, conditions are subject to swift and dizzying changes.

The immense demand for gasoline for automobiles has brought about for the oil people the utilization of still another waste product; and this, until recently, was one held to be particularly worthless. There is a disagreeable, smeary, asphaltum residuum which was long supposed to be without any chemical constituents of value. The best experts had heedfully studied it and had declared that here, at least, was a by-product that must definitely be considered hopeless waste. Now, however, this hopeless waste, this disagreeably smeary stuff, is used to settle the dust on countless miles of automobile-traveled roadway! It's all grist that comes to the oil man's mill; but it becomes grist because brains have indefatigably worked, suggested, experimented, invented and discovered.

All of which points out that waste products of any sort should be most carefully studied. Right before your eyes, waiting to be seen, there may be lying a fortune. In every line of manufacture there are good chances in stuff that is thrown away. Everywhere there are lurking possibilities of profit. Little businesses, as well as big, have their waste products that ought not to be wasted.

Spendthrift Uncle Sam

It used to be said freely of the United States that it was a wasteful nation, but there is year by year coming to be less of truth in that reproach. Indeed, a list of other by-products of the Standard, from material that was for years thrown away, ought alone to refute the charge of national wastefulness.

Paraffin made from an apparently worthless scum is sold in immense quantities. Huge quantities of fine candles are made by the oil men from stuff that, until a few years ago, was tossed aside as worthless—worse than useless, for it required expense to do the tossing aside. And there is a long list of greases and lubricating oils and waxes in all productive of immense revenue and all from material that used to be thrown away. Over and over again one sees the importance of studying the apparently good-for-nothing.

For years there was a valueless coke residuum that was peculiarly hard to dispose of. Yet it was pure carbon! And that residuum is of very high value on account of its important utilization in the making of carbons for electric light, though it once lay in neglected heaps on the hillsides.

And it is a further and most curious commentary on bewildering changes in value that electric-light carbons now seem likely themselves to be supplanted through the incoming of other forms of electric light; so that this residuum of pure carbon may once more be looking for a sphere of usefulness—which points out a definite opportunity for some bright mind that will appreciate the situation.

One of the most widely sold products for kitchen use—excellent for its purpose and given worldwide fame by a particularly catchy picture on all its advertisements—is made from slaughter-house material that was not only offensively disagreeable but which, until within a few years, was thought to be utterly worthless from any useful standpoint. A fortune has been made from this because one brain discovered its hidden usefulness and another saw how to make that usefulness known to the world in a peculiarly attractive way. And that is always an important point -to know how to make good use of a discovery after it is made; for many a man has hit upon a good thing, but has not been able to make money out of it.

Why a Fountain Pen Leaks in Your Pocket

WHEN you put a regular fountain pen in your pocket, the ink in the barrel settles in the bottom, and the ink in the feed channel hangs up there in the feed channel, leaving a space of air in between the two inks.

Now air is a gas, as sensitive to heat as the eye is to sight, so when the body (95° hot) begins to heat up your pocket, that air expands like steam and pushes up through the feed channel and pen point. As the feed channel is full of ink, the hot expanding air pushes out air and ink both, and the ink smears all over the writing end of the pen, and all over your fingers when you commence to write.

This is called leaking or sweating. It is the great disadvantage of fountain pens.

But since George S. Parker of Janesville, Wis., invented the "Lucky Curve," leaking and sweating are *passé*, antiquated.

We'll explain. The "Lucky Curve" is the lower end of the feed channel curved against the wall of the barrel. When the Parker Pen is in pocket position, the curved end of this tube, touching the wall of the barrel, sucks ink (just as the hollow dandelion stem sucks water, or a lamp wick sucks oil); it sucks all the ink out of the feed channel.

Therefore, when your warm body expands the air in the Parker Pen, the hot air pushes up and out as in other pens, but it pushes no ink out, as there is none to push. The ink has escaped through the "Lucky Curve." It was sucked down before the heat got started in your pocket. The suction is called capillary attraction. Thus, this new Parker Fountain Pen invention makes one of the wonderful laws of Nature serve the everyday uses of business.

THE JACK KNIFE SAFETY PEN

can be carried in any pocket, in any position, like a short pencil, without leaking. Made in pen knife size for lady's purse.

There's never a hitch or skip in flow of ink from a Parker Pen. Made plain, or with gold or silver mounting; 14 K gold pens, iridium points. Standard style Parker Pens, $1.50 to $250, according to size and ornamentation. Self Filling and Safety styles, $2.50 and up. Sold on trial; dealer will refund cheerfully as we protect him from loss.

Jack Knife Safety Pen Style 20 Price $2.50

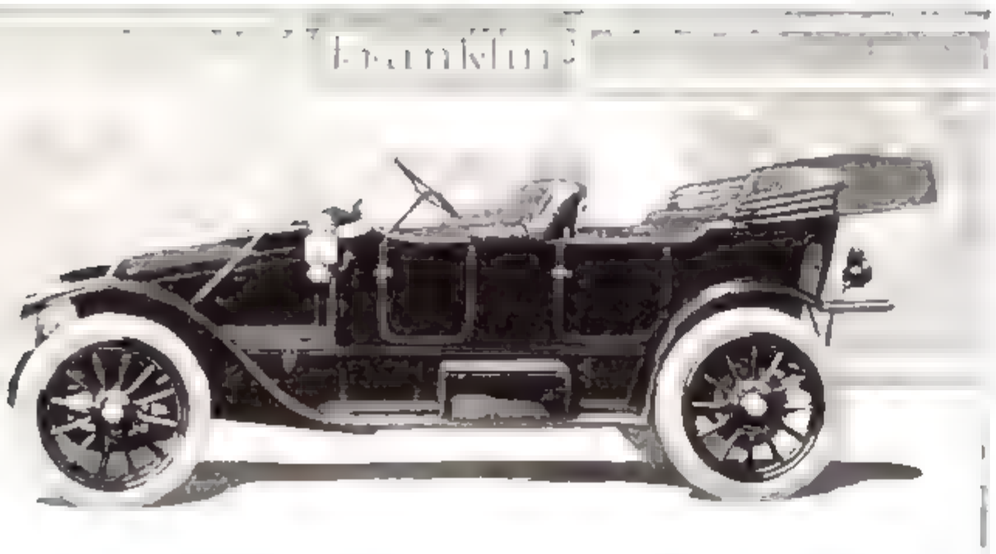
PARKER

LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PEN

Get a Parker Pen today. If dealer doesn't keep them, send us his name, and we'll send you our artistically printed catalogue and fill your order direct.

Parker Pen Co., 90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin

New York retail store, 11 Park Row, opposite Post Office



Are you seeking relief from tire bills? Franklin cars solve that problem. So easy are they on tires that tire service is three to four times greater than on other cars. We have a tabulated report on tire service from many owners and will mail it on request. Franklins are made in five chassis sizes, two "fours" and three "sixes".

25-horse-power, four-cylinder model G touring car, $2000.

Model G runabout, 18-horse-power, four-cylinder, $1650.

Six-cylinder, 30-horse-power model M, $2800 for touring car, torpedo-phaeton or roadster.

Six-cylinder, 38-horse-power model D, $3500 for touring car or torpedo-phaeton.

Six-cylinder, 38-horse-power model H seven-passenger touring, Silvertown cord tires, $4000.

Model H limousine, $5000. 25-horse-power limousine or landaulet, $3000.

Franklin commercial cars include pneumatic-tired trucks, light delivery wagons, patrols, ambulances, omnibuses and taxicabs. Prices f. o. b. factory.

Air cooling, light weight, luxurious riding and beauty also characterize the Franklin. The efficiency of Franklin air cooling has long been established and recent improvements make it the most remarkable development in automobile motor construction. Write today for new catalogue.

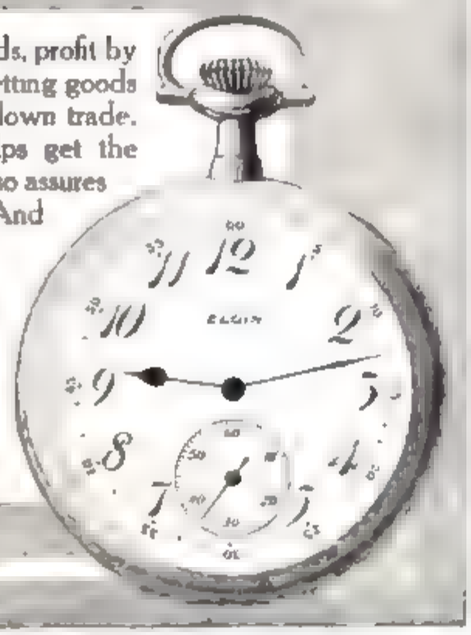
FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Syracuse N Y

LOCAL retailers, who deliver goods, profit by promptness. You know how getting goods late "riles" customers and cuts down trade. Here's a trusty timer that helps get the wagon started on the dot—and so assures pleased customers and bigger profit. And it takes hard usage without damage.

Lord Elgin

Thin, sturdy and handsome. Fully guaranteed. 15 and 17 jewels; solid gold and 25-year filled cases. Go look it over at your jeweler's.

Elgin National Watch Co., Elgin, Illinois



THE WATCHWORD IS "ELGIN"

It is curious, in regard to this slaughter-house product, that other great cattle-killing corporations are now making similar stuff, having seen their competitor do it, but they do not compare with the first in total sales because they cannot rival that original company's catchy trademark on all its advertisements and packages.

One of the finest of steels—open-hearth—is made from waste product of the steel mills: it is manufactured from scrap-wire and scrap-steel, and is particularly in demand for the making of railroad rails and for other purposes that demand a specially high degree of strength and endurance.

Everywhere one sees that the despised thing of yesterday is the prize moneymaker of today; and nothing can, therefore, be clearer than that the despised thing of today can be made the moneymaker of tomorrow. The old-fashioned writers on business used to expatiate on picking up pins, but nowadays it is the picking up of dollars. Some of the literal stories of fact along the line of utilization of waste read like extravagant fairy tales.

SIDELIGHTS ON OUR INDUSTRIES

COMPLAINT is heard in New York of the slow renting of space in office structures owing to the immense amount of space available for that purpose. Some improvement is hoped for this autumn though, even then, it is doubted if the business will be satisfactory. It is allowed that in the matter of office space New York is overbuilt. Buildings considered high a few years ago are now looked upon as low. Twenty stories formerly constituted "skyscrapers." Today foundations are being laid for a fifty-five story building, while towers are reaching nearly to a height of seven hundred feet; and such structures can be reared in about one-third the time formerly required for their construction. Offices multiply fast when such structures are built, and rentals decline. Many buildings in New York City do not pay over one to two per cent—though an instance is known where the rent is as high as fourteen per cent. In Chicago the yield sometimes reaches twenty-four per cent.

Relative to real-estate matters, private correspondence from the city of Oklahoma reports real-estate transactions almost at a standstill, but with a prospect of active resumption of building in the autumn. The legislatures of 1909 and 1911 appropriated each about four million dollars for public buildings, but little was accomplished under the 1909 vote. The appropriation was renewed by the last legislature and the money will become available in October, giving employment to several thousand craftsmen. A quotation from the correspondence shows how abnormal has been the development of the real-estate agency business at Oklahoma: "Except in the matter of real-estate transfers, everything in Oklahoma looks good for a large fall business. However, the time will surely come when there will be a slump in the real-estate boom. In the city of Oklahoma, with a population of sixty-eight thousand, nearly three thousand men derived their living, directly or indirectly, through the sale of real estate. Of course this is an abnormal condition when a city of this size should not have over three hundred or four hundred real-estate men; and lands which should be in cultivation as farms have been cut up in lots and sold all over the United States. These methods can only result in real-estate values decreasing in outside tracts. However, inside property cannot be bought other than at New York prices. The Campbell Building, twenty-five by one hundred and forty feet, ten stories high, costing sixty thousand dollars, was lately sold for two hundred thousand dollars. The rental shows six per cent on this figure. When Eastern men will come here and pay two hundred thousand dollars for a building that does not cost over sixty thousand dollars they admit that a twenty-five by one hundred and forty foot lot is worth one hundred and forty thousand dollars."

When Times are Hard

An interesting incident throwing light upon railroad traffic relates to the provision of depot facilities at Aitkin, Minnesota, on the Northern Pacific Railroad. The road had proposed certain repairs upon the existing and dilapidated station; the citizens wanted a new one and protested against the repairs until assured by President Howard Elliott that the repairs would not militate against the chances for a new structure. President Elliott wrote at length to the citizens' committee, reviewing the situation, telling how the road had had plans drawn for a new station, and adding: "As you know, the crops in the territory served by the Northern Pacific were very poor in 1910, and then the business depression all over the country followed. It became, therefore, necessary for prudent men charged with the responsibility of handling the property of some fourteen thousand stockholders and some ten thousand bondholders to economize in any way they could." Then Mr. Elliott tells how the net earnings of the railroad showed a decrease of over three million five hundred thousand dollars for the year ended June 30, 1911, and compelled deferring Aitkin and other improvements. Again this year the crops were poor, though not so poor as in 1910, and general business is not good. Business of the road at Aitkin declined over thirty per cent in 1911, but the company still has a purpose to make the improvements at Aitkin as soon as it can. It cannot, however, promise to do it in 1912, "because, if business conditions continue as they are now, we will have to do what other people do whose business is declining—namely, postpone expenditures until times are better and the money is in hand."

Trade and Traffic

Reference to this subject is made as a sidelight upon the financial position of many of the railroads of the country, and the condition of the railroads is a general index to other conditions relating to business. The car-service statistics of the railroads would suggest that traffic is good, the latest return, August thirtieth, showing the idle cars reduced to 84,541 from 104,170 two weeks earlier. The decrease of eighteen per cent was the same as for the previous fortnight. The decrease was general throughout the country in the last fortnight, but was only seasonable and an incident of the crop movement. The entire surplus of idle cars will probably disappear during this month and a deficit may be shown for a brief time. A thought in this connection to bear in mind is that the railroads have not been buying so much equipment for the last two years as formerly; and, relatively speaking, there would not be so many cars to account for or keep employed as in the past. Railroad traffic is only fair.

The returns of the Copper Producers' Association for August were again moderately favorable, deliveries and exports exceeding production and imports by 4,297,357 pounds and being the third largest amount for a month since the first of January. Production was about normal, though it was over thirteen million pounds larger than in July, when the intense heat interfered with mining operation. The price of the metal is about steady at twelve and a half cents a pound, with domestic demand light and with expectation of a restricted demand for the balance of the year.

The general factors of the situation are little altered. Most things in business are uncertain, while the chaos of politics shows no sign of abatement for a year at least. Labor problems still cause anxiety, though less than they would if business were more active and more profitable. The very fact that business is not profitable will, however, incline men in charge of corporations the more willingly to test their strength with their employees; and if the latter want to engage in strife the chances favor a season of sharp controversy in the period ahead. The doubtful question is whether the labor element will risk defeat by provoking controversy when their employers cannot possibly yield to their demands and will not be expected by the public to yield. It is possible that labor will do an amount of skirmishing this fall, and postpone the principal strife until about the time of the Presidential election.

A Silver-Shopping Scene of Sixty Years Ago
This illustration shows the quaint costumes of more than a half a century ago and pictures the magnificent jewelry store of Jones, Ball & Poor located at the corner of Summer and Washington Streets, Boston, which was unsurpassed in attractiveness at that time, and even in these days would be considered remarkable because of its beauty and general arrangement.
It seems a long time to back to 60 years ago, yet even then when shopping for silverware it was possible to buy forks, spoons, knives, etc., made by the original Rogers brothers.
1847 ROGERS BROS. XS TRIPLE
is the trade mark which today stands for quality and beauty of design in silverware.
This is the highest grade of triple plate. Our process of finishing closes the pores of the silver so that it is worked into a firm, hard surface that will stand years of the hardest kind of wear. This process has given 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware the well-earned title of
"Silver Plate that Wears"
It is fully guaranteed by the largest makers of silverware in the world.
For Holiday Gifts
1847 ROGERS BROS. spoons, forks, knives, serving pieces and combination sets arranged in chests and cases are especially appropriate for Christmas presents.
Sold by leading dealers.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
(International Silver Company, Successor)
Meriden, Conn.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO HAMILTON, CANADA
Let Your Judgment Show in Your Table Silver
A table with beautiful decorations should have attractive silver – or there is a lack of harmony. Knives, forks, spoons, etc., – rich in quality and beauty, should grace your dining-table.
Articles of table silver bearing the trade mark 1847 ROGERS BROS. XS TRIPLE are recognized as the highest grade of silver plate. Our process of finishing closes the pores of the silver so that it is worked into a firm, hard surface that will stand years of the hardest kind of wear. This process has given 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware the well earned title of "Silver Plate that Wears."
Gifts of Silver
Its unvarying quality and richness of design make it especially favored for holiday purposes.
For sale by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue.
MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
(International Silver Company, Successor)
Meriden, Conn.
The Silver Plate That Originated in 1847
No brand of silver-plate has ever achieved the fame or established the wearing quality reputation of that originated by the Rogers brothers in 1847.
1847 ROGERS BROS. XS TRIPLE
is the mark that assures you genuine worth and beauty in silverware.
This is the highest grade of triple plate. Our process of finishing closes the pores of the silver so that it is worked into a firm, hard surface that will stand years of the hardest kind of wear. This process has given 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware the well-earned title of
"Silver Plate that Wears"
Guaranteed by the largest makers of silverware in the world.
Most Popular for Gifts
Table Silver—Spoons, Forks, Knives, Serving Pieces—or a Combination Chest are very acceptable Holiday Gifts. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.
Send for illustrated catalogue
MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
(International Silver Company, Successor)
Meriden, Conn.

How We Make It Easy for You to Find 1847 ROGERS BROS. Ware

For nearly half a century we have been consistent advertisers, persistently creating a greater demand for 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware. As evidence of what we are doing this Fall, the advertisements shown here in reduced sizes are appearing in colors on the back covers of the following magazines:

Pictorial Review
The Ladies' Home Journal
Christian Herald
Youth's Companion
Woman's Home Companion
Delineator
Designer
Woman's New Idea Magazine
Housekeeper
Associated Sunday Magazines
Illustrated Sunday Magazine

Our advertising also appears this Fall in more than 400 other influential daily, weekly and monthly publications. Just think what this will mean to every dealer and how he will benefit from all this advertising, and how much easier it makes it for those who wish to purchase this famous silverware, to find and examine and purchase the line which is universally sold. The popularity of 1847 ROGERS BROS. ware for gifts will be featured. And, above all, the public will be directed to the dealers in every town. Women readers of these publications will be particularly interested in seeing these beautiful advertisements in colors. Look for them in your favorite publication. Send for beautifully illustrated catalogue "K-90."

TO DEALERS:—An assortment of these designs (here shown) in colors and full size for display purposes will be supplied on application. You should at once take advantage of the many trade helps we offer—free electrotypes, posters, street car cards, circulars, post cards, etc. Write for illustrated circular.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY (International Silver Co., Successor), Meriden, Conn.

Yes, Mr. Grocer, you do pay more for Heinz 57 Varieties. You pay more to give your customers more quality for their money.

Your customers ought to know this. They will appreciate your standards as a good grocer when they realize that in selling the best brands you always have to pay more and that your margin of profit is less. But the *advance you pay* does not begin to cover the *advance in quality* you give your customer when you sell any one of Heinz 57 Varieties.

It isn't possible to duplicate Heinz quality. The same goods could only come from an organization just like the Heinz organization—from kitchens just like the Heinz kitchens, operated in the Heinz way.

We are farmers and gardeners. We raise our *own seed*—we have our own *experiment stations* where we have developed our own types of *vegetables* and *fruit*.

Therefore, you never find Heinz *taste* and the Heinz *flavor* except under a Heinz *label*.

We use no preservatives except those that Nature supplies; we need no chemicals; we use *sound* materials; we prepare them in *clean* kitchens; our uniformed employes are clean, they work in the *sunlight*, under the most modern sanitary conditions.

Chemicals are *only* necessary for preserving inferior materials. *Good* food, *sound* food, *clean* food, does not require artificial preservatives. But, it *costs* more to give you clean, sound, naturally preserved products.

If this were not such a huge industry—if we did not save all *in-between* profits—if we did not operate our own *farms*—if we did not have *canning* and *pickling* and *preserving* plants located right in the *heart* of the *districts* where we *grow*—Heinz quality would cost you from a *third* to a *fourth* more, instead of only the slight advance you now have to pay.

Explain this to the *consumer* when you sell any of the Heinz 57 Varieties.

You are entitled to receive *credit* for giving *more value* at the *same price*.

For instance, when you sell a bottle of Heinz Ketchup, call attention to the fact that you are selling *pure ketchup;* ketchup that is made of fresh, ripe tomatoes direct from the vine and bottled hot—instead of being made of cannery waste, preserved with Benzoate of Soda.

When you suggest Heinz Baked Beans, lay stress on the fact that they are *really oven baked*. And don't forget to mention the quality of the pork in every can, or the rich, fruity tomato sauce that gives such zest and *individuality* to the dish.

So, take your customers into your confidence—*tell* them that you could sell something else and make more profit on the single sale but that you prefer to pay a little more in order to give them more value, and thus deserve their larger patronage.

You should also call attention to Heinz Tomato Soup, Sweet Pickles, Preserves, Jellies, Apple Butter, India Relish, etc., and especially to Heinz Pure Vinegars.

H. J. Heinz Company

Member Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

THIS is the box that holds the American Standard of Hosiery

excellence. Let it serve as your index to the stores and shops which are trying to serve you with the maximum amount of hosiery value, service, economy, comfort and satisfaction—at the same prices asked for ordinary grades. You can have exactly the style, weight and quality you prefer—in black and all seasonable colors. EVERWEAR is sold and displayed by thousands of the most progressive merchants who aim to serve and please their patrons. When you buy EVERWEAR you get the best obtainable at any price—and a guarantee of definite service—a guarantee of value. *EVERWEAR Hosiery is all that the name implies.*

Order a box from your dealer today—If he hasn't EVERWEAR in the red box we will send them direct to you express paid on receipt of price. Please specify size, weight and color desired.

EGYPTIAN COTTON

6 pair in a box—Guaranteed 6 Months

Men's—$1.50 a box—light, medium and winter weight.
Women's—$2.00 a box—light and medium weight.
Children's—$1.50 a box—for sizes 5 to 7½.
" $2.00 a box—for size 8 and larger.
Medium weight and heavy ribbed with double knee.

FINE SILK LISLE

6 pair in a box—Guaranteed 6 Months

Men's—$3.00 a box—2 weights.
Women's—$3.00 a box—2 weights.
Children's—$2.00 a box—for sizes 5 to 7½.
Children's—$3.00 a box—for size 8 and larger.

PURE THREAD SILK

3 pair in a box—Guaranteed 3 Months

Men's—$2.00 a box—light weight.
Women's—$3.00 a box—light weight.
The most durable silk hosiery it is possible to produce.

FINE CASHMERE

6 pair in a box—Guaranteed 6 Months

A New Everwear Style

Men's—$2.00 a box—Black, Oxford, Natural Mixed, Tan, and Navy.
Children's—$2.00 a box—for sizes 5 to 7½.
" $3.00 a box—for size 8 and larger.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 11, MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.

COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE MARK

The Call of Good Teeth

ENLIST

Men, Women and Children

WANTED

To join the Army of

GOOD TEETH - GOOD HEALTH

Join the great movement for dental hygiene that is spreading so far and fast.

Be one of those who know that good health demands clean, sound teeth — who know that Ribbon Dental Cream is an antiseptic, polishing cleanser without harmful chemicals or grit.

Colgate's leaves the mouth sweet, clean and non-acid. Its delicious flavor has solved one nursery problem by making its twice-a-day use a treat, not a task for the children.

COLGATE & CO.

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Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap — luxurious, lasting, refined.